



38

681

32

I



Le Sœur pincé.

W. B. Cooke sculpt.

Birth of Cupid.

THE
HISTORIC GALLERY
OF
PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS;
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL REVIEW:

Containing
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST
CELEBRATED MEN,
IN EVERY AGE AND COUNTRY;
AND
GRAPHIC IMITATIONS OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS
OF
THE ARTS;
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITH REMARKS, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

Tamen utile quid sit
Prospiciunt aliquando.

Juv. Sat. 6, lin. 319.

Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti, voluptatem.

Quint. lib. ix. 4.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,

31, POULTRY;!

At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1812.



HISTORIC GALLERY

OF

AND

PHOTOGRAPHY

OF THE

ARTS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

AND

GRAPHIC IMITATIONS OF THE FINEST ARTISTS

THE ARTS

17629

WITH REMARKS, CRITICISMS AND EXPLANATIONS

THE ARTS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

OF THE

ARTS

OF THE

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNON HOOD AND SONS,

21, FLEET STREET,

IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH-YARD, ST. JOHN'S LANE, E.C. 4.

1812.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PORTRAITS,

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

BACON, Sir Francis.

Bias.

Bernini.

Boileau.

St. Bruno.

Caravaggio, M. A. M. da.

Cromwell.

Diogenes.

Gesner.

Guido Reni.

Helvetius.

Jonson, Ben.

Kouli Kahn.

Lavater.

Lairesse.

Molière.

Montesquieu.

Piron.

Pompadour, Mad. de.

Raphael.

Rembrandt.

Romano, Julio.

Rosa, Salvator.

Stanislaus.

Strafford.

Teniers.

Vandyck.

Voltaire.

Wickliffe.

Winckelman.

PICTURES,

WITH REMARKS CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

The Martyrdom of St. Stephen	-	-	-	Le Brun.
The Entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon				Ditto.
The Death of Demosthenes	-	-	-	Boissellier.
The Sleep of Jesus	-	-	-	Caracci, Ann.
Hercules strangling the Serpents	-	-	-	Caracci, August.
Girls Drinking	-	-	-	Claudet.

CONTENTS.

The Flight into Egypt	-	-	-	-	Cigoli.
Brutus and his Sons	-	-	-	-	David.
The Martyrdom of St. Peter	-	-	-	-	Guido.
The Death of Hercules	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
St. Roch in Prison	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
Marcus Sextus	-	-	-	-	Guerin.
The Testament of Eudamidas	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
Scene after a Shipwreck	-	-	-	-	Hue.
Garrick in the Character of Richard the Third	-	-	-	-	Hogarth.
St. John preaching in the Wilderness	-	-	-	-	Carlo Maratti.
The Death of Phocion	-	-	-	-	Odevaere.
St. Charles Borromeo curing the Sick of the Plague	-	-	-	-	Van Oost.
Rebecca at the Well	-	-	-	-	Poussin.
Astyages ordering the Death of Cyrus	-	-	-	-	Perrin.
Alcibiades surprised by Socrates	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
The Virgin and Infant Jesus	-	-	-	-	Raphael.
Tobit and his Family before the Angel Gabriel	-	-	-	-	Rembrandt.
The Education of Achilles	-	-	-	-	Regnault.
St. Roch curing the Plague	-	-	-	-	Rubens.
Venus, Vulcan, and the Loves	-	-	-	-	J. Romano.
Count Roger kneeling before St. Bruno	-	-	-	-	Le Sueur.
St. Bruno distributing his Wealth among the Poor	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
St. Bruno on his Knees before the Crucifix	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
A River God and a Naiad	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
Birth of Cupid	-	-	-	-	Ditto.
The Death of Olympias	-	-	-	-	Taillasson.
Christ crowned with Thorns	-	-	-	-	Titian.
The Chastity of Joseph	-	-	-	-	Vanderwerf.
The Virgin, St. Anne, and the Infant Jesus	-	-	-	-	Da Vinci Leonardo.

SCULPTURE.

The Laocoon	-	-	-	-	-	Agesander, &c.
A Huntsman	-	-	-	-	-	Coustou.
Joan of Arc	-	-	-	-	-	Gois.
Bath of Apollo	-	-	-	-	-	Girardon, &c.
Milo of Crotona	-	-	-	-	-	Puget.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

LE SUEUR.

OF all the divinities of the mythology of the Greeks, Love is the personage whose birth has the most exercised the imagination of that people, so smitten with allegory. According to some writers, Love existed from the beginning of all things, with the earth and chaos. He united himself with chaos, and from that union, not only men and animals, but even the immortal gods received their birth. Others are of opinion, that *eternal night*, preceding the birth of every sort of being, lay an egg, which she covered with her ample wings, and gave birth to Love, who spreading on a sudden his golden pinions, took his flight around the rising world. Other traditions denominate as the parents of Love, Chaos and the Earth, Mars and Venus, Zephyrus and Eris, Cœlus and Venus, Venus and Vulcan, Jupiter and Venus; in short, the God of Wealth, and the Goddess of Poverty. Of all these opinions, alike created by an allegorical fancy, that which makes Venus the mother of Love, has been the most generally adopted. As being the son of the Goddess of Beauty, he has had temples and altars devoted to him in several countries of Greece. Sometimes he divided with Venus the homage of mortals, at other times he was considered the object of a particular worship.

Among the received traditions on the birth of Love, Le Sueur has chosen that which offered a pleasing com-

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

position, which he has delineated with as much dignity as simplicity. Extended upon a bed of an elegant form, Venus casts an affectionate look upon the young god, to whom she has just given birth, who is presented to her by one of the Graces. The two other companions of the goddess contemplate Love and admire his beauty. A female with wings, undoubtedly one of the Hours, scatters flowers upon the infant. The delightful scene passes in the midst of the heavens, and under a serene sky.

This picture was painted, as well as others that embellish this publication, for the ceiling of a cabinet of the Hotel Lambert, at Paris. The figures are in proportion about three feet.



S^r F. BACON.

George Cooke, fecit.

London, Published by Thomas Hatch at Thomas Paulsons, 1847.

BACON.

THINE is a Bacon—hapless in his choice ;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course—him for the studious shade
Kind nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant ; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined.
The great deliverer He ! who from the gloom
Of cloistered monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms.
And definitions void ;—he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.

THESE elegant lines of Thomson afford a short but comprehensive idea of the illustrious man whose life and character now engage our attention.

England, at a distance of three centuries, produced two celebrated genius' of this name. Roger Bacon, a poor friar of the thirteenth century, made the most astonishing discoveries in physics, to the wonder and dismay of a barbarous age, which accused him of sorcery, and compelled him to justify himself from a supposed familiarity with the devil ; and Francis Bacon, who developed the whole system of human knowledge, and opened those paths in which Newton, Boyle, and Locke afterwards so

eminently distinguished themselves. He his justly considered, from the extent and variety of his talents, as one of the most extraordinary men that any nation ever produced. He broke through the scholastic obscurity of the age, and shewed mankind the necessity of thinking for themselves, in order to become truly learned. He began with taking a view of the various objects of human knowledge; he divided these objects into classes; he examined what was already known in regard to each of them, and he drew up an immense catalogue of what yet remained to be discovered. He even went further; he shewed the necessity of experimental physics, and of reasoning experimentally on moral subjects. If he did not greatly enlarge the bounds of any particular science himself he was no less usefully employed in breaking the fetters of false philosophy, and conducting the lovers of truth to the proper method of cultivating the whole circle of the sciences. Happy for himself and for the nation whom he thus adorned by his genius and his writings, if he had been satisfied with these noble pursuits; and if a character, in other respects so perfect, had not been sullied by ambition and avarice!

This great man was born in York Place, in the Strand, on the 22d of January, 1560. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, under Elizabeth, by Anne, one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady eminent for her skill in the Greek and Latin languages. Under such illustrious guides, his natural talent could not fail of being improved by all the advantages which parental fondness and a learned education could bestow. So early was he remarkable for ardour of study, quickness of apprehension, and acuteness of wit, that the Queen was accustomed to call him her *young Lord Keeper*, and when she once asked him

how old he was, he answered in a style of delicate flattery, far beyond his years, "that he was two years younger than her majesty's happy administration." He was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the learned Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. When only sixteen, he conceived a dislike for the *Aristotelian* doctrines, not from any disrespect to their venerable author, but from the abuse of his philosophy, which had pervaded all the schools of Europe. This abuse had rendered it fruitful only in disputations and contentions, but barren in the production of works calculated to reform and benefit mankind. This induced him afterwards to form a more perfect and satisfactory system. When he had successfully passed through the whole circle of the sciences and the liberal arts, he was sent to France, with Sir Amias Pawlet, in order to qualify him for the management of public affairs, and he was himself entrusted with a commission, which he discharged to the satisfaction of the Queen and her ministers. But the unexpected death of his father, which happened before the proper measure could be taken to secure to him the provision intended for him, compelled him to adopt the law, as a profession,—contrary to his natural inclination, which rather led him to apply himself to state affairs. He entered himself of Gray's Inn, in which society he continued to reside, even after his elevation to the highest dignities. He there erected a building, which was long distinguished by the name of Lord Bacon's lodgings; and the Society, in veneration of the memory of its illustrious member, has recently bestowed, on a new range of chambers, the appellation of Verulam Buildings.

As a lawyer, his reputation has not kept pace with his fame as a philosopher; his genius, indeed, as in every thing else, enabled him to explore and comprehend the

principles of law, considered as a science; but in the technical and practical part of it, he was surpassed by the more laborious efforts and humbler talents of Sir Edward Coke. He published several tracts upon the subject, among which his *Reading on the Statute of Uses* is esteemed. His general merit soon procured him notice and distinction, and at the early age of twenty-eight, he was appointed *one of the Queen's council extraordinary*; but he obtained no higher preferment during the reign of Elizabeth. That princess, who was proverbially sparing of honours and favours to her ministers and courtiers, probably thought him sufficiently provided for by this situation, and the reversion of the place of Register of the Star Chamber, estimated at 1600*l.* a-year. The Earl of Essex, who could distinguish merit, and who passionately loved it, had entered into an intimate friendship with Bacon, and had zealously attempted, though without success, to procure him the office of Solicitor-General, and in order to comfort him under the disappointment, had conferred on him a present of land to the value of 1800*l.* But when his munificent patron was summoned before the privy Council, Bacon appeared against him, and argued with Coke, Attorney-General, and Fleming, Solicitor-General, on the impropriety of his conduct. This behaviour, which it must be confessed does him very little honour, made him at the time extremely unpopular. In this instance, perhaps, he acted in obedience to the Queen's commands, and she was so well pleased with his behaviour, that she imposed on him a new task of drawing up a narrative of the day's proceedings, in order to satisfy the public of the justice and lenity of her conduct. Bacon, who wanted firmness of character rather than humanity, gave the whole transaction the most favourable turn for Essex: and, in particular, pointed out, in elaborate expressions, the dutiful sub-

mission which that nobleman discovered in the defence he had made for his conduct. When he read that passage to her, the Queen smiled, and observed to him, 'that old love, she saw, could not easily be forgotten.' He replied, 'that he hoped she meant that of herself.'

When the aggravated imprudence of this heroic and unfortunate Earl precipitated him into those acts of treason and disloyalty which brought him to the scaffold, the conduct of Bacon was infinitely less excuseable. He was not strictly a crown lawyer, and consequently not obliged to assist at the trial; yet he did not scruple, in order to obtain the Queen's favour, to be active in bereaving of life his friend and patron, whose generosity he had so often experienced. He enlarged upon the treason of the unhappy Essex, and compared his conduct, in pretending to fear the attacks of his adversaries, to that of Pisistratus, the Athenian, who cut and wounded his own body, and making the people believe that his enemies had committed the violence, obtained a guard for his person, by whose assistance he afterwards subdued the liberties of his country. It is painful to recite these unworthy acts of a man so highly celebrated, but whose powerful and comprehensive genius could not shield him from the common weakness of human nature.

The death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James, opened a more favourable scene for the ambition of Bacon. The new King, as prodigal of the royal favour as the late Queen had been sparing of it, bestowed on him the order of Knighthood, and the rank of King's Council. A few years after, though not without considerable opposition from his cousin, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sir Edward Coke, he was appointed Solicitor-General. His other promotions may be told in a few words, as they were

neither unusually rapid nor attended with any uncommon circumstances. In 1613, he succeeded Sir Henry Hobart, as Attorney-General; in 1616, he was sworn of the Privy Council. In the following year, by the interest of Villiers, then Earl of Buckingham, he was constituted Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and, in 1618, Lord High Chancellor. At the same time he was created Baron of Verulam, and finally raised to the dignity of Viscount St. Alban.

But it was the fate of Bacon, after so many years of anxious expectation, to enjoy, for a very short time, the high station he had now attained. He was soon surprised with a melancholy reverse of fortune. His want of economy, and his indulgence to servants, had involved him in necessities; and in order to supply his present wants, he had been tempted to take bribes under the title of presents, and that in a very open manner, from the suitors in the Court of Chancery. The Commons at this time were busied in the examinations of grievances, and the reforming of abuses. They were apprized of the loud complaints uttered against the Chancellor, and sent up an impeachment to the Peers. Bacon, either from timidity, or consciousness of guilt, deprecated the vengeance of his judges, and endeavoured, by a general avowal, to escape the confusion and disgrace of a stricter scrutiny. The Lords insisted on a particular confession of all his corruptions; he acknowledged twenty-eight articles, and was sentenced to pay a fine of 40,000*l.*; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be for ever incapable of any office, place, or employment, and never again to sit in Parliament, or come within the verge of the Court. Without attempting to justify the slightest deviation in an office, where purity of principle and integrity of con-

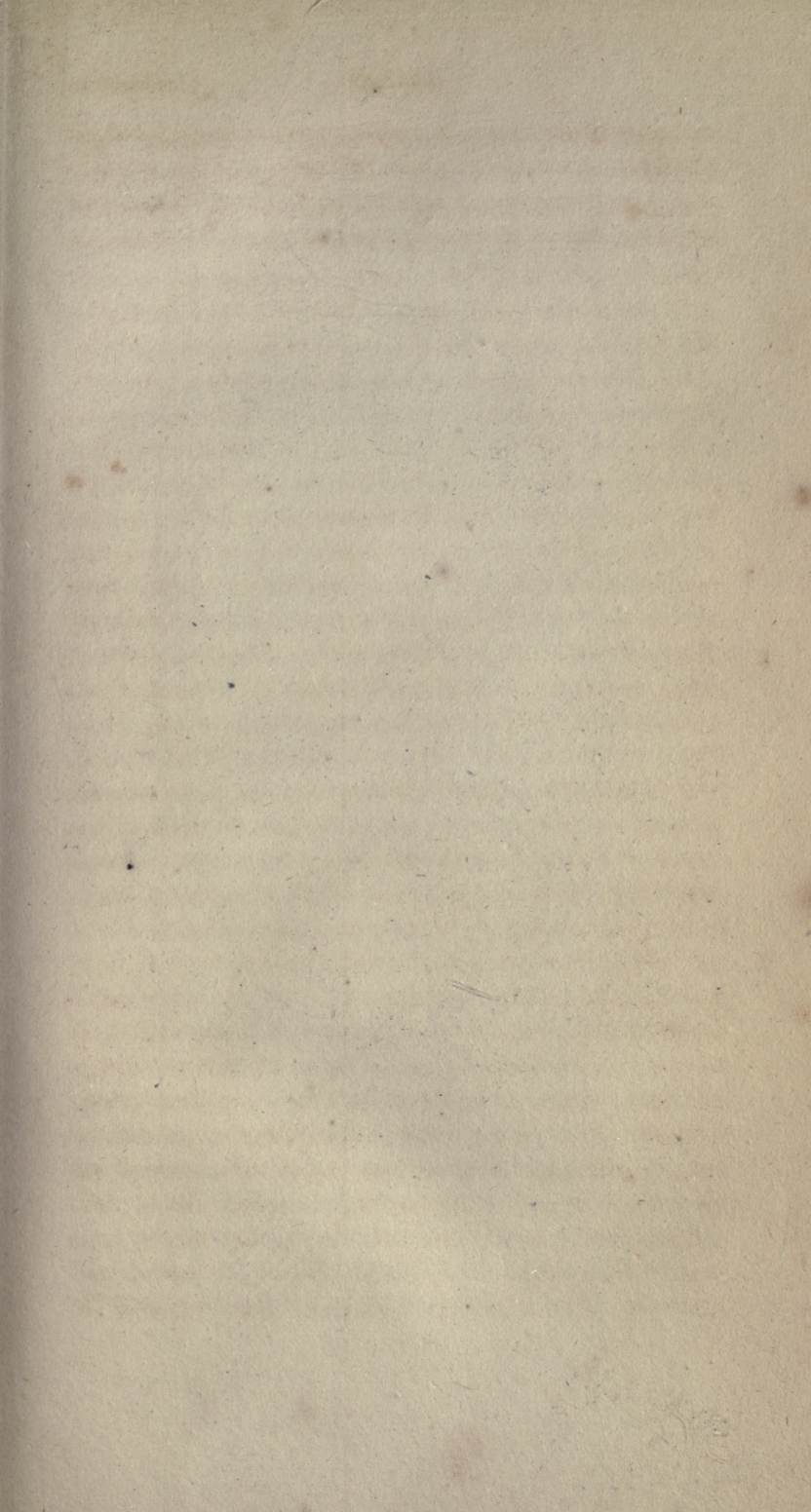
duct are more particularly expected to preside, this dreadful sentence may be considered as equally unjust and cruel. It appears that it had been usual for other Chancellors to take presents; and it is asserted that Bacon, who followed the same dangerous practice, had still, in the Seat of Justice, preserved the integrity of a Judge, and had given just decrees against those very persons from whom he had received the wages of iniquity. Complaints grew the louder on that account, and his punishment was sought as much, perhaps, from the rage of unsuccessful suitors, as from any laudable principle of reform. The custom which had previously subsisted of receiving presents, though it would have been highly to Bacon's honour, had he been the first to wave it, may yet be adduced as no inconsiderable alleviation of his guilt. It was highly cruel to punish him so rigourously for offences from which no former Chancellor had been exempt, and the most that could be urged against him was, that this iniquitous practice was, in him, more frequent and undisguised. That this conduct did not proceed altogether from avarice, may be credited, as he is not supposed to have died rich. Profusion of expence, indulgence to his officers and servants, who extorted money for private seals and injunctions, and a total neglect of order and regularity in the management of his affairs, were his principal failings, and these led him to the too frequent commission of misdemeanors, for which he was punished with indiscriminating severity. Such, no doubt, were the sentiments of James I. on the fate of this illustrious culprit; as, in consideration of his extraordinary merit, he remitted the fine, as well as the other parts of the sentence, conferred on him a large pension of 1800*l.* a-year, and employed every expedient to alleviate the weight of his age and misfortunes. He was also summoned to the Parliament which was held in the first year of King Charles I.

He survived his sentence five years, and being released in a little time from the Tower, where he was at first imprisoned, his genius, yet unbroken, supported itself amidst involved circumstances, and under a continual depression of spirits, and shone out in literary and scientific productions, which have made his guilt and weaknesses be forgotten or overlooked by posterity. This nation, once so exasperated against him, no longer permits these failings to be urged against the character of a man, by whose genius and writings it is so much exalted in the eye of Europe ; whose faults as a magistrate, are for ever lost in the brilliant and unperishing fame of the philosopher. He himself lived long enough to regret that he neglected the true ambition of genius, and by plunging into business and affairs which require much less capacity, but greater firmness of mind, had exposed himself to the loss of character, to reproach, and calamity.

He happily escaped the plague which infested the summer of the year 1625, and with some difficulty, being of a tender constitution, passed the severe winter which followed ; but, going in the spring to make some experiments in natural philosophy, he was taken so ill with a defluction on his breast, attended with a fever, that he was compelled to remain at the Earl of Arundel's house, at Highgate, near London, about a week, and there he expired on Easter-Day, the 9th of April, 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was interred in St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, where a monument of white marble was erected for him by the care and gratitude of Sir Thomas Meutys, Knight, his executor. He is represented as sitting in a chair in an attitude of profound contemplation. He had married Alice, one of the daughters of Benedict Barnham, Esq. and Alderman of London ; but by her he had no issue.

Such were the principal features of the public and private life of Bacon. On his merit, as a philosopher, we presume not to enlarge; the bare enumeration of his numerous and valuable works would occupy a greater space than we can at present spare. His noble treatise on the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Novum Organum*, form the chief basis of his reputation. Though inferior in some respects to Galilæo, and, perhaps, even to Kepler, he surpassed them both in the extent of his researches, and the boldness of his discoveries. His Latinity is remarkable, rather for the constant propriety, than the elegance of its expression. His English style is often rigid and pedantic, and he seems to be the original of those pointed similies and long-spun allegories which distinguish the authors of that age. A life of this illustrious man has long been considered a desideratum in English literature; that written by Mallet, is, in every respect, unworthy of him. The undertaking would, indeed, be of no ordinary nature; he that would enter upon it must combine, with the ornaments of style, profound science, discrimination, and candour, in reviewing his philosophical works, and the most impartial justice in comparing him with the philosophers of his and other ages. It must be recorded, to our disgrace, that the fame of Bacon has been more highly appreciated and more extensively diffused by the learning of Gassendi, the admiration of Voltaire, and the critical sagacity of D'Alembert, than by any efforts of our own, much as we are accustomed to applaud our great countryman, and to venerate his name. But his reputation, even in his life-time, had spread far beyond the limits of this island, and early presaged the immortality it has obtained. Whatever in the revolution of ages, may be the fate of this empire, even to that distant, but probable period, when the present continent of Europe shall exchange its civilization for the

barbarity of regions now undiscovered or unexplored, in whatever corner of the globe literature and the sciences may hereafter seek an asylum, so long will they exalt the fame, and be guided by the genius, of BACON.





London: Published by Vernon Wood & Sharpe, Printers, 1801.

BIAS.

BIAS, one of the seven sages of Greece, and in the opinion of some writers, the *Prince of Learned Men*, was a native of Priene, a city of Caria, and flourished about the year 608 before Jesus Christ. Some pirates, in one of their cruizes in the neighbourhood of Messina, carried away several females of the city, and exposed them for sale at Priene. These were purchased by Bias, who loaded them with presents, and sent them back to their parents. A little time after, some fishermen of Messina found in the body of a large fish, a golden vase, upon which, these words were engraved, *To the most wise*. They deliberated a while to whom they should send it; when the females who had been treated by Bias with so much generosity, presented themselves, with their parents, and engaged the public voice in his favour; but he refused the offer, by saying, that this title solely belonged to Apollo. His refusal proved him the more worthy of the title.

It is likewise related, at the siege of Priene, by Haliattes, king of Lydia, that Bias, who filled the office of chief magistrate, made a most vigorous resistance. Nevertheless, provisions became scarce; and at this moment, to deceive the besiegers, he fattened two mules, and sent them into the enemy's camp. Deceived by this artifice, the king of Lydia raised the siege, and made peace with the Prieneans. Bias could not, however, prevent the city from being, in the end, taken by storm, and delivered up to pillage. During the disorder that prevailed, and while

each was endeavouring to carry away as much of his property as possible, they were surprised to see Bias leave the city without striving to preserve his effects. He said, "*Omnia mea mecum porto.*" It was this philosopher who, being at sea in a storm with some impious persons, and hearing them invoke the assistance of the gods, said, "*Be quiet, lest they perceive you are in peril.*" He was a great admirer of poetry, and composed some verses containing the precepts of his morality, and rules for the conduct of life. It was one of his maxims, that those who knew what friendship was, would much rather hear a brilliant than a solid remark—a sally, than an axiom; and was accustomed to say, "*Love your friends, as if they might one day become your enemies.*" He cultivated oratory with success, and made the same use of his talents as of his fortune; that is to say, by directing it to the assistance of the necessitous. He died at an advanced age, in the midst of his noble occupations. Pleading one day the cause of one of his friends, and having apparently exhausted the little strength that remained, he reclined his head upon the bosom of one of his grand-children, who accompanied him, and expired. His countrymen, in testimony of his worth, raised a temple to his memory.



Painted by Padovan.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 1857.

BERNINI.

GIOVANNI LORENZO BERNINI, who was born at Naples, in 1598, acquired from his Father, who was a Florentine artist, the first elements of his art, and went with him to Rome, with a view to perfect himself. Nature had made him a sculptor, for, at ten years of age, he produced a head in marble, that attracted some notice; at seventeen, he had already ornamented Rome by several specimens, among which may be distinguished the group of Apollo and Daphne. He worked on marble with astonishing quickness.

Gregory XV. created him a Knight of the Order of Christ, and Urban the VIII. confided to him the execution of those works of every description which have immortalized him. Architecture, painting, sculpture, every art experienced the fertility of his genius. He executed in bronze the statue of St. Peter, and the four great niches under the cupola, which he adorned with colossal statues. He embellished the squares of Rome with several fountains, superb palaces, and public buildings, without, however, neglecting the superintendence of the improvements to the great cathedral of St. Peter, which had been committed to his care.

This great artist refused an appointment of 60,000 livres a-year, which were offered him by Cardinal Mazarin, if he would settle in France. He erected by order of Innocent X. the superb fountain in the Piazza Navona; and, by command of Alexander VII. the celebrated

colonnade of St. Peter, the pulpit placed at the end of the church, the grand staircase of the Vatican, and an infinite number of mausolœa figures, and busts, as well for Rome, as for foreign courts. Every one knows the pressing solicitations made to him by the great Colbert, on the part of Louis XIV. to induce him to come to Paris for the purpose of superintending the works then carrying on at the Louvre, and the extraordinary honours that were paid him, when, after having with some difficulty obtained the pope's consent, he proceeded to Paris. He was received in his progress, and on his arrival, as a sovereign would have been. He remained eight months at the court of France; but, after having received some considerable presents, and a pension for himself and his son, his design not being adopted, he left to Perrault the glory of contributing to the embellishment of the palace.

Bernini, it is said, on observing the works of this skilful architect, had the modesty to say, "When there are men of such talents at home, it is unnecessary to seek elsewhere." This anecdote has been related by the ingenious author of the *Historical Essays on Paris*, who asserts that Bernini, far from admiring the designs of Perrault, evinced the utmost alacrity to carry his own, in preference, into effect: adding, that he had been promised an annuity of 3000 livres, if he would remain at Paris, which he refused, and that on the eve of his departure this sum was brought to him with an offer of a pension of 12,000, which he very coolly received. Be that as it may, the king was desirous of having his bust taken by the hand of this celebrated artist, making him a present of his portrait encircled with diamonds. Bernini, at this moment, displayed at Versailles all the address of a courtier. While drawing the portrait of Louis XIV. he placed a lock of hair on the monarch's head, saying,

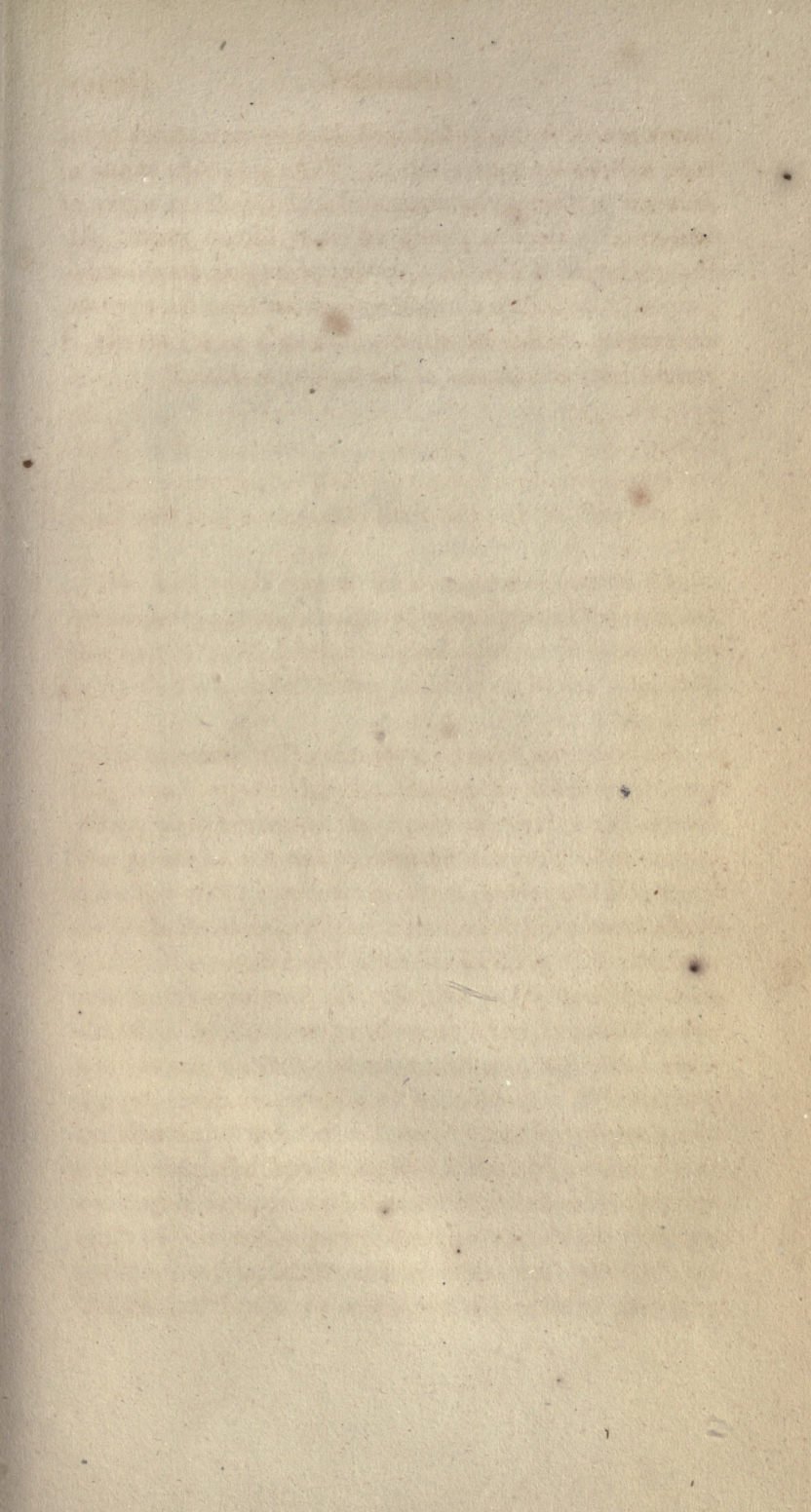
“The forehead of your majesty may be seen by the whole world.” He paid likewise a very happy compliment to the queen, who commending the portrait he had just executed of the prince, he added, “Your majesty is pleased with the portrait, because you admire the original.”

On his return to Rome he hastened to execute an equestrian statue of Curtius in marble, which is now placed at Versailles, and dedicated it to Louis XIV. as a mark of his gratitude. Clement IX. proved no less a zealous protector of Bernini than his predecessors, and employed him to decorate the bridge of St. Angelo.

His last work was a demi-colossal figure of Christ, which he bequeathed to the Queen Christina of Sweden. He died in 1680, leaving behind him, as it is said, property to the amount of two millions of livres, (80,000*l*.)

The manners of Bernini were austere, and his character rough and impetuous; but, among the chief-d'œuvres of Rome, were reckoned the works of this great master. The principal are, the equestrian statue of Constantine, the choir of St. Peter, the group of Apollo and Daphne in the Villa Pinciana, and the church of St. Andrew at Rome, which was constructed after his designs. Bernini was only fourteen years of age, when he was by accident in the church of St. Peter at the moment when Annibal Caracci, with other painters, were noticing a situation where the principal altar ought to be placed. “Trust me,” said Caracci, “the day will come when a superior genius shall rear under the cupola, and in the body of the church, two monuments proportionate to the grandeur of this temple.” Upon which young Bernini exclaimed, “Heaven grant it were myself:” and his wish was accomplished. His bust of Louis, in which the character of that great

prince is no less ably pourtrayed than are the features of his face, will be for ever admired. The equestrian statue of *Marcus Curtius* may be compared with the finest works of antiquity. He was employed on it fifteen years. Although he left behind him, as we have stated, considerable property, the Queen Christina, upon learning the amount, exclaimed, "Had he attached himself to my service, I should have felt shame at his leaving so little."





Painted by H. Rigaud.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Pauls Church-Yard.

BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

Là regnait Despréaux, leur maître en l'art d'écrire ;
Lui qu' arma la Raison des traits de la satire
Qui, donnant le précepte et l'exemple à la fois,
Établit d'Apallon les rigoureuses lois,

THE rank which Voltaire assigned to Boileau in the *Temple du Goût*, among the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. has been ratified by posterity : it was fixed indeed during his life-time, and it is a remarkable instance of good fortune that this man, who had attacked so many authors, should have enjoyed among his cotemporaries a reputation which succeeding generations have not been able to decrease,

Nicholas Boileau-Despréaux was born at Crosne, near Paris, in 1636. He was the eleventh son of Giles Boileau, register of the high court of Parliament. His infancy was by no means happy. His mother dying when young, and his father being wholly absorbed in business, he was abandoned to the care of an old servant, who treated him with much unkindness and severity. Her conduct, indeed, made such an impression on his mind, that he has been known to observe, if he had the offer of coming a second time into existence, upon the painful conditions of his childhood, he would much rather not be born. Regardless, however, of the neglect he experienced, he commenced his studies with success ; but exhibited no qualities that could indicate his future celebrity. "Colin," his father used to say, "is a good lad, who is not over-

burthened with wit, and will speak no ill of any one."—This opinion, formed upon the reserved disposition of young Nicholas, was soon discovered to be ill-founded. He was only fourteen years of age when his talent for poetry developed itself. His father intended him for the bar; but, becoming soon disgusted with the study of the law, he directed his thoughts to the church, to which he shortly after conceived a dislike. Boileau, equally disgusted with the one and the other profession, resolved to follow the bent of his own genius, and devoted himself to poetry. His first *Satires* appeared in 1666. They were sought after, with much avidity, by men of taste; and as furiously condemned, by the authors whom the poet had criticised. To them succeeded his *Epistles*: and his *Art Poétique*,—that complete code of the laws of Poetry, and one of the finest compositions of the French language,—and, in 1674, he published his celebrated poem, *Le Lutrin*. This ingenious production, so replete with pleasantry and good writing, and in which the virtues and the vices of men are personified with considerable animation, fully established his reputation, and made him known at Court. Invited thither by Louis XIV. he had the honour to recite several cantos of his poem to that enlightened prince, who treated him with great liberality. He was granted the exclusive privilege of publishing his own works; and, with other marks of royal favour, was made choice of by that monarch to write his history, in conjunction with Racine. The doors of the French Academy were likewise opened to him, and those of other literary societies. Boileau, like the rest of his countrymen, carried his admiration of his king to a degree of enthusiasm: he applauded his actions with delicacy and sincerity; but was at court, as in other places, inflexible in his principles in all matters relative to the *Belles Lettres*; and carried at times, his independence to the

extent of rudeness. Being one day asked by the king what authors had succeeded best in comedy? "I only know one," replied the satirist, "and that is *Moliere*: the rest have written nothing but farces, like the wretched pieces of Scarron." Another time, declaiming against *burlesque* poetry to the king, and in the presence of Mad. de Maintenon—"Happily," said he, "the taste for such productions is gone by; and Scarron even is only read in the provinces." His opinion being asked by Louis XIV. upon some verses which he had composed; "Sire," answered the poet, "nothing is impossible to your Majesty: you were desirous of writing bad verses, and have completely succeeded."

After the death of Racine, Boileau, who was united to that great man by the strongest ties of friendship and esteem, seldom appeared at court, except to receive the commands of the king respecting his history. He passed the remainder of his days in retirement, either in town or country. He lamented, in his latter years, the misfortunes which terminated the reign of a monarch, of which he had been one of the principal ornaments; and feeling his end approach, resigned himself to his fate with Christian fortitude, and died on the 11th of March, 1711, at the age of seventy-five.

Boileau, to talents of the first order, united great purity of manners, sociability, and benevolence. Though, at times, reserved and austere in his disposition, he was companionable and easy of access—as the number of his friends sufficiently proves. His heart was good, but his judgment unrelenting. He beheld an enemy in every bad writer; but often relieved the wants of those whose works he consigned to oblivion. The celebrated Patru being reduced to the necessity of selling his library, Despréaux

purchased it at a higher price than had been offered, and left him in possession of it until his death. The authors of *Cassandre* experienced also repeated marks of his beneficence. Besides his poetical productions, of whose individual merit it is unnecessary to speak, he translated the Treatise on the *Sublime*, by Longinus: to which, on being engaged in the dispute with Perrault, on the ancients and the moderns, he added some critical remarks. His prose, though always perspicuous, is by no means equal to his poetry. Mad. de Sévigné used to say to him, "*You are tender in prose and cruel in verse.*" Boileau, from his entrance into the republic of letters, may be considered as the reformer and legislator of the French Parnassus: whose verses rendered familiar to every capacity the laws which reason and the most enlightened ages have avowed. He fixed, in a great measure, the language of his country, by the purity of his diction, the force and harmony of his style; and is regarded as the founder of its poetic school. Not contented with combining in his own compositions truth with poetry, he taught his art to others upon the principles of true taste. "He must necessarily have been born," says Vauvernargues, "with a very superior genius, to avoid the bad examples of his cotemporaries, and to impose upon them his decrees. Voltaire, speaking of Boileau, thus expresses himself: "I shall never cease," said he to a celebrated personage, recommending you to study that art in writing, which Desprèaux so well understood and so ably taught—that respect for the language—that succession of ideas—that agreeable manner with which he conducts his reader—and that natural facility which genius only displays. He always performed what he was desirous of accomplishing, and attired reason, in harmonious verses, replete with imagery. At once clear, pertinent, easy, and happy in his expressions—if he rises not to any elevated height, he

never sinks into insipidity. He was always acquainted with the full extent of his powers; and evinced considerable judgment in the choice of subjects upon which they were employed."

As a satirist, his admirers pretend that he surpassed Juvenal, and was at times equal to Horace; but he has been reproached for not sufficiently varying his phrases, either in prose or verse. He has been likewise censured, not indeed for condemning the voluptuous morality of Quinault, but for not having rendered justice to the talents of that poet, who was at least equal to him in elegance, if not in force and sentiment. It must be confessed that he did not treat others with the same indulgence that he did himself, either in his writings or in his conversation. What can be more flattering than the following verses, which he wrote under his own portrait?

Au joug de la raison asservissant la rime,
Et même en imitant toujours original,
J'ai su dans mes écrits—docte, enjoué, sublime,
Rassembler en moi *Perse, Horace et Juvenal*.

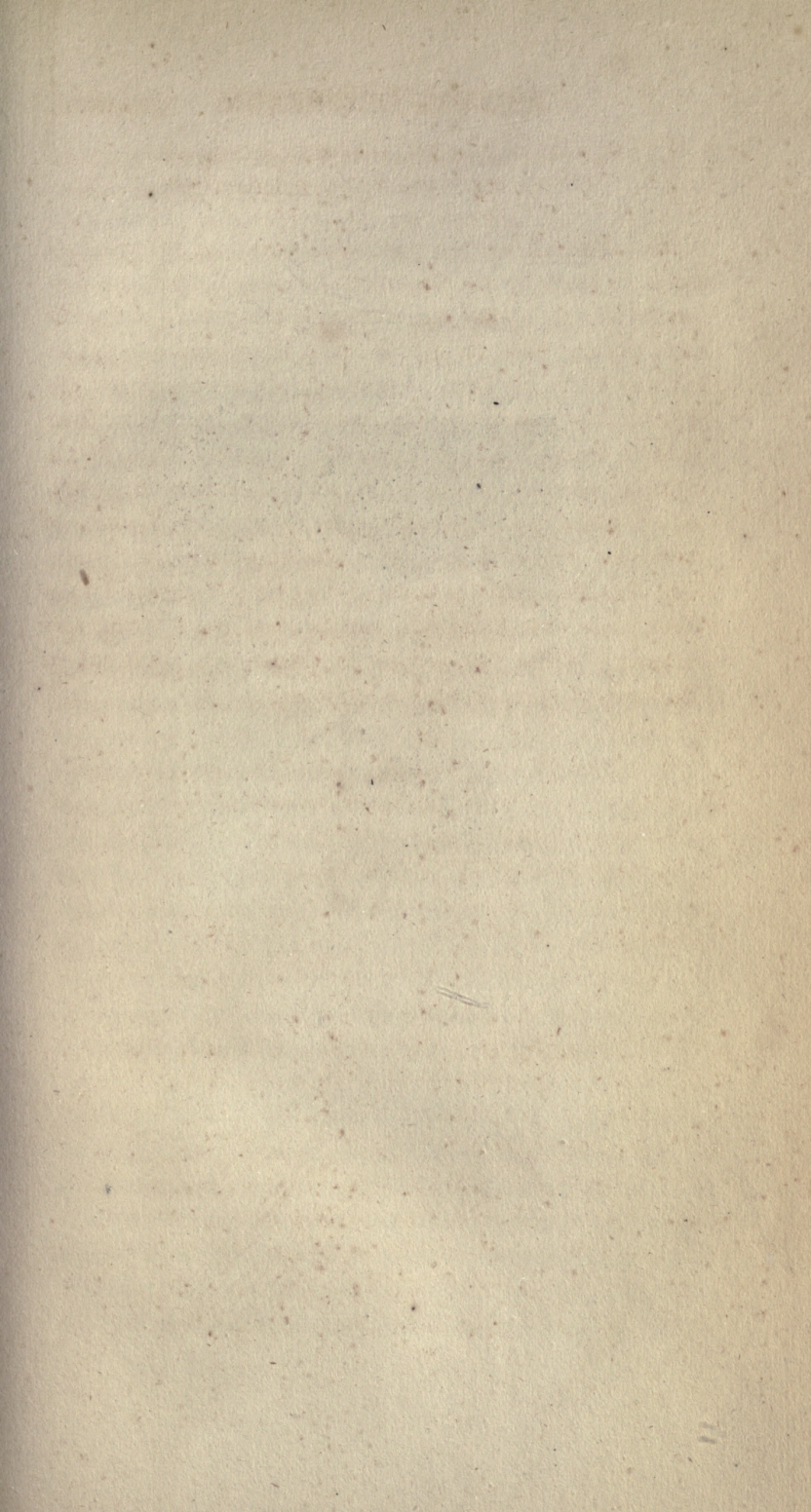
In his ninth *Epistle*, he has softened this eulogium; but even in modifying it he says sufficient.

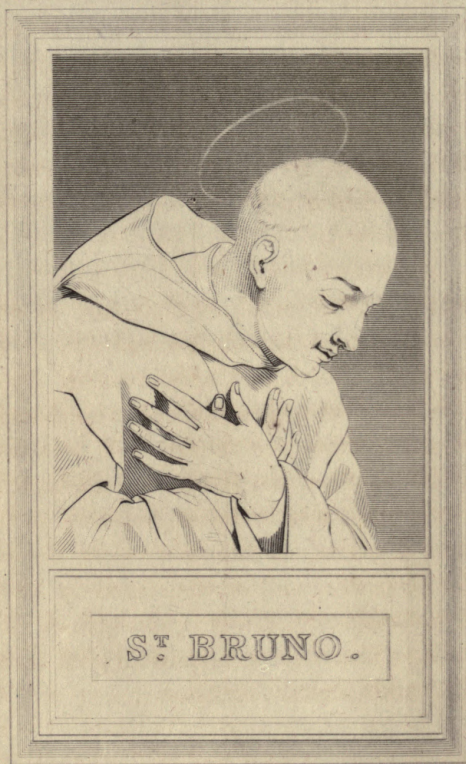
Sais tu pour quoi mes vers sont lus dans les provinces,
Sont recherchés des peuple et reçus chez les princes?
Ce n'est pas que leurs sons agréables, nombreux,
Soient toujours à l'oreille également heureux,
Qu'en plus d'un lieu le sens n'y gêne la mesure,
Et qu'un mot quelque fois n'y brave la césure.
Mais c'est qu'en eux le vrai du mensonge vainqueur,
Par tout se montre aux yeux et va saisir le cœur;
Que le bien et le mal y sont prisés au juste
Que jamais un faquin n'y tient un rang auguste;
Et que mon Cœur, toujours conduisant mon esprit,
Ne dit rien aux lecteurs qu'a soi-même il n'ait dit.

BOILEAU DESPREAUX. [FRANCE.

Ma pensée au grand jour partout s'offre et s'expose ;
Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose.

Nevertheless, upon a particular occasion, being asked for some lines by an engraver, for his portrait, he dismissed him by remarking—"I am not so great a coxcomb as to say any *good* of myself: nor blockhead enough to say any *ill*." Boileau, in writing, always composed the second line before the first, conceiving by this method that his verses had more sense and dignity. This, in his opinion, was one of the great secrets of French poetry, which had been communicated to him by Racine, of whom he acquired the art of making difficult rhymes. But this difficulty was concealed by the illustrious Tragedian, under the charm of a versification ever flowing and elegant; while the labour is frequently apparent in Boileau, particularly in his latter works.





Ph. Champagne pinçt.

Geo. Cooke sculp.

London Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane, 1857.

ST. BRUNO.

ST. BRUNO was born at Cologne, in the year 1051, of a noble and virtuous family. He came to Paris under the reign of Phillip I. where he began his studies, and went through a course of philosophy and theology, with the most brilliant success. He had even obtained a professor's chair, when his attainments, his merit, and his wisdom, procured him the offer of several ecclesiastical dignities.

He was at first a monk at Cologne, afterwards at Rheims; and was appointed chancellor of that church. Compelled to relinquish that appointment, through the tyranny of Archbishop Manasses, Bruno formed the resolution to retire from the world, and to seclude himself in some secret recess, for the remainder of his days. His first habitation was at Saisse-Fontaine, in the neighbourhood of Langres. From thence, in the year 1084, he went to Grenoble, and, accompanied by his disciples, presented himself to St. Hughes, the bishop of the city. He declared to him their determination of living in the most retired and penitent manner.

The holy bishop, "who had seen," he said, "seven stars glitter over the desert of Chartreuse," advised them to settle there, and put them in possession of that hermitage, which was nothing but a mass of mountains, almost inaccessible, and of caverns and precipices. This was the cradle of the order of the Chartreux, which, in process of time, extended itself over Europe.

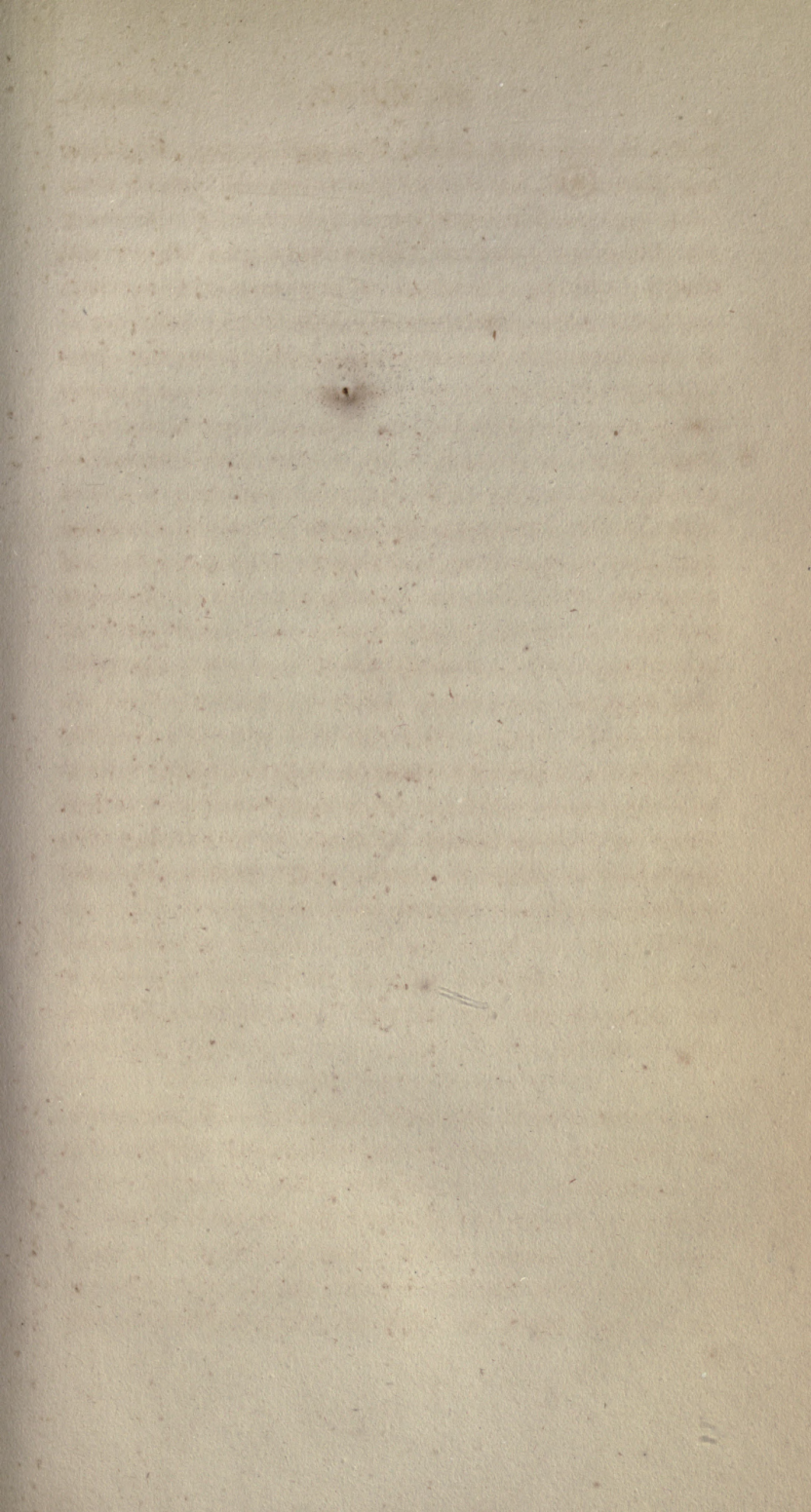
In this solitude, St Bruno and his companions built an oratory, and some sorry huts, which served them as cells. There they lodged in pairs, after the example of the ancient *solitaires* of Egypt, following the ordinances of St. Benedict, which they accommodated to their mode of living. The peace which St Bruno experienced in this solitude, was at length disturbed by an order from Pope Urban II. formerly his disciple at Rheims, who compelled him to journey to Rome, to assist the holy chair with his council. On terminating the affairs which brought him to that city, the holy zealot, lost in the midst of a splendid court, surrounded with the intrigue and flattery of its parasites, refused the acceptance of several bishoprics, and returned to his seclusion in Calabria. He died in the monastery he had founded, in 1101, at the age of fifty. He was not canonized before 1514.

The habit of the Chartreux was white; and the singular obligations of this order were---incessant fasting---to observe the most rigorous silence---to pronounce only these words, "Brother, we must die;" to sleep in a coffin---and that each should daily dig his grave. These statutes were more philosophical than generally imagined, because they entirely separated mortals from the world, which the most painful reflections first induced them to leave.

The retreat of St. Bruno, which excites the most lively interest in the beholder, and as engaged the attention of travellers of every age and country, is thus described by the poet Gray, in a letter to his mother, in whom it inspired more than common concern. "It is a fortnight since we set out from hence, upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through

Savoy, on purpose to see the famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days, very slow, (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads,) we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top: the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad: on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over-head; on the other a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents, with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this, the strange views made by the craggs and cliffs; on the other hand, the cascades, that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below; and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude, we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else,) received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, fruits, and all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them, but this we could not do; so they led about their house,

which is, you must think, like a little city ; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple ; nothing of finery : but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds, that were then forming themselves on the mountain's top."—And, in a letter to his friend West, he says, with his wonted enthusiasm, "In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining ; not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits at noon-day. You have death perpetually before your eyes ; only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded, St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement ; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time."





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

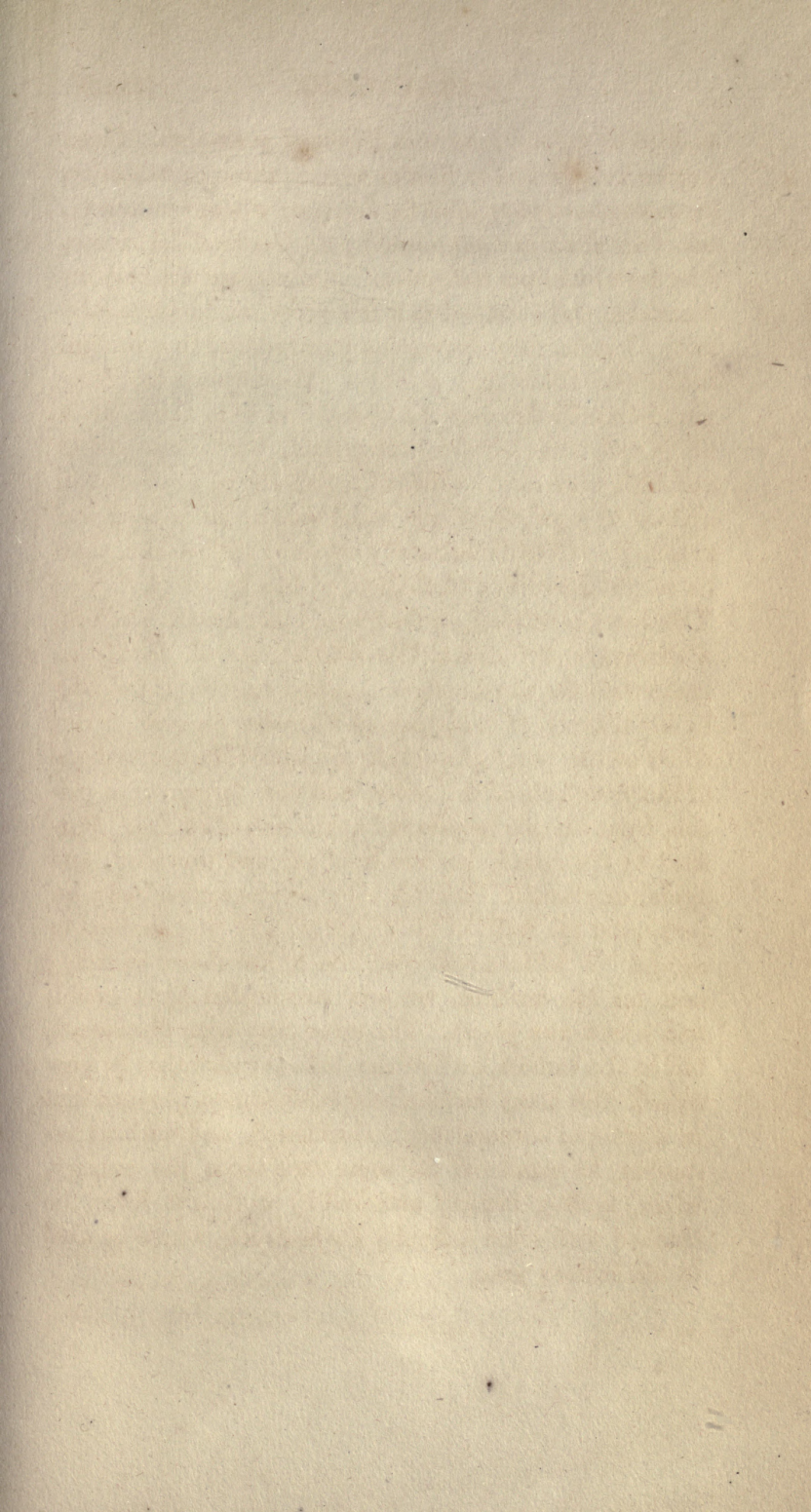
London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Bowdry, 1807.

MICHAEL ANGELO AMEREGI, DA CARAVAGGIO.

MICHAEL ANGELO AMEREGI, surnamed CARAVAGGIO, from the place of his birth, a village in the Milanese, was born in 1569. This painter, though gifted with considerable talent, from his want of taste was not able to obtain the rank which nature appears to have assigned him. He studied for a time the graceful manner of Giorgione, whom he imitated and surpassed; but the desire of signalizing himself, led him to establish a style of his own, in which energy and truth appear more conspicuous than variety and manner. Little solicitous to please, he strove to astonish, and attained his aim by the extravagant opposition to light and shade. The seductive force of his pencil, the boldness of his design, and propriety of his attitude, drew after him a number of followers, who, for a time, forgot that the undignified character which he gave to his productions, by the servile imitation of forms, indiscriminately picked from the dregs of the people, reflected disgrace on the sublime art.

Subjects of a tragical nature seem most fitted to the genius of Caravaggio; and to this taste his violent and irascible temper naturally contributed. He was originally a labourer, and employed to carry the materials used by artists in frescos, when, feeling a strong disposition for painting, he devoted his nights to the study of design. His talents soon developed themselves, and his irritable and malevolent spirit having involved him in a quarrel, which compelled him to seek refuge in Venice, he was

enabled to bring them to a degree of perfection. From Venice he travelled to Rome, where, through necessity, he was compelled to paint for Josepin; when, fortunately, one of his pictures was noticed by the Cardinal del Monte, who drew him from indigence. Caravaggio was very industrious, and obtained in a few years considerable celebrity; but his fiery disposition plunged him in continual broils with his brother painters. Meeting one day Josepin, whom he detested, he loaded him with abuse, drew his sword, and killed a young man, who attempted to assist his adversary. Obligated to quit Rome, he sought an asylum in a neighbouring state, where his pardon was procured; but he had scarcely obtained his freedom, than he sought Josepin, and challenged him to fight a duel.—This Josepin refused, on the ground that he was a knight. Caravaggio, irritated at this pretext, set off for Malta, underwent the usual ceremonies, and was thought worthy by his bravery, of being armed *Chevalier Servant*. But when on the point of quitting the island, he insulted one of the principals of the order, and was thrown into prison, from whence he escaped at the risk of his life. Pursued by the guard, he was fired at, and wounded, and again imprisoned. But his courage was undaunted; he perforated the walls of his dungeon, and was enabled to escape. A felucca conveyed him to the shores of Italy; but, on his landing, he was surrounded by a guard, and seized as a pirate. The error was soon discovered, but in the contest, he lost the little treasure that he possessed. So many accumulated misfortunes, plunged him in a state of despondency: abandoned, and without resources, he wandered for some time about the country, when, finding himself attacked by a violent fever, he reached with some difficulty *Porto-Ercole*, where he died in his fortieth year.





Painted by Cooper.

London: Published by Henry Hoar & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL was descended of an ancient and respectable family in Huntingdonshire, and was son of Robert Cromwell, Esq. by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Steward, Knt. He was born in the parish of St. John, Huntingdon, April 24, 1599, and on the 23rd of April, 1616, was admitted of Sidney College, Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Richard Howlett, who then observed of him, that he was not so much inclined to speculation as to action. Whilst he continued there, his father died, upon which he returned home, and fell into great irregularities of conduct, which induced his mother to remove him to Lincoln's Inn, in order to divert him from his extravagancies by the study of the law. But so sedentary an employment not suiting his disposition, he soon returned into the country, and continuing his former course of life, spent a great part of his paternal estate. At length he reformed his conduct, and became equally remarkable for the strictness of his morals, and his punctual application to the external duties of religion; and having now an estate of £500 a year left him by Sir Robert Steward, his mother's brother, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Essex. In 1628, being chosen a member of the third parliament of King Charles I. he was appointed one of the committee of religion; and in 1637, upon the severities inflicted on the Puritan party, of which he professed himself, by archbishop Laud, he resolved, with several others, to remove into New England, but was prevented by a proclamation, prohibiting the disorderly transporting his Majesty's sub-

jects to the plantations in America, without a royal licence. The king had afterwards ample reason to repent this exercise of his prerogative. The year following, by his opposition to the draining of the fens in Lincolnshire and the Isle of Ely, Cromwell gained so considerable an interest in those parts, that he was elected burgess for the town of Cambridge, in 1640, to serve in the long parliament, in which he vigorously promoted the grand remonstrance of grievances.

Such was the origin and slow advancement of a man who afterwards, in the course of a few years, was observed suddenly to emerge from his obscurity, raise himself to power and distinction, usurp the command of armies, overturn one of the most ancient monarchies of Europe, sentence his sovereign to death, and seat himself in his place. He is undoubtedly one of the most eminent and singular personages that occurs in history; the strokes of his character are as open and strongly marked as the schemes of his conduct were, during the time, dark and impenetrable. His extensive capacity enabled him to form the most enlarged projects; his enterprising genius was not dismayed with the boldest and most dangerous. Carried by his natural temper to magnanimity, to grandeur, and to an imperious and domineering policy, he yet knew when necessary to employ the most profound dissimulation, the most oblique and refined artifice, the semblance of the greatest moderation and simplicity. A friend to justice, though his public conduct was one continued violation of it; devoted to religion, though he perpetually employed it as the instrument of his ambition; he was engaged in crimes from the prospect of sovereign power, a temptation which is in general irresistible to human nature; and by using well that authority which he obtained by fraud and violence, he has lessened, if not

overpowered, our detestation of his enormities, by our admiration of his success and of his genius.

Those who imagine they can trace, in every action of an extraordinary personage, some presage of his future grandeur, will find their experience contradicted, and their discernment of no avail in the character of Cromwell. His first appearance on the great theatre of the world was little protentive of his subsequent elevation. His conduct as a member of the house appears to have been below contempt. So early as 1629, we find him complaining of one, who, he was told, *preached flat popery*. It is amusing to observe the first words of this fanatical hypocrite correspond so exactly with his character. His person was ungraceful and plain; his countenance rugged and mean; his dress slovenly and negligent. His delivery was harsh and uncouth; his manner awkward and embarrassed. So singularly does nature distribute her talents, that, in a nation abounding with sense and learning, a man who, by superior personal merit, was to make his way to supreme dignity, and compel the parliament to make him a tender of the crown itself, was yet incapable of expressing himself with common precision or propriety, but at all times delivered his harangues in a manner of which a peasant of the most ordinary capacity would justly be ashamed of. Upon an examination of his various speeches, we may discover that great defect consists not only in his want of elocution, but in his want of ideas. Indeed the sagacity of his actions, and the absurdity of style of speaking, form one of the most singular contrasts ever known.

The very narrow limits to which we are confined, will enable us to present only a few observations upon this extraordinary man, with a rapid detail of his most prominent exploits. When the war broke out, he first com-

manded a troop of horse, and immediately distinguished himself by securing Cambridge, and taking prisoner, after a bold manœuvre, at St Albans, the high sheriff of Hertfordshire. For these services he was appointed a colonel in the army of the parliament; and obtained a victory at Gainsborough, over a party of royalists commanded by the gallant Cavendish. His activity, his personal courage, a quick discernment, which saw, and a resolution that overpowered every obstacle, soon procured him the notice and esteem of his superiors; and he succeeded, in 1644, to the rank of lieutenant-general, under the earl of Manchester. He principally contributed to the victory at Marston-Moor; and though he yet held but a secondary rank, was already considered as the most able and conspicuous among the enemies of the king. He had connected himself with the independants, a set of men who rejected all ecclesiastical establishments, and would admit of no spiritual courts, no government among pastors, no interposition of the magistrate in religious concerns, no fixed encouragement annexed to any system of doctrines or opinions. The enthusiasm of the presbyterians led them to reject the authority of prelates, to throw off the restraints of liturgies to retrench ceremonies, to limit the riches and authority of the clergy. The fanaticism of the independants, exalted to a higher pitch, abolished all ecclesiastical government, disdained creeds and systems, neglected every ceremony, and confounded all ranks and orders. Their political principles were entirely republican. They aspired to a total abolition of the monarchy, and even of the aristocracy. In consequence of these ideas, they were declared enemies to all proposals of peace between the contending parties of the king and parliament; and they adhered to the maxim, that whoever draws the sword against the sovereign, must throw away the scabbard. That such were the views and projects of Crom-

well, appears in his disputes with the earl of Manchester. Cromwell had reproached him with not pushing the advantages obtained by the arms of the parliament; and, in the public debates, asserted, that this nobleman had wilfully neglected, at Dennington castle, a favourable opportunity of finishing the war by a total defeat of the royalists. Manchester, by way of recrimination, informed the parliament, that at another time, Cromwell having proposed some scheme, to which it seemed improbable the parliament would agree, he insisted and said, "My lord, if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army which shall give law both to king and parliament." "This discourse," continued Manchester, "made the greater impression on me, because I knew the lieutenant-general to be a man of very deep designs; and he has even ventured to tell me, that it never would be well with England till I were Mr. Montague, and there were never a lord or peer in the kingdom." So full was Cromwell of these republican projects, that notwithstanding his habits of profound dissimulation, he could not so carefully guard his expressions, but that sometimes his favourite notions would escape him.

It may not be unnecessary to examine here how far this fanatical spirit, particularly in religious matters, was natural or assumed, and to notice the different lights in which Cromwell has been considered by historians. By some he has been drawn as a gloomy enthusiast, strongly embued with all the bigotry of his times, and impelled by a sincere and devout abhorrence of monarchy and the priesthood. His native sentiments, thus assimilating with the prejudices and opinions of his contemporaries, recommended him to their choice, and principally contributed to his unparalleled advancement. Others have

represented him as a crafty and designing politician, artfully taking advantage of prejudices he despised, controuling, by his superior genius, the instability of fortune, and chalking out for himself the paths that lead to greatness. Upon an attentive review of every passage of his life, it will be found that neither of these portraits present him in his true light. In the early part of his career, it may be believed that he was sincere in the opinions he maintained; that independence, or rather perversion of principles, which he displayed both in religion and politics, was, no doubt, open and unaffected, at a time when he could not be supposed to foresee the splendid elevation which he afterwards attained. But when the course of events raised him to unexpected notice and estimation, and his mind became enlarged by a more liberal commerce with mankind, his natural sagacity discovered to him how easily he might govern others by the same enthusiasm by which he himself had been misled; and if he continued to use the same language, it was no longer from internal conviction, but as a convenient cover to his own ambition and deceit. The establishment of his own authority upon the ruin of that of the king, became the constant aim of his thoughts and actions; and the rigid principles and self-denying maxims of his youth readily gave way to the more imperious suggestions of private interest. But it is difficult to imagine that he had, from the beginning, pursued a premeditated plan to found his greatness on the credulity and enthusiasm of others. It is more agreeable to the narrowness of human views, more consistent with the uncertainty of futurity to suppose, that this daring usurper suffered himself to be guided by events, and that he was indebted for his power more to a favourable succession of circumstances, than to any miraculous gift of premature discernment or genius.

The defeat of the royal army at Naseby, while it established the authority of the parliament, increased the power and influence of Cromwell, to whose valour and conduct it was chiefly owing. But the power of the parliament was of short duration. No sooner had they subdued their sovereign, than their own servants rose against them. The sacred boundaries of the law being once violated, nothing remained to confine the wild projects of zeal and ambition, and every successive revolution became a precedent for that which followed it. The army mutinied; the generals, particularly Cromwell, secretly fomented those disorders which they pretended to appease. A military parliament was formed, in opposition to that at Westminster. But Cromwell, whose dissimulation was now at its height, while he was thus establishing a new assembly of representatives, professed the utmost devotion to the old one. He conducted himself with such refined hypocrisy, that he deceived those, who, being themselves dexterous in the same arts, should naturally have entertained the more suspicions against him. At every complaint of disorders in the army, he affected to be moved to the highest pitch of grief and anger. He wept, he lamented the misfortunes of his country; he advised every violent measure for suppressing the mutiny; and by these precipitate counsels at once seemed to evince his own sincerity, and inflamed those discontents of which he intended to take advantage. But his secret practices being at length discovered, the parliamentary leaders secretly resolved that the next time he should come to the house, an accusation should be entered against him, and that he should be sent to the Tower. Cromwell, who in the conduct of his desperate enterprises frequently approached to the very brink of destruction, knew how to make the requisite turn with proper

boldness and dexterity. Being informed of this design, he hastened to the camp, where he was received with acclamations, and instantly invested with the supreme command.

Perhaps Cromwell, at this time, had it in his power to restore his sovereign to his lost authority; and it appears now to be generally believed, that a secret negotiation to this effect was carried on between the king and him. The garter, the earldom of Essex, and the command of the army, were to be the rewards of his returning loyalty. The king, who had no suspicion that one born a private gentleman could entertain the daring ambition of seeking a sceptre transmitted through a long line of monarchs, indulged the hope that he would embrace a measure which every motive of duty, interest, and safety so strongly enforced; and Cromwell himself might not be unwilling to leave the door open for an accommodation, should the course of events at any time render it necessary. But whether he suspected the king's sincerity, or that he found insuperable difficulty in reconciling the army to such a measure, it was soon dropt, and he continued his scheme for reducing the parliament to subjection, and of depriving them of the means of resistance. The imprudent flight of the king to the Isle of Wight, and his refusal to concede to all the demands of his revolted subjects, were so many incidents that justified Cromwell, in his own opinion, in following all the suggestions of his boundless ambition. Returning victorious from an expedition to Scotland, he marched to London, expelled the most moderate members of the parliament, a majority of whom might yet have saved the king, retained only the most furious and determined of the independents, and completed his iniquity by the trial and execution of his sovereign.

Preserving to the last moment his impious and barefaced hypocrisy—"Should any one," said he in the house, "have voluntarily proposed to bring the king to punishment, I should have regarded him as a traitor; but since Providence and necessity have cast us upon it, I will pray to God for a blessing on your counsels, though I am not prepared to give you any advice on this important occasion. Even I myself," added he, "when I was lately offering up petitions for his majesty's restoration, felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and considered this preternatural movement as the answer which Heaven, having rejected the king, had sent to my supplications." At length he succeeded in his criminal design, and from a window of the palace, beheld the fatal stroke which deprived the unfortunate Charles of life, and prepared the way for his own usurped authority.

If it were possible that a crime of so deep a dye could admit of the slightest extenuation, it must be confessed that the subsequent exploits of Cromwell were calculated to weaken, if they could not obliterate, in the minds of the people, the remembrance of an act *then* unparalleled in the annals of mankind, and of which only one example could be produced in the history of ancient or modern Europe, in the person of Agis, of Lacedæmon, 300 years before the Christian æra. Having obtained the appointment of lord-deputy of Ireland, he crossed the sea, seized on all the towns which yet adhered to the royal cause, and did not leave the island till that unfortunate party was dispersed. In the following year he was summoned to Scotland, where Charles II. had been received as king by the covenanters, who refused obedience to the commonwealth of England, encountered the Scottish army at Dunbar, and, in a situation where every thing appeared to announce his own discomfiture,

availed himself of an erroneous movement of the enemy, and on the 3rd of September, 1651, gained the most signal victory which that age had witnessed. On the same day of the ensuing year, he again defeated the royal army at Worcester, reduced the young king to seek safety in a precipitate and dangerous flight, and in a few hours destroyed the last remaining hopes of the royalists.

The power and ambition of Cromwell were now too great to brook submission to the empty name of a republic, which maintained itself chiefly by his influence, and was supported by his victories. To his most intimate friends he began to disclose his aspiring views; and, it is said, he already expressed a desire of assuming the rank of king, which he had contributed, with such seeming zeal, to abolish. But the vigour and energy of the parliament, the success of their arms in Scotland and Ireland, and their naval victories over the Dutch, which gave them a temporary popularity, appear to have suspended his projects. Their jealousy of Cromwell, which prompted them to attempt his destruction, accelerated his measures, and their own dissolution. On such a firm foundation was built the credit of this extraordinary man, that though so great a master of fraud and dissimulation, he judged it superfluous to employ any disguise in conducting this bold enterprize. With every mark of contempt and disgust, he annihilated that famous assembly which had filled all Europe with the renown of its actions, and with astonishment at its crimes; and whose commencement was not more ardently desired by the people, than was its final dissolution. From that moment, all the power, civil and military, of the three kingdoms, was lodged in the hands of Cromwell, who established a military government, and was himself

solemnly inaugurated as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

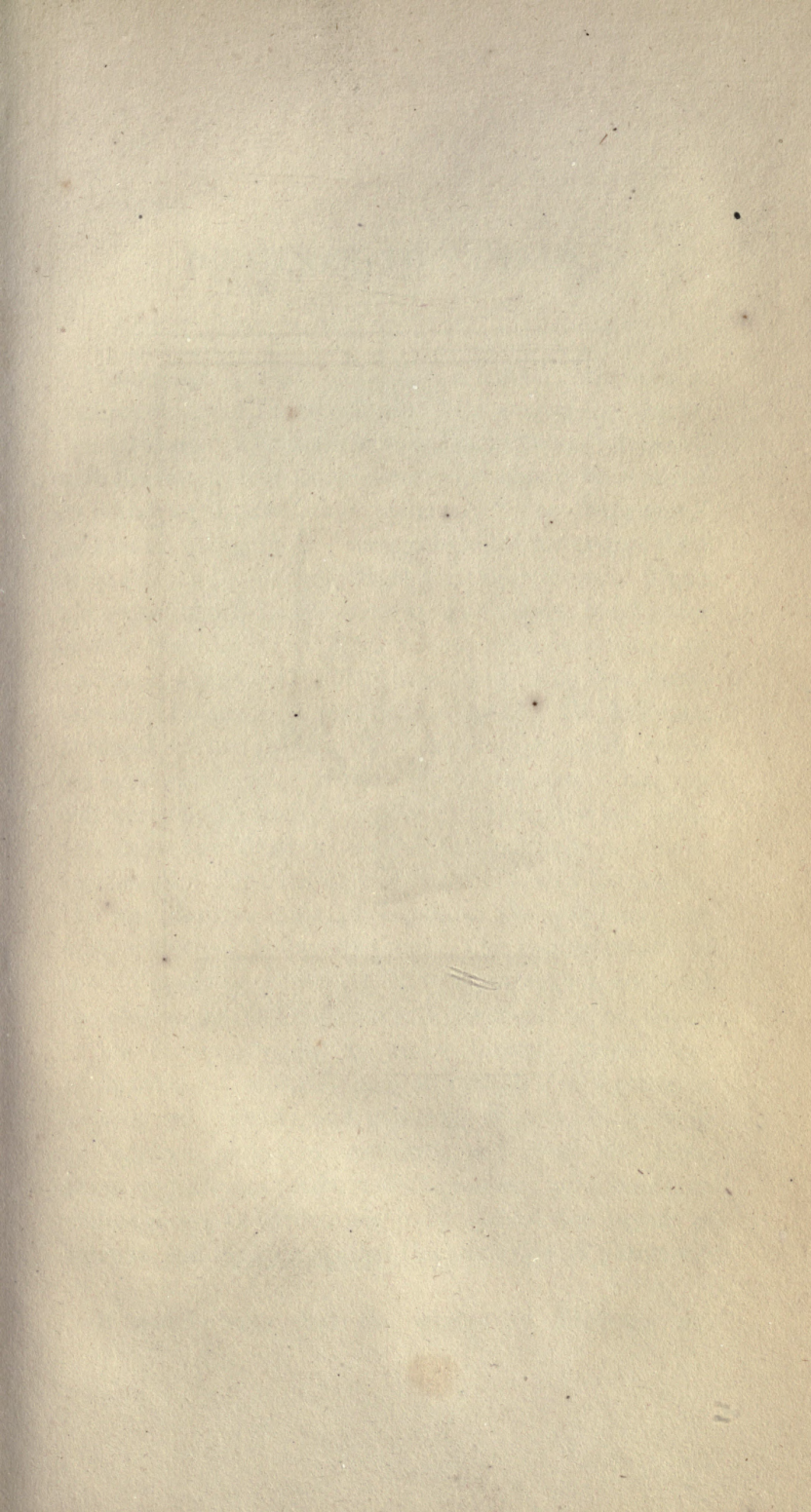
When the ambitious desires of Cromwell were thus finally gratified, and he had seated himself in the vacant throne, with the power, though not accompanied with the title of a monarch, his public conduct assumes an air of grandeur, which imposes on the reader; and though we cannot detail the events which signalized his government, we must acknowledge that they exalted his character, and dignified his usurpation. His administration was active, vigilant, and bold. His magnanimity undervalued danger; his restless disposition and avidity of extensive glory made him incapable of repose. The success of his measures, the number of his alliances, and the awe which he inspired among the nations of the Continent, gave a weight to England which it had seldom enjoyed under the reigns of her hereditary sovereigns. The great mind of this successful usurper was perpetually intent on spreading the renown of his country; and while he struck mankind with astonishment at his extraordinary fortunes, he seemed to ennoble, instead of debasing, the people whom he had enslaved. It was his boast, that he would render the name of an Englishman as much dreaded and revered as that of a Roman was. It must also be acknowledged, that in his civil and domestic administration, he displayed as much regard to justice and clemency, as his usurped authority, founded on no law, and depending only on the sword, could possibly admit. The seats of judicature were filled with men of integrity; the decrees of the judges, amid all the virulence of faction, were upright and impartial; to every man but to himself, the law was the great rule of conduct. And, what is more extraordinary, considering his birth, and the obscurity of his early life, his

personal deportment corresponded with his elevation, and was not unworthy the greatest monarch. He maintained dignity without affectation, and supported, before strangers, the high idea which his great exploits and prodigious fortune had impressed them with. He was generous, without profusion, to those who served him: and he knew how to find out, and engage in his interests, every man possessed of those talents which any particular employment demanded. His generals, his admirals, his judges, his ambassadors, were persons who contributed all of them, in their several spheres, to the security of the protector, and to the honour and interest of the nation. In religion only he continued to act with the same hypocrisy to which he owed his elevation. With the pretended saints he laid aside the state of a sovereign; with them he sighed, he wept, he canted, he prayed.

Such was the conduct of Cromwell in the few splendid years of his administration. It is well known, that to the arbitrary power and more than regal privileges which he enjoyed, he ardently desired to add the title of king; and it is not a little remarkable, that the principal opposition which was made to this his favorite design, proceeded from his own family. Fleetwood and Desborough, who were connected with him by marriage, and were actuated by principle alone, could not be induced to consent that their friend and patron should assume the royal dignity. After the agony and perplexity of a long and tedious hesitation, he was obliged to refuse the crown, which the representatives of the nation, in the most solemn manner, had tendered to him. But the grandeur which he had attained with so much guilt and courage, could not ensure him that tranquillity which virtue alone and moderation can give.

His constant dread of assassination, the measures he took for the security of his person, his apprehensions, perhaps his remorse, and the domestic calamities which embittered his latter days, are too well known to be repeated here. His health, hitherto robust and good, sunk under the anxiety of his mind, and he expired of a tertian ague, on the 3d of September, 1658, happy only in this, that he died at a crisis when it was thought that all his courage and dexterity could not much longer have protracted his usurped administration.

It has been the object of these few pages rather to review the character of this extraordinary man, than to give a chronological list of his actions. We need therefore only add, that his moral character was perhaps not so exceptionable as it has been generally represented. On the contrary, it is truly surprising that he should unite so much violent ambition and enraged fanaticism with such regard to justice and humanity. Even the murder of the king, his most atrocious measure, was to him covered under a cloud of republican and fanatical illusions; for it is the peculiar characteristic of fanaticism to give a sanction to any measure, however cruel and unjust, that tends to promote its own interests, which are supposed to be the same with those of the Deity, and to which, consequently, all moral obligations are expected to give way.





George Cooke fecit.

London: Published by Vernon Hood & Sharpe, Poultry 1807.

DIOPENES THE CYNIC.

DIOPENES, the son of Isecius, a banker, was born at Sinope, a city of Pontus, in the third year of the ninety-first Olympiad, 419 years before Jesus Christ. Accused, with his father, of making counterfeit money, he resolved to withdraw himself from Athens. "The Sinopeans," said he on this subject, "have compelled me to quit their dirty city, and I condemn them to remain there." Upon his arrival at Athens, he went to Antisthenes, the founder of the sect of cynics, and asked him permission to become his disciple. This Antisthenes, who had determined no longer to keep a school, refused. He, however, persisted in his request. Antisthenes, enraged, raised his stick over him. "Strike," said Diogenes, "but you will never find a stick strong enough to dismiss me, while you have any thing to teach." Antisthenes at length acquiesced. The disciple very soon surpassed his master. He was desirous only of repelling the passions; the other undertook to destroy them. The learned author of the "*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*," has thus analyzed the philosophy of Diogenes. "The sage, to be happy in his opinion, ought to make himself independent of fortune, of mortals, and of himself: of fortune, in braving her favours and caprice; of men, in bearing up against prejudice, customs, and even the laws, when they are not conformable to reason; of himself, in endeavouring to harden his body against the rigour of seasons, and his soul against the attraction of pleasure."

It will be seen that the conduct of Diogenes was

DIOGENES THE CYNIC. [GREECE.

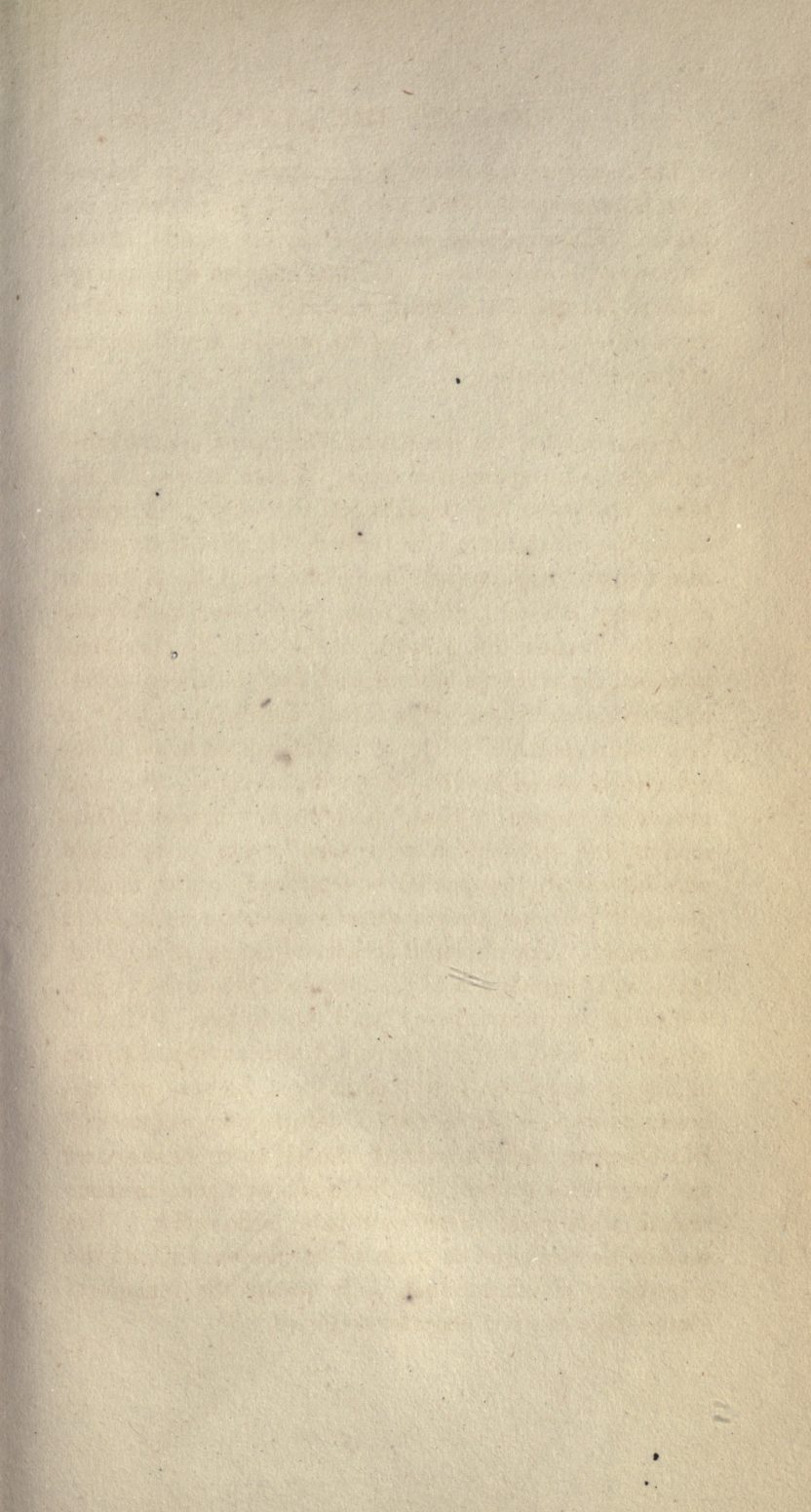
conformable to his principles. His only article of furniture was a wooden cup, which he demolished on seeing a boy drink from the hollow of his hand. Having requested a corner in a house to retire to at night, upon some difficulties being started, he obtained a tub, in which he took up his abode. This he rolled before him wherever he went. In this singular dwelling he received, at Corinth, the visit of Alexander. "What shall I do for thee," said the monarch. "Step a little on one side," replied the cynic, "you are between me and the sun." Alexander admired this reply, and said, "If I were not Alexander, I should desire to be Diogenes." In summer, Diogenes rolled himself in burning sand. In winter he walked with naked feet on snow, and embraced statues of marble and bronze. He was desirous of accustoming himself to eat raw flesh; but this he could not accomplish. The desire of signalizing himself, entered certainly into all he said or did. Of this Plato was not the dupe. One day, perceiving Diogenes with his clothes over his shoulders while it rained, whose situation was lamented by the populace; "If you wish," said Plato, "to render him truly unhappy, go your way, and do not regard him." Another day, Diogenes went into the house of Plato, and beholding a rich carpet, he affected to trample it under foot. "I tread," said he, "on the ostentation of Plato." "True," said the philosopher, "but it is through pride of a different kind." Plato had defined man — an animal without feathers on two legs. Diogenes stripped a cock; and carrying it under his cloak, threw it in the middle of the academy, saying, "*behold Plato's Man.*" This was attacking a bad definition by a pleasantry still worse. Diogenes was at times infinitely more happy in his *bon mots*. He was ready and pointed in repartee; but his asperity was extreme. Regardless of decency

and propriety ; braving, and even exposing himself to injury and ill treatment, he attacked, without distinction, all who came before him, from the monarch to the meanest citizen. We shall notice some of his most ingenious sallies, after having terminated the short recital of his life. Taking an excursion by sea, he was captured by some pirates, who carried him into Crete, and offered him to sale in the public market place. He performed, himself, the office of cryer, and said, "*Who is willing to buy a Master.*" A person named Xeniadès stepping forward to make the purchase, asked him what he could do ? "I can command man," was his reply. When Xeniadès had bought him, he said to him, "Now that you are my master, be prepared to obey me." Xeniadès, however, made him preceptor to his children, and what will appear extraordinary, he acquitted himself extremely well in this employ. He strengthened the bodies of his pupils by regimen and exercise ; inculcated in their minds the principles of the purest morality, and improved their understanding by making them commit to memory the finest passages of the Greek poets. The only thing that seemed reprehensible in his system of education, was that he permitted his disciples to dress themselves almost as negligently as himself. In other respects they greatly esteemed him, and incessantly applauded him before their parents. Some of his friends were disposed to remove him out of slavery. "You are wanting in sense," said he to them, "do you not know that the lion is not the slave of those who feed him, but that they are the vassals of the lion?" and persisted in remaining with Xeniadès. It is imagined that he continued in this condition till a late period of his life, and died in the first year of the 104th Olympiad, aged about ninety.

DIOGENES THE CYNIC. [GREECE.

The cause of his death is uncertain. Some believe that he voluntarily suffocated himself, by retaining his breath. He was found enveloped in his mantle, in the attitude of a man asleep. He was honored with a magnificent funeral, and a tomb was raised to his memory, upon which was placed a dog in marble, as emblematic of the sect he embraced.

A selection of his witticisms will throw considerable light on his mind and character. A man born at Minda, asked him what he thought of the city. "I would advise the inhabitants," he replied, "to shut their gates, lest it should run away." Some one speaking to him of astronomy, he said, *How long is it since you left the skies?* Passing by Megara, he beheld, at the same moment, the children quite naked, and the sheep covered with a rich fleece. "It is here better," said he, "to be a sheep than a child." A tyrant, whose name is not mentioned, asked him one day what metal was the most proper for statues: "That," he replied, "in which Harmodius and Aristogiton were cast." On being asked why he eat in the public streets, and in the market places: "Because hunger attacks me there as in other situations." An unskilful archer, adjusting an arrow to his bow, Diogenes ran to place himself before the target. "Why do you stand there," said they to him. "Lest I should be shot," was his reply. A philosopher, denying in his presence the power of motion, he rose up, and began to walk.—"It is thus I refute your argument." But Diogenes did not confine himself to these sarcasms and ingenious sallies; he disclosed, at times, maxims replete with good sense and true philosophy. The wisdom he displayed in some of his discourses, and the eccentricity of his conduct, fully justify the remark of Plato—*Diogenes is a Socrates deranged.*





Printed by A. Graeff.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke

London. Published by Tegner, Head & Sharpe, Printers, 1807.

GESSNER.

SOLOMON GESSNER, printer and poet, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1730, where he acquired more celebrity by his poems than by his impressions.

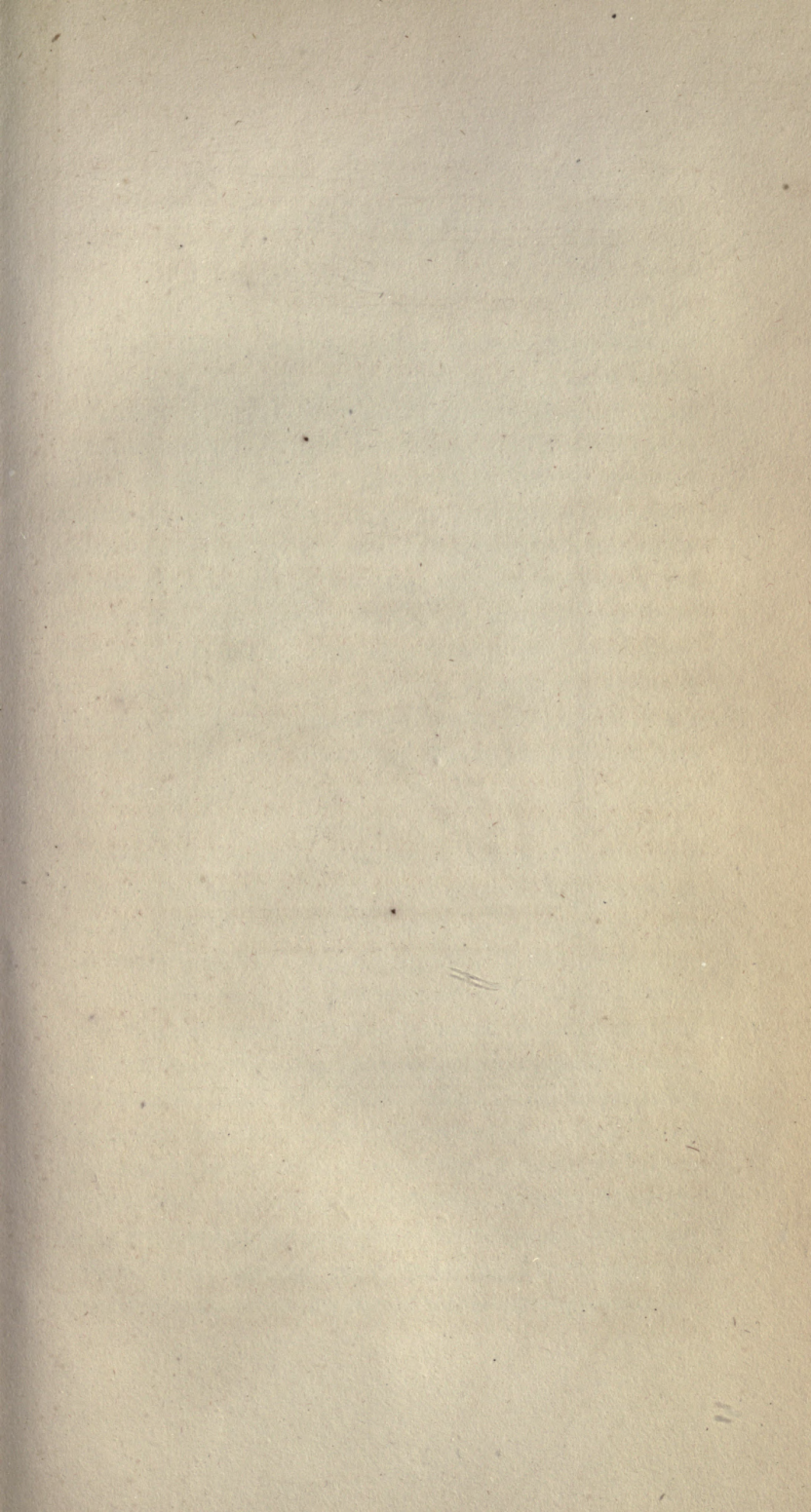
A bad system of education established in this country, made poetry be regarded not only as an idle occupation, but as contrary to religion and morality. Gessner, in attaching himself to the Muses, proved himself the child of Nature. He felt pleasure in painting her in her most agreeable situations, amid the peaceful labours of pastoral life, and the rustic virtues of hospitality. His muse is a shepherdess, distinguished for modesty, innocence, and beauty. Nothing can equal the sprightliness and the delicacy of his Idyllia. This species of poetry he carried to the highest pitch of perfection. More varied than Theocritus, more interesting than Sannazarius, Gessner gave to her the most striking features, and to filial respect the warmest gratitude. He printed his Idyllia in 1773, having previously made the designs, and engraved the plates with his own hand. We also owe to this poet, *Daphne*, or the *First Navigator*. "If the severe fidelity of history," says a critic, "considers the thirst of wealth as the origin of navigation, it belonged to the fertile imagination of the poet to represent love as raising the first mast, and spreading the first sail on the expanse of the ocean: to picture a young man, animated by the valour which a lively and tender passion inspires, braving the billows on a majestic swan, surrounded by the Nereïdes, tritons, and sea monsters, who frolic beside

his vessel." It is impossible to give to navigation a more pleasing origin; and had it been consecrated by the poets of antiquity, the gallant Horace would not have cased his heart in triple steel who first ventured in a small bark to expose himself to the deep.

But his reputation became principally extended by the *Death of Abel*, which met with numerous admirers; the mind being greatly impressed by the union of religious majesty and pastoral simplicity. In the poem of *Evander*, Gessner proves himself not only a celebrated poet, but an admirable landscape painter, a good engraver, and most tasteful musician. He with great reason, confined the Graces to one family, to which Gessner was admitted. We behold in him at the same time the faithful friend, the good husband, the tender parent, and irreproachable magistrate. He had the good fortune to meet with a companion worthy of him, whose beauty, wit, and talents formed the happiness of his life. The disposition of Gessner was naturally melancholic; but in the bosom of his family, he became cheerful and serene. His conversation was lively and animated; and his manner courteous, notwithstanding the multitude of strangers who obtruded themselves in order to know and to admire him.

He died at Zurich, of a paralytic affection, on the 2d of March, 1788, at the age of fifty-eight.

The poems of Gessner have been translated into the European languages. The Abbés Bertola, Fern, and Matteo Procopeo, professor of Italian literature in the Academy Carolini, have made them known in Italy. A complete translation of his works into French has been executed by Hubert; and in England various of his best publications have met with infinite success.





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe, Booksellers.

GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO RENI, usually called Guido, was born at Bologna, in 1574. At an early age he was placed by his father under Denis Calvert, a Flemish painter of great reputation, whom he soon quitted, to enter himself in the school of the Caracci. The style of these eminent masters, who held him in great esteem, he for a time carefully studied; but these illustrious artists becoming jealous of his success, he was induced to adopt the manner of Caravaggio, which, at the instigation of Annibal Caracci, he soon after relinquished, and fixed on a manner peculiar to himself. It is to this style, at once easy, graceful, and magnificent, that he owes his present celebrity, and is ranked among the first and best artists of his age.

Guido was the rival and friend of Albani, and travelled with him to Rome, where he was received by Josepin as one capable of exciting the envy of Caravaggio. To expose the defects of this master, he, in fact, took pleasure in displaying the new manner of Guido. From a spirit of resentment, Caravaggio treated him with marked indifference, which hastened, it is imagined, his return to Bologna. But his fame, which was continually increasing, having attracted the attention of Paul V. he was recalled to Rome by that pontiff, who rewarded his labours with considerable liberality. Guido, however, being incensed at the conduct of his treasurer, left Rome a second time, and the pope was obliged to enter into a species of negotiation, to regain this illustrious artist.

Opposed by circumstances to the best painters of his time, he presented himself in competition with Domenichino, to paint the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew. In this contest he was eminently successful; but he had not the suffrage of Annibal Caracci. Guido, in fact, is less profound, and less natural, than Domenichino; but he is equal to him in judgment; and it may be truly said, that in point of effect, in delicacy of idea, in elegance of design, and freedom of pencil, he has been rarely surpassed. In the graceful airs of his heads, and the beautiful turn of his female forms, he is truly admirable, while the disposition of his objects in general, and his colouring, demand peculiar praise. But it was in the delineation of pathetic, tender, and devout subjects, that he particularly excelled, and claims precedence almost over every other painter. It is observed by De Piles, that the merit of Guido consisted in that moving and persuasive beauty, which did not so much proceed from a regularity of features as from a lovely air which he gave to the mouth, with a peculiar modesty which he had the art to place in the eye.

His draperies are disposed with considerable grandeur, and are appropriated with singular judgment. Though deficient in the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, he sometimes practised it with success. His pencil was light, his touch free, but delicate; and although he laboured his pictures highly, he generally gave some bold strokes to his work to conceal the toil and time he had bestowed upon it. "Of female beauty," says the ingenious Fuseli, "the antique, the Venus de Medici, but more the Daughter of Niobe, became his standard; and often with a monotony, to incur the charge of manner. If he consulted nature, it was less for variety and character than fleshiness of touch. His attitudes seldom elevate themselves to the

pure expression and graceful simplicity of the face; the grace of Guido is the grace of theatres; the mode, not the motive, determines the action: his Magdalens weep to be seen; his Hero throws herself over her Leander; his Lucretias stab themselves with the studied airs and ambitious postures of buckled heroines. It would, however, be unjust not to allow that there are exceptions from this affectation in his works: Helen, departing with Paris, is one which alone might atone for every other blemish. In her divine face the sublime purity of Niobe is mixed with the charms of Venus; the wife, the mother, gave indeed way to the lover, but spread a soft melancholy which tempers her fervour with dignity. Her expression is supported by the careless and unconscious elegance of her attitude, whilst that of Paris, stately, courteous, insipid, gives him more the air of an ambassador attending her by proxy, than that of a lover carrying her off himself. His male forms, in general, are indeed little more than transcripts of models; such as are found in a genial climate, sometimes characterised by juvenile grace and vigorous manhood, but seldom elevated to ideal beauty."

Guido in private life was improvident and proud. In his painting-room he displayed considerable hauteur, and exacted from his pupils the utmost respect. He always remained covered before his visitors, however elevated they might be in rank, and was often heard to say, that "he would not exchange his pencil for a cardinal's cap." In society, however, he was cautious and modest; which proves that he was only desirous of being distinguished for his excellence in his art. He passed a life of celibacy, and his manners were irreproachable; but his passion for gaming troubled his repose. In this gratification he lost considerable sums, and reduced himself to poverty. His talents consequently became impaired, and, abandoned

by his friends, this celebrated artist, who for many years would not condescend to set a price on his *chef d' œuvres*, was compelled, in his declining years, to work for immediate subsistence. This gave him the habit of painting in a negligent manner, wholly regardless of his honour or his fame.

He died nearly in a state of indigence, in the year 1642, aged sixty-seven.



Painted by J.M. Vanlee

Engraved by G. Cooke

London Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Paultry 1807.

HELVETIUS.

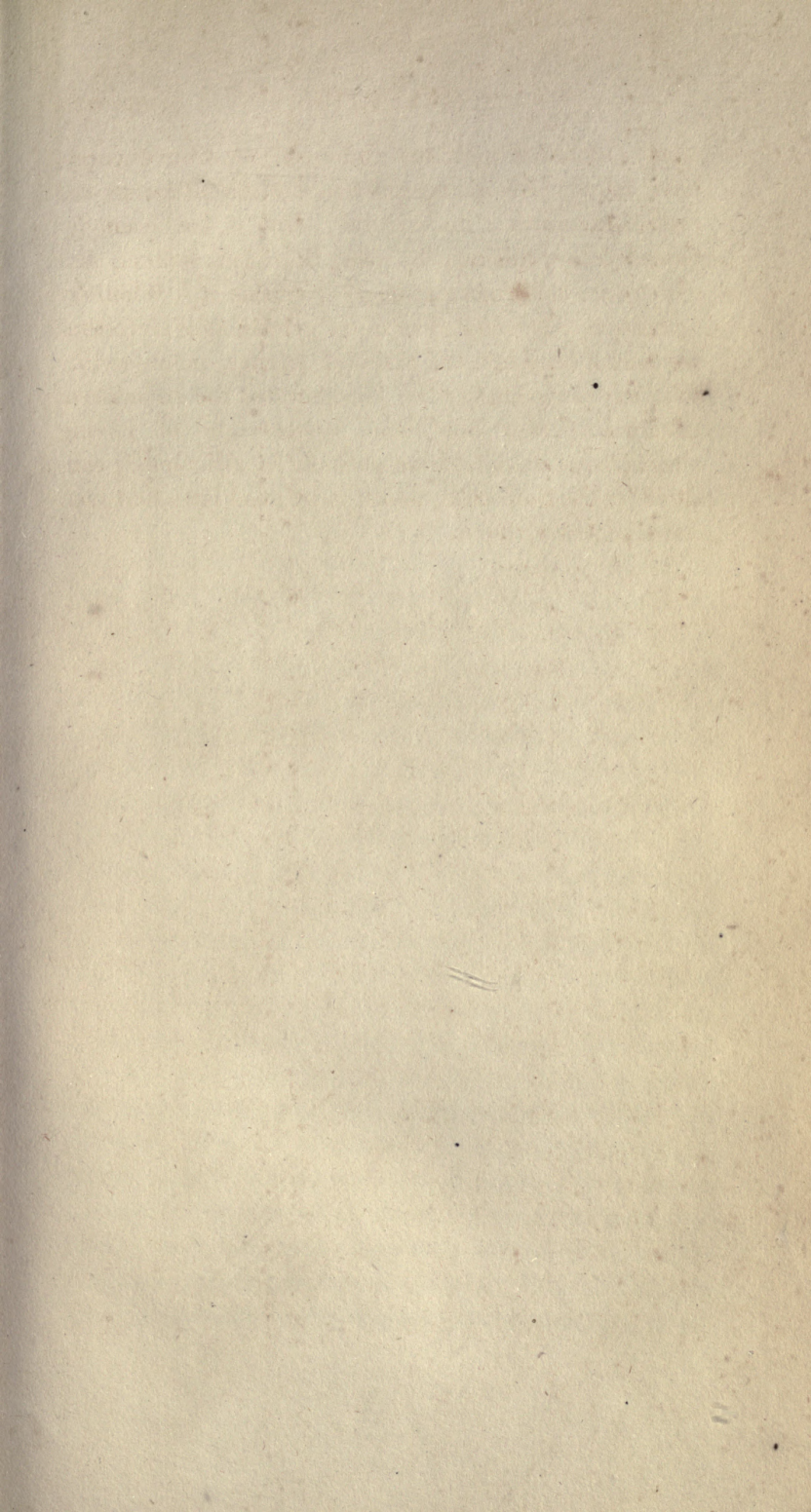
CLAUD-ADRIAN HELVETIUS was born at Paris, in the year 1715. His grandfather, a Dutch physician, had quitted his country to seek an establishment in France, and was ennobled by Louis XIV. His father, first physician to the Queen, a counsellor of state, and member of the Academy of Sciences, died in 1755, regretted by the poor, and author of several esteemed works. Helvetius announced, from his earliest youth, the most happy disposition, and the most lively taste for literature. In his first successes he was indebted to the celebrated Father Porée—an excellent master, who perfectly understood the art of discovering the genius and character of his pupils, and the mode of displaying them to advantage. Destined by his family for the employment of a financier, Helvetius obtained, at the age of 23, the situation of Farmer-General. He exercised the functions of his place during fifteen years, and resigned, in order to marry Mademoiselle de Ligneville, a lady of high birth, but of no fortune. He then devoted himself entirely to the calm pleasures of domestic life, to the exercise of the most active benevolence, the society of men of letters, and the study of philosophy. He died, of the gout, on the 26th of December, 1771; his widow survived him nearly thirty years. “Few men,” says St. Lambert, “have been more favorably treated by nature. From her he received beauty, health, and genius. His features were noble and regular. His eyes expressed the ruling qualities of his character, which were sweetness and benevolence.”

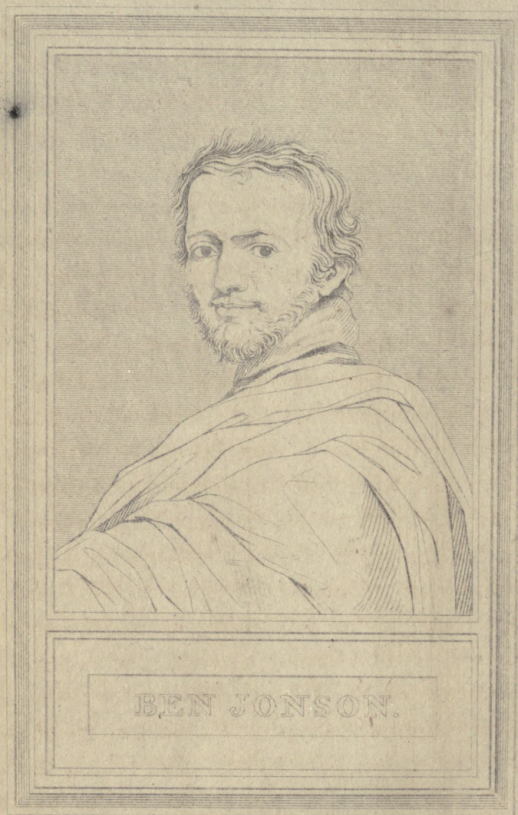
The celebrity of Helvetius is founded on the book entitled "*Of the mind*," which he published in 1758. It appeared with an éclat which exposed the author to a long and violent persecution. All classes combined to condemn a work, which, to use the expression of a lively woman, betrayed every one's secret. The Journals decried it, the Sorbonne launched its censures, the Inquisition of Rome, at the solicitation of the French clergy, condemned it, the parliament indicted it, and the council suppressed it. Assailed by so many enemies, he had at least the consolation of being upheld by the most distinguished literati of his time, and was probably not a little flattered by the extensive fame he acquired, and which he had so long coveted. His book was translated into almost every language in Europe, and was every where read with avidity. Hume and Robertson spoke of it as a superior work; Sweden, Russia, Germany, and Italy, resounded with his praise; and what is still more extraordinary, two cardinals secretly added their suffrages to those of the public. One of them wrote to the author, that at Rome they were at a loss to account for the folly and wickedness of his enemies.

It would be foreign to the plan of these biographical sketches to present any extensive analysis of this celebrated work, or of the treatise, *Of Man and his Faculties*, which was published the year after the author's death, and which is, in fact, only the supplement to the other. We shall content ourselves with merely defining what may be called the philosophy of Helvetius. As a metaphysician, he is of the school of Locke. But in pursuing the method and arrangement of his great master, he has added nothing to his doctrine. He very often renders it obscure—and every step he takes beyond the wise limits of his sagacious precursor, is marked by confusion and

error. Locke had demonstrated the truth of that maxim of the ancients, that all our ideas are derived from our senses; but, in proceeding further, the English philosopher had encountered difficulties, which he has exposed without attempting to solve them. Helvetius, with greater hardihood, has asserted that every faculty in man is reduced to a sensibility altogether physical; but of this assertion he affords no proof. Locke has said that we are born slaves of the objects which surround us. Helvetius has insisted that all are by nature the same, and that it is by education alone that men are distinguished. Thus the suggestion of Locke is magnified by Helvetius into a positive axiom, controverted by experience and denied by facts. As a moralist, he deserves to be more distinguished, and offers undoubted claims to the approbation and esteem of those who attach any importance to the study of man. Montaigne was the first who, guided by native genius, discarded the vain and fanciful theories of past ages, and substituted in their place the only true moral philosophy. It is true that most of his discoveries are weakened by an unsettled mode of reasoning, which would seem to spread an air of doubt and uncertainty over his essays, if we did not know that they formed a peculiar feature in his character. Thus his arguments were easily admitted, because they led to no positive conclusions. Since his time, our greatest moralists, not excepting La Rochefoucauld, have advanced only detached speculations, which present nothing determined in their result. Helvetius alone has examined their causes and fundamental principles. He has collected the loose observations, the scattered truths, and neglected inferences of others, and from their combination has established a body of evidence on the nature of man—the most simple, complete, and satisfactory, that has yet appeared. Some few errors in his statement of facts,

some unguarded positions and erroneous consequences, have afforded his adversaries a ground for attacking and even calumniating his doctrine. But it has been defended and explained by many illustrious writers, and experience still more strongly confirms it. Whatever opinion may be adopted as to the principles of Helvetius, we cannot deny him the praise of having, more forcibly than any preceding writer, demonstrated the influence of government over our moral system—and of having victoriously established the position so ridiculously censured by the Sorbonne, that it is by good laws that men are rendered virtuous.





Painted by J. Oliver.

Engraved by Geo. Kneller.

London, Published by Wm. Hoist & Son, 1711.

BEN JONSON.

BENJAMIN JONSON, or JOHNSON, was descended from a Scots family; his grandfather, who was well descended, being originally of Annandale, in that kingdom, whence he removed to Carlisle, and was afterwards employed in the service of King Henry the Eighth. His father lost his estate under Queen Mary, in whose reign he suffered imprisonment, and, at last, entered into holy orders, and died about a month before the birth of our poet, who was born in 1574. He was first educated at a private school, and afterwards removed to Westminster, where Camden was his master. His mother, who was again married to a bricklayer, compelled him to work at the trade of his step-father. But, as it may be easily credited, being soon disgusted with that employment, he went into the Low Countries, where he distinguished himself by his bravery, having, in the view of both armies, killed one of the enemy, and taken the "Opima Spolia," from him. Upon his return to his own country, he applied himself, with vigour, to his former studies, and is said to have been admitted of St. John's, Cambridge; though his continuance there was short. His military spirit engaged him in a duel with a person, whom he killed, though his adversary was armed with a sword ten inches longer than his own. For this offence he was committed to prison, where, being visited by a Catholic priest, he became a convert to the Church of Rome, in which he continued twelve years, but was afterwards reconciled to that of England. Upon leaving the University he is said to have enrolled himself in an obscure play-house, called the

Green Curtain, in Shoreditch or Clerkenwell, where his acting and his writing are supposed to have been equally unpromising. That he was an actor, and probably a strolling one, appears unquestionable from Decker's "*Histriomastix*," a play, published in 1602, and designed as a Reply to Jonson's "*Poetaster*." He is reproached with having left his occupation of a mortar-treader to turn actor; and, with having "put up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, in which he would have continued, but that he could not set a good face on it, and so was cashiered."

The generosity of Shakspeare rescued him from this state of penury and disgrace; for Jonson having offered one of his plays to the performers, unknown as he then was to the world, the persons into whose hands he consigned it, were about to return it with the usual laconic answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare fortunately cast his eye upon it, and was so pleased with it as to read it through, and recommend the author and his writings to the public. His first printed performance was, the Comedy entitled "*Every Man in his Humour*," acted in the year 1598. This, perhaps his first, certainly his best play, immediately established his reputation. It was one of the boldest comedies in any language—every sentence is stamped for sterling by the mintage of dramatic excellence. The characters are, however, all of them Shaksperian, from the tortured imagination of the jealous Kately, to the slight insufficiency of Master Stephen; but they are coloured with a skill so profound, that the copies are nearly as valuable as the original. His next performance was, his "*Sejanus*;" but it is remarked that his Tragedies are distinguished by their artificial and inflated style, rather than by vigour of conception or pathetic details.

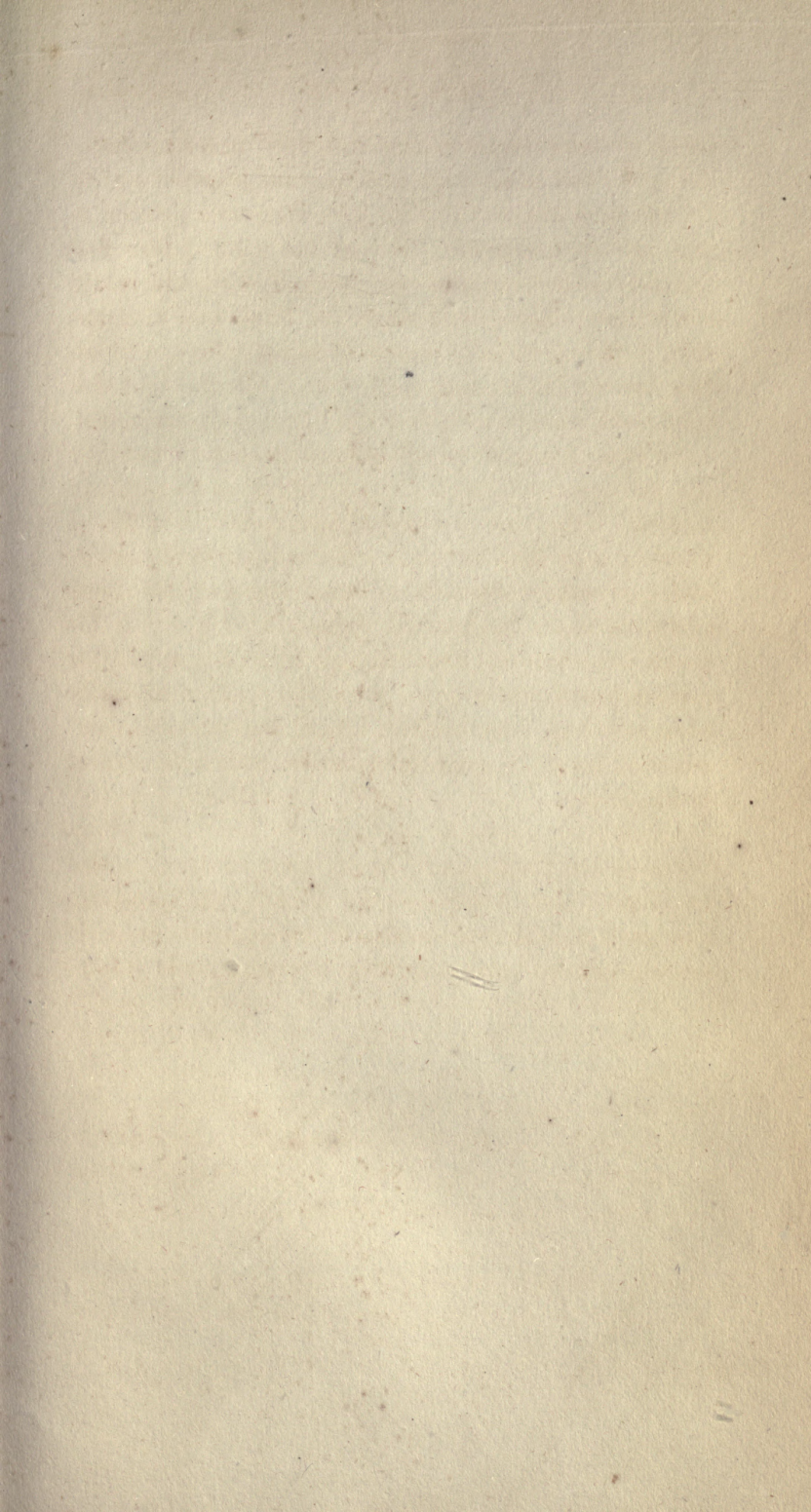
The *Sejanus* was followed by *Volpone*; the *Epicæne*, or the *Silent Woman*; and the *Alchymist*. The last was a bold and manly attempt to ridicule the prevailing notion of the possibility of transmuting metals into gold, which then disgraced his time. Without extending our remarks through the long list of his dramatic performances, we may observe, that their principal merit is in the originality of their plots. Shakspeare's plots may be found in the one hundred novels of Cynthio; those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish stores—Jonson only made them for himself.

He had now gained so high a reputation, that, in October, 1609, upon the death of Daniel, he was appointed Poet-Laureat, and in the same year was appointed Master of Arts, at Oxford, having resided for some time at Christ's Church. He, however, incurred the King's displeasure, by writing, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, a Play, called *Eastward Hoe*; in which they were accused of reflecting upon the Scottish nation. In the reign of James this was a trivial offence, and the authors were in some danger of losing their noses and ears, the usual punishment for slight grievances in that arbitrary age. Upon the representation of Sir James Murray, they were committed to prison for some time. Upon being released, Jonson gave an entertainment to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the repast, it is reported, that his mother, who was still living, drank to him, and then shewed to him a paper containing poison, which, in the true spirit of a Roman matron, she had designed to mix with his food, after first taking a portion of it herself, if any disgraceful sentence of amputation had been passed upon him.

He had never been conspicuous for economy in his domestic affairs; and often complained of being com-

pelled to endure sickness aggravated by poverty. King James I. had always allowed him one hundred marks. On the accession of Charles, he addressed a petition to that prince, requesting, that as his royal father had granted him a pension of one hundred marks, he would make them *pounds*; and when the King sent him that sum, he is said to have composed an epigram upon him. It is, on the other hand, related, that Charles sent him only ten guineas, and that the dying poet exclaimed, “the King has sent me ten guineas because I am poor and poorly lodged, but his HEART is still more narrowly lodged.” But he had a pension from the City of London, and from several of the nobility and gentry; and, particularly, from Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Charter-House. It may be presumed, either that his wants were imaginary, and his poverty ideal; or that his careless prodigality required more than common liberality to support him. In his last illness he felt severe compunction for the frequent profanation of the Scriptures in his plays.

He died on the 16th of August, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the singular simplicity and more than laconic brevity of his epitaph, are well known. He had many children, but none survived him.





T. KOULI-KHAN.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, 1857.

THAMAS KOU LI KHAN.

THE celebrated conqueror, known in Europe generally by the name of Kouli Khan, bore at different periods various names, calling himself, at first *Nadir Kouli—the Slave of God*. He was born at Calot, a city in the province of Khorasan. Compelled by his uncle, at the death of his father, to quit the government, of which Calot was the capital, Nadir Kouli entered into the service of Beglerbeg, governor of Muschada, who appointed him to command an army sent against the Tartars, over whom he gained a complete victory. The Beglerbeg at first treated Nadir with great distinction; but being jealous of his aspiring disposition, he refused him the rank of lieutenant-general, which he had promised him; and when Nadir complained of his breach of faith, he caused him to be severely bastinadoed. Exasperated at this ungrateful and dishonorable treatment, Nadir Kouli joined a band of robbers, and a little time after entered into the service of the Schâh Tâhmas, Sophy of Persia, who, attacked by the Afghans, the Turks, and the Muscovites, was not in a state of such security as to neglect the succour of a guilty but intrepid warrior. Named generalissimo of the armies of the Schâh Tâhmas, in 1729, Nadir Kouli completely defeated the Afghans. After this victory, the monarch authorised his general to take the name of Thamas Kouli, or the Slave of Thamas. He was also ennobled with the title of *Khan*. Notwithstanding these distinctions, he was too ambitious to be contented with a subordinate rank. He dethroned Thamas, immured him in a narrow prison, and, joining policy with

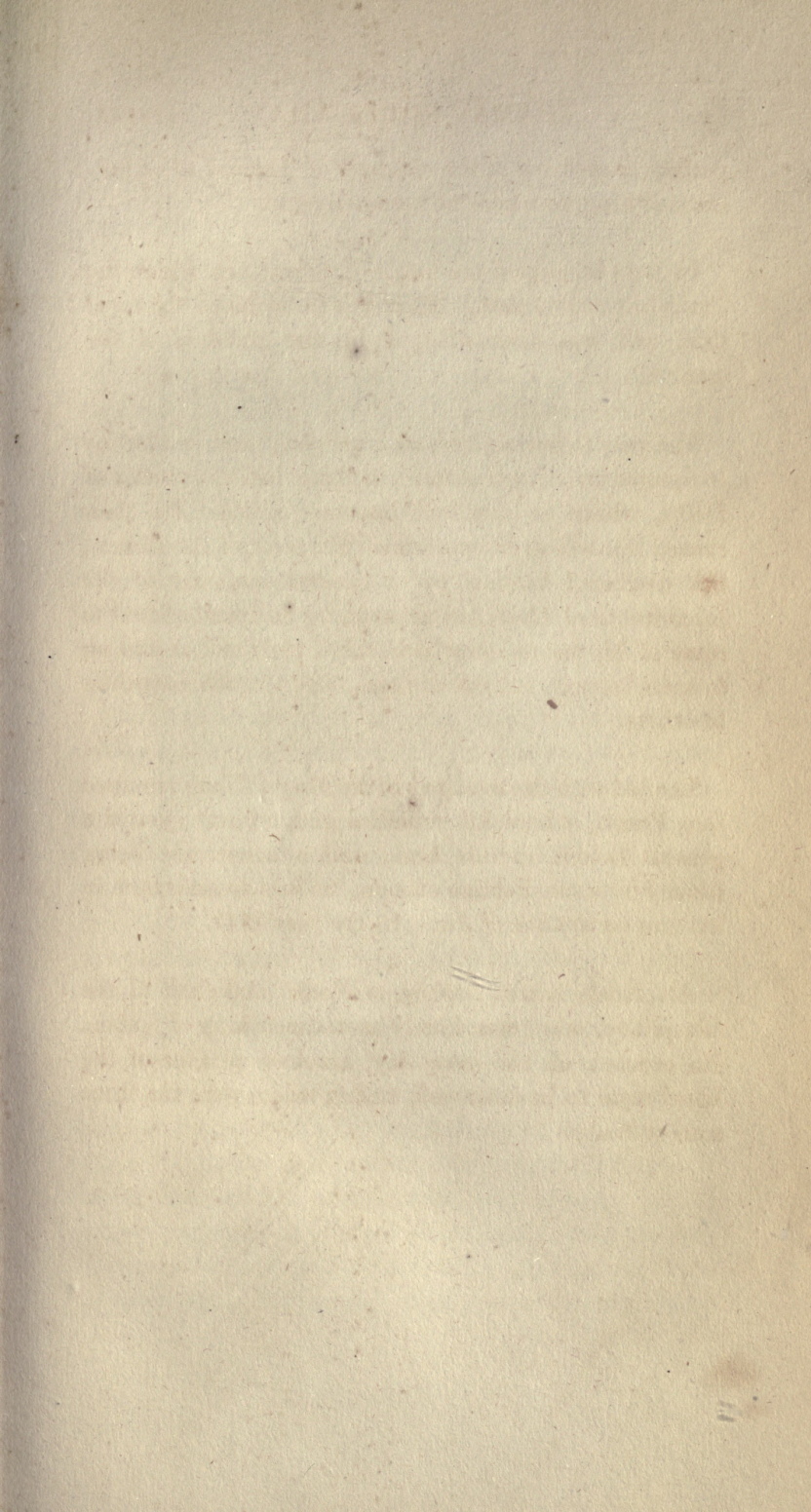
perfidy, caused one of the children of Thamass to be proclaimed king, to whom he became regent.

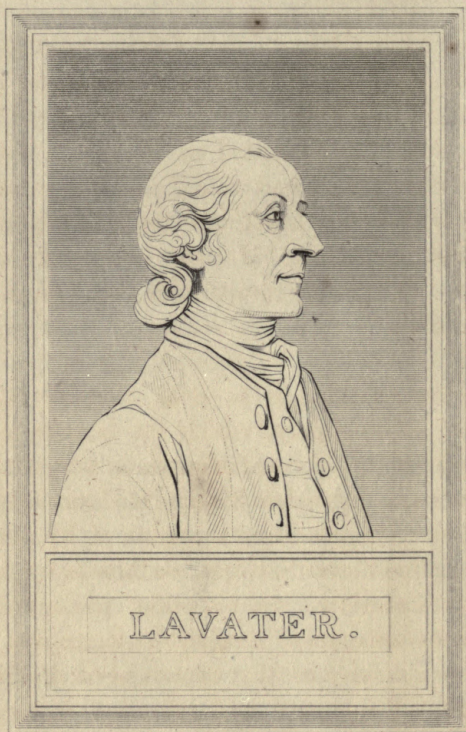
In 1735 he gained the battle of Erivan, in which the Turks lost 50,000 men. After this he assumed the royal title, and was acknowledged by the *grande*es of the empire.

The year following he took Candahar; and in 1739 he conquered the Mogul empire, making himself master of Delhi, where he acquired immense riches. He then caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the Indies; but disgraced himself by a general massacre of the inhabitants of Delhi, in revenge for an insult offered to some of his troops, in which there perished, according to some reports, 120,000 citizens, and 150,000 according to others.

Loaded with the treasures of the Mogul, Nadir returned into Persia, where his cruelties and tyranny excited a general hatred against him; and a conspiracy being formed by some Persian officers, he was assassinated in his tent on the 8th of June, in the year 1747.

Ali Kouli Khan, nephew of Nadir, and chief of the conspiracy, was immediately proclaimed king of Persia. He ordered, on the same day, nineteen princes of the blood royal to be destroyed, among whom were the three sons of Nadir.





E. del.

G. C. sculp.

London Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe Peultry 1807.

LAVATER.

A MAN named Zopyrus, says Cicero, in his *Tusculanarum*, who pretended to judge of the character of persons by their physiognomy, seeing Socrates in an assembly, assured them that he united in his person innumerable vices. Those who heard this singular accusation could not refrain from laughter; but the philosopher justified his assertion by saying, "He has not imposed upon you: these vices were in my composition, but reason delivered me from them."

From this anecdote it is clear, that the science and system of physiognomy, which the labours of Lavater have rendered so celebrated in our days, were not unknown to the ancients; but before his time moderns have flattered themselves with possessing a portion of his acute knowledge. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, so famous for his erudition, his dissensions, and his pride, pretended he could discover the manners of men by the features of the face; and his son assures us that he was never deceived in his judgment. Experience and reflection certainly prove that the emotions of the soul and the affections of the heart are observable in the eyes and countenance. If they be weak, they leave but fleeting or imperceptible traces; if violent and settled, they leave lasting and strong impressions, which time and change do not destroy. It must be allowed that these appearances are often deceitful. But if the science of physiognomy were not even more conjectural than that of physic, there

would scarcely be any one of greater utility or importance.

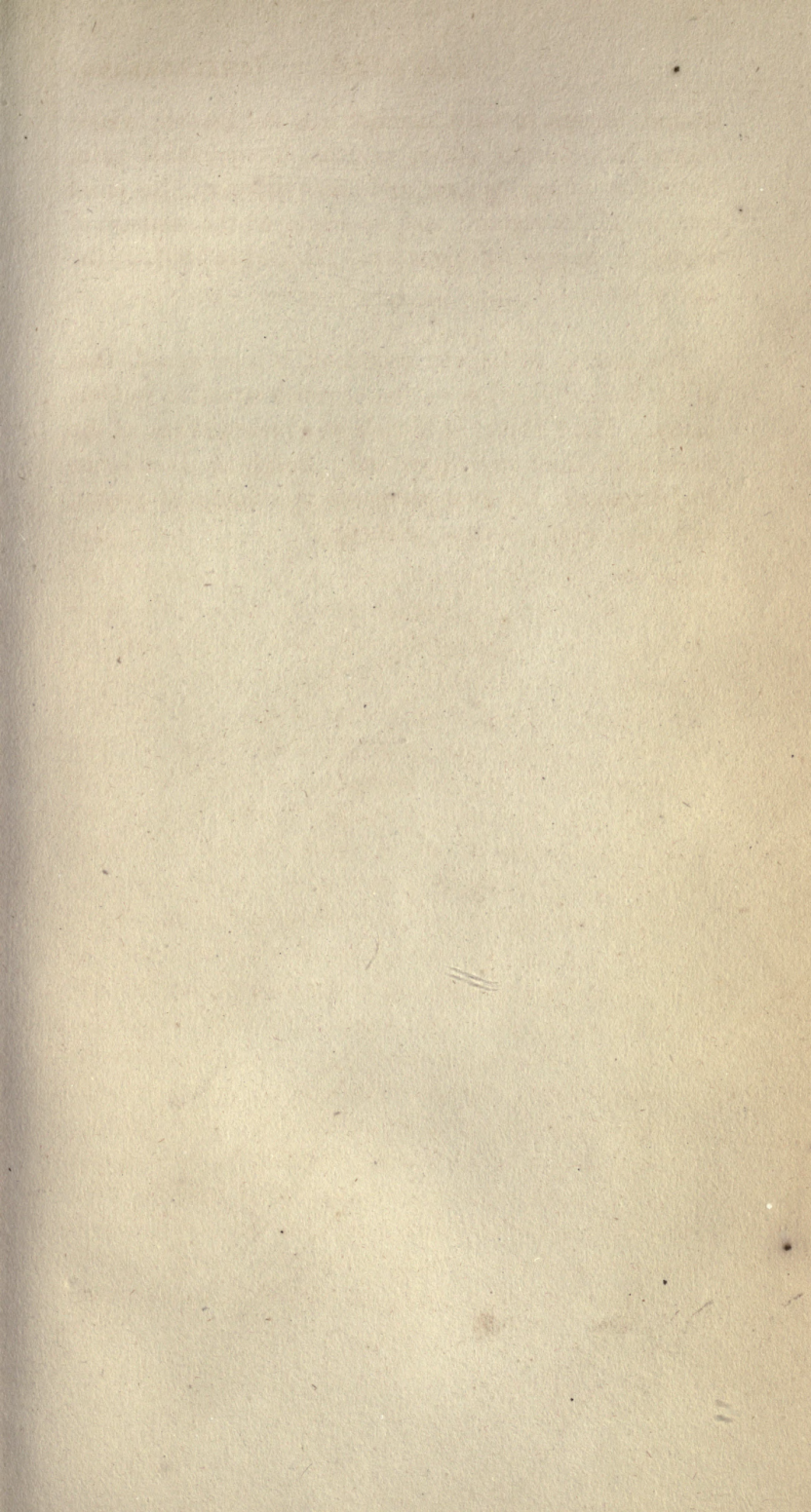
John Gaspard Lavater, born at Zurich, in 1741, composed a profound system, which only presents vague and uncertain conclusions. He imagined he had discovered the means of distinguishing characters, the difference of passions, and of intellect, by the simple inspection of the head. He went even so far as to draw inferences from the hand-writing. This doctrine was not confined to man—he extended it to the animal system. Is it possible to indicate the genius of a person by his physiognomy? At this truth it is possible to arrive after a long course of observation. The faculties of the mind develop themselves, and are disclosed by certain characteristical traits. Do we not often compare the busts of illustrious moderns with the portraits or the medals of distinguished personages of antiquity? In contemplating the statue of Demosthenes, we read in his countenance those elevated projects—that generous inquietude which urged him to oppose the ambitious designs of Philip, that threatened the ruin of the liberties of Greece. The physiognomy of Voltaire, that surprising man, who combined such singular talents with such malignity, who was alternately sublime and facetious, announced, it is said, this wonderful contrast. It partook at once of the *eagle* and the *ape*. The forms of government and political occurrences impress likewise on the face very singular appearances. If the studies and pursuits of men leave their traces on the physiognomy, is it not easy to imagine that a habit of baseness, of perfidy, or cruelty, may be discovered in a sensible manner, by those whose eyes are greatly penetrating and frequently used. Do not painters act up to the idea? If they are to represent a Cain, a Nero, or a Caligula, do they not depicture the characters of those monsters by ferocity of aspect?

Lavater, to illustrate his doctrine, composed a book replete with genius and mystical enthusiasm, with novel descriptions, profound ideas, and brilliant errors.

Even those who opposed his system with the greatest ingenuity, rendered ample justice to his prodigious talent. Travellers of the greatest rank and discernment, and even those whose curiosity was simply excited on passing through Zurich, where this singular man, a minister of the holy gospel, resided, did not fail to visit him and testify their regard. He seduced them by an air of confidence and inspiration, and convinced them because he appeared himself to have been convinced. His eloquence had a character of pathetic majesty. When M. Necker quitted France, in 1789, he beheld Lavater at Zurich, and the Doctor immediately read in the countenance of the minister, all the vices, projects, and affections, of his great mind. The system of Lavater has been developed by Coxe, in his Letters on Switzerland, with considerable energy and effect. Madame Roland, whose Memoirs appertain to the History of the Revolution in France, and its consequences, the most astonishing upon record, has made us acquainted with the moral character of this philosophical observer, in an account she has given us of her journey into Switzerland. We are assured by a person who knew him intimately, that this ingenious divine was a *dérot*, even to fanaticism. As pastor of the principal church of St. Peter, he was certainly distinguished for his unwearied zeal in behalf of practical Christianity. During the last troubles that devastated his country, he did not believe that the studies and the reputation he had acquired, should exonerate him from taking an active part in the public calamity. Upon the entrance of the French troops into Zurich, under Massena, in 1799, Lavater received a

wound, though in what manner it is not known, which caused him, during fifteen months, inexpressible pain. Notwithstanding his long and acute suffering, his mind retained all its vigour; and he employed the remnant of his life in improving his work. He died in 1801, at the age of sixty.

The system of Lavater produced, it is surmised, that of Dr. Gall, which has excited so much attention in Germany. His Cabinet of Medals was reckoned one of the finest collections in Switzerland. Beside his Treatise on Physiognomy, Lavater composed a volume of poems, and other works of some celebrity.





Painted by Himself.

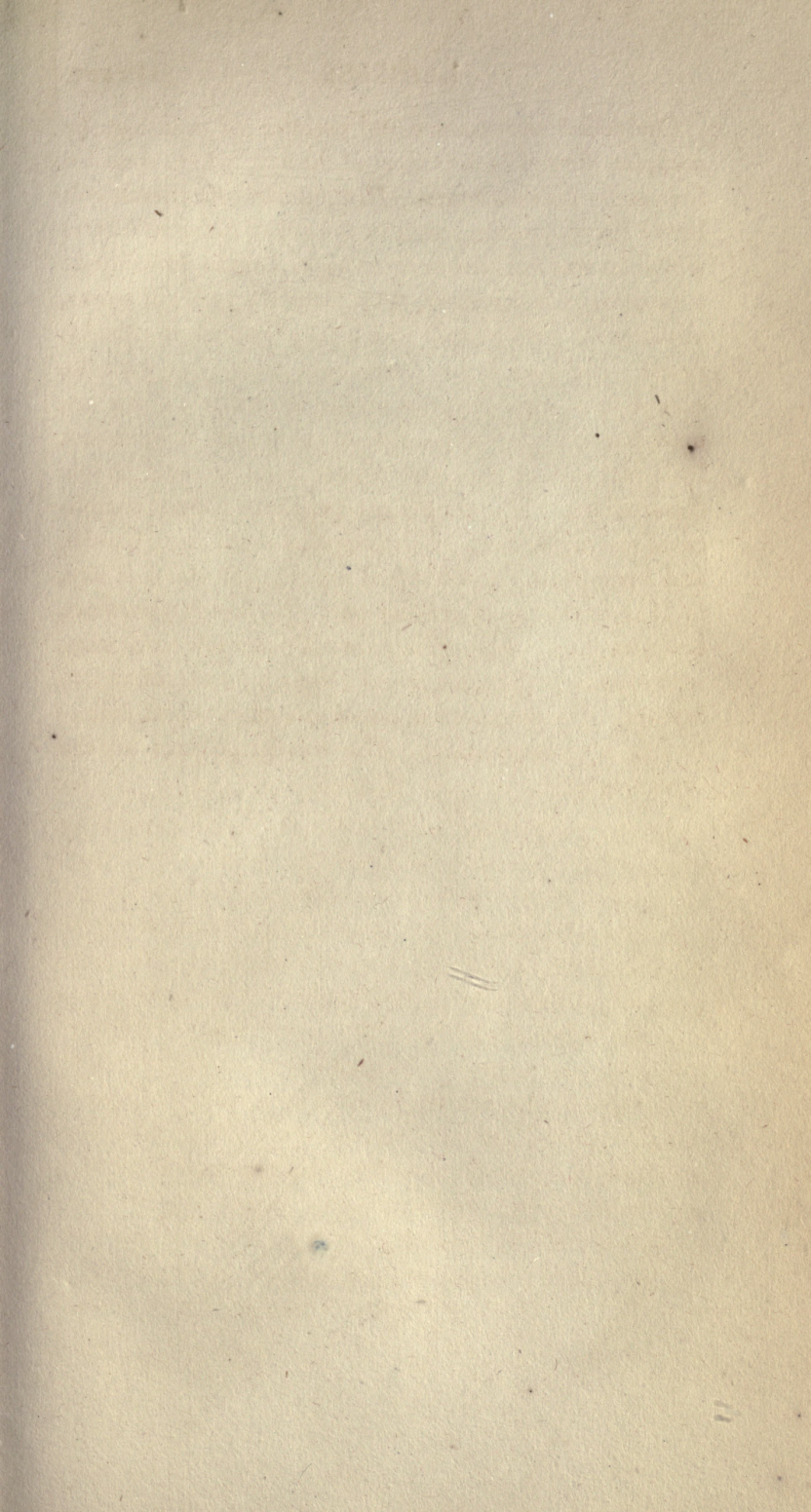
Engraved by George Cooke.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Pauls Church-Yard 1807.

LAIRESSE.

GERARD DE LAIRESSE, born at Leige, in 1640, was the son of a painter of considerable repute, who destined him at first to the career of letters. To these studies, to which he joined the talent of poetry and music, and those noble and excellent ideas by which he was distinguished, the young Lairesse owed his excellence in another art. After receiving from his father, and from Bertholet, the first principles of painting, and studying in the works of the painters of his native country, the truth of colouring and charm of execution, he surpassed them by the correctness of his design, the choice and elevation of his thoughts, and the dignity of his expression. He was, however, far from attaining the purity of the antique, and majestic severity of the Roman school; but when it is considered that he never visited Italy, and had no other assistance to form his taste than a few pictures of Poussin, the engravings after that master, and those of Pietro Testa, we cannot deny the superiority of his genius. Happy in his compositions, he finished them always with much delicacy and freedom of pencil. Every branch of his art was alike familiar to him, and with much propriety he was called the *Poussin* of France. But Lairesse tarnished the brilliancy of his talents by a dissolute life.—He plunged into every species of excess and debauchery, which daily absorbed the fruit of his labour. After painting for some time pictures for dealers, who sold at an enormous rate to amateurs, what they procured at a moderate price, he enjoyed, in the end, all the advantages of his celebrity. But his sight, by degrees, became weak; and, in 1690, it entirely left him.

Compelled to renounce the practice of painting, he occupied himself in the theory of the art ; which consoled him under his misfortune. His children and friends collected his discoveries ; and, by the aid of different figures which he was enabled to trace upon canvas to facilitate a knowledge of his ideas, they formed a series of works, ornamented with plates, which they published after his death. His book is not deficient in merit ; but, with the exception of some chapters on the mechanism of his art, upon harmony and opposition of colouring, it offers but little real instruction : the author loses himself in idle dissertations. His allegorical programs are too complicated and multiplied. Lairese painted at Leige, Utrecht, and Amsterdam ; and finished his days in the last city, in 1711, at the age of seventy-one. He had two brothers, and a nephew, who were painters ; and left three sons, who exercised the same talent : but they were inferior to himself. He engraved in aquafortis an excellent collection of his compositions. His smaller pictures are the most esteemed.





Engraved by Nivard.

Engraved by Nivard.

London, Published & Sold at the Sign of the Green Dragon, in St. Pauls Church-yard.

MOLIE'RE.

THE praise of a writer is generally to be drawn from his works. Of Molière it may be said, his best eulogy is from a comparison of the authors who preceded, and of those who followed him: so much superior is he to all. How many men of undoubted wit and talents have laboured in the same career without resembling him, or even approaching his eminence! Some have possessed sufficient gaiety, others have been good poets, many have delineated manners with considerable facility and skill; but the art of Molière was the accurate knowledge of the human mind: this was the path which he opened, and which he closed behind him. No one has since attained an equal portion of celebrity. He was undoubtedly the first of moral philosophers. It was he who best understood the heart of man, without appearing to observe it; this was a knowledge which he obtained rather from intuition than study. When we peruse his plays with attention and reflection, we are less astonished at his admirable penetration, than with the corresponding qualities or defects we feel in ourselves, and which ignorance or vanity had before concealed from our observation. His satire was profound and severe, not light and trivial; it embraces every bearing of the vice or folly which he condemns, leaving nothing to be added or supplied. The perusal of his comedies may answer the place of experience, not from his exhibition of the fleeting manners of the day, but from his exquisite knowledge of man, in those essential characteristics in which he is steady and unalterable.

John-Baptist Pocquelin de Molière was the son and grandson of tapestry-weavers attached to the king's household. His father intending him for the same line of business, gave him a suitable education ; but he soon discovered an excessive attachment to the theatre. At fourteen he was placed in the Jesuits college, and his progress was unusually rapid and honourable to himself. The Belles-lettres improved his mind, while the precepts of Gassendi enlightened his understanding. His father becoming infirm, he was compelled to pursue the family trade under Lewis XIII. whom he followed in his journey to Narbonne in 1641. The French theatre was then beginning to emerge from barbarism and neglect, and to flourish under the great and fostering talents of Corneille. Pocquelin, destined to become among the French the founder of true legitimate comedy, no longer dissembled his decided preference for the stage. He quitted his employment, and joined a society of young men like himself, devoted to theatrical pursuits. It was then that he assumed the surname of Molière, either from regard to his family, or in compliance with a custom which generally prevailed among the actors. A similarity of taste and sentiments occasioned his union with La Béjart, a provincial actress. They formed a company, which first began to perform at Lyons, 1653, with the *Etourdi*, written by Molière himself, and his original essay. The genuine wit of the dialogue, the inexhaustible address of the valet in repairing the blunders of his master, and the interest occasioned by this perpetual contrast, procured the piece considerable success, notwithstanding its numerous defects. Molière, equally great as author and actor, united every suffrage. At that period, people were accustomed only to pieces of the most immoral or insignificant tendency, and debased by low and improbable intrigues. The art of

exhibiting on the national stage characters and manners taken from real life, was reserved for Molière. The applause which he received on the representation of the *Etourdi*, followed him to Béziers, where the Prince of Conti then presided at the assembly held for the province of Languedoc. He received Molière as his friend and companion, and even offered to make him his secretary; but the poet declined the honour, declaring "that though a tolerable author, he would probably make but an indifferent secretary." The *Depit Amoureux* and the *Précieuses Ridicules*, next appeared on the theatre of Béziers. The succession of incidents is equally well preserved in the *Depit Amoureux* as in the *Etourdi*. In the dialogue we discover the same rich fund of humour, and the repartees are alike ingenious and laughable; but the *nodus* or intrigue is too complicated, and the denouement destitute of probability. In the *Précieuses Ridicules*, there is more simplicity and truth in the design: a keen and delicate satire on the rage for the *Bel Esprit*, which then prevailed; on the stiff and swelling diction of the romances in vogue; the ridiculous pedantry among the women, and the affectation universally observable in their language, their sentiments, and their dress, distinguishes this piece from the preceding ones, and marks at once the talent of Molière. When represented at Paris, it produced a general alteration of manners. The spectators laughed at their former follies, and while they applauded the author, reformed themselves. Ménage, who assisted at its first representation, said to Chapelain, "You and I were accustomed to applaud the follies which have just been exposed to ridicule with so much good sense and ingenuity." An old man exclaimed from the pit, "Courage, Molière, this is legitimate comedy!" Louis XIV. was so pleased with the pieces exhibited by the company of Molière, that he permitted

them to call themselves 'the King's Comedians,' and bestowed on their leader a pension of 1000 livres.

The *Cocu Imaginaire*, adapted rather for the gratification of the people, than to the taste of more refined auditors, next appeared in 1660. The genius of Molière may be discovered occasionally in this piece, but it exposed him to all the severity of the critics, who were however little attended to by the public at large. *L' Ecole des Maris*, taken from the *Adelphi* of Terence, but superior to the original, presents a denouement natural in itself, incidents developed with art, and great simplicity in the intrigue. While the theatre yet resounded with the applause which it so justly merited, the *Facheux*, a piece conceived, written, studied, and represented in the space of a fortnight, was played at Vaux, a house belonging to Fouquet, the celebrated superintendant of the finances, in the presence of the king and court. The scenes of this little comedy are by no means sufficiently connected; but the attention of the spectator is kept alive by the variety in the characters, the spirit of its dialogue, and the elegance of its language. The improved talent of Molière next displayed itself in *l' Ecole des Femmes*, represented the following year. Some negligences in the style excited the censures of the critics, and they overlooked the exquisite art which prevails throughout the inimitable character of Agnes, and the rapid and natural succession of incidents. Molière replied to this decision by an ingenious critique on his own performance, and completely refuted the unjust cavils it had occasioned. His talents now deserved and obtained great rewards. The king, who uniformly considered him as the founder of a new species of literature in France, and an useful reformer of vice and folly, placed him on the same footing with the numerous other

authors who flourished by his bounty. Molière, influenced by a lively sense of this monarch's munificence, soon produced the *Impromptu de Versailles*, and the *Princesse d'Elide*, a spectacle composed on purpose to add splendour to the *fête* given by the king to the reigning queen, the queen dowager, and queen Henrietta of England, the widow of the unfortunate Charles. But the *Princesse d'Elide*, when divested of the superb decorations and the brilliant audience of Versailles, was less favorably received at Paris. The *Marriage Forcé*, another piece of the same description, met with a similar fate. The *Festin de Pierre* did not meet with better success; some expressions of a nature bordering on impiety, in some degree injured the reputation of Molière, and he withdrew the piece after it had been twice represented. *L'Amour Medecin* was another hasty production, upon which it would be unjust to reflect any great degree of censure. But it is observable that it was the first in which he began to ridicule the faculty.

But the greater part of the high reputation he has acquired, is derived from the *Misanthrope*, an admirable play, little applauded at first through ignorance or envy, but now considered as one of the first in the ancient or modern drama. It must be admitted, however, that it is more generally admired in the closet than on the stage. "The little interest excited in the public," says Voltaire, "by the representation of the *Misanthrope*, may probably be thus accounted for: that the plot, though accompanied by innumerable beauties of detail, is not in itself sufficiently diversified; the conversations, however ingenious and instructive, not being properly connected, rather weaken than support the action; and the denouement, though wisely planned and naturally deduced, is in consequence coldly received. The satire of the

Misanthrope is perhaps more keen and delicate than that of Horace or Boileau; but as a comedy, it is undoubtedly less interesting than the *Tartuffe*, which, combining the satire and the elegance of style peculiar to the former, excites a more lively sensation." The suffrage, however, of every man of taste, consoled Molière for the indifference of the multitude. To regain their applause, he wrote the *Médecin Malgrélui*, in 1666, sufficiently gay and farcical to retrieve his reputation for humour and spirit. The *Sicilien*, or *l'Amour Peintre*, is still seen with pleasure, as it contains a sort of graceful gallantry, less effeminate than in many other similar productions. But the reputation of Molière now attained its climax, by the appearance of *Tartuffe* or *l'Imposteur*. Its representation was at first prohibited; the many priests and devotees who knew that it was written expressly to expose them and their hypocrisy, had obtained the order from the king. At the representation of a farce called *Scaramouche Hermite*, infinitely more satirical, and even licentious in its tendency, the king said to the great Condé, "I should be glad to know why those people who pretend to be scandalized at the performance of Molière's play, say nothing against *Scaramouche*." "Sir," answered the prince, "*Scaramouche* only offends God, but Molière attacks the priests." At length, in spite of the innumerable intrigues to prevent its representation, it was performed with inconceivable applause. No where was hypocrisy more completely unveiled, characters more ingeniously drawn, or dialogue written with more nature and truth. In 1668 he produced *Amphitryon*, imitated from Plautus, and superior to its model, but in which he has evinced less attention to propriety of language than in his former plays. *L'Avare*, another copy from the same poet, is rather *outré* in its principal character; but it must be confessed to be admirably calculated for the

amusement of the lower orders, who require satire to be bold and strongly marked. *George Dandin*, *Pourceaugnac*, *le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and the *Fourberies de Scapin*, are of the same class—extremely diverting, but coarsely drawn. Molière gave himself more time in the composition of the *Femmes Savantes*, in which he ingeniously satirized the ridiculous affectation and pedantic erudition of the Hotel de Rambouillet. The incidents in this play, as in most of his others, are not sufficiently connected; but the plot, though barren in itself, presents some amusing situations. The scene of Trissotin and Vadius, was taken from a real dispute which occurred between Cotin and Ménage. The *Malade Imaginaire* is a play of a different description; but it exposes, with the usual sagacity and ingenuity of Molière, the pedantary and quackery of the medical tribe. It will be chiefly remembered, however, as the last production of this illustrious man, during the representation of which, he was seized with the illness of which he died. He had been indisposed for some time; and his friends in vain exhorted him to repose himself—“But what,” said he, “will become of so many poor workmen? I should for ever reproach myself for having missed one day in procuring them bread!” The exertions he made while performing himself the *Malade Imaginaire*, overpowered him, and a convulsion seized him on the stage. It was remarked, that as he pronounced the word *juro*, his countenance changed, and the blood immediately issuing from his mouth, suffocated him a few hours after, on the 17th February, 1673, in his 54th year. The archbishop of Paris at first refused to permit his body to be interred in consecrated ground—an illiberal and unjust prejudice against comedians, which prevailed even in the last century. The wife of Molière exclaimed, “they refuse a tomb to a man to whom Greece would have erected altars!” The king, at length, desired the

prelate to retract his prohibition, and the body was interred in the church of St. Joseph. The populace was with difficulty prevented from disturbing the ceremony of the funeral.

As an actor, though respectable, his talents were not so conspicuous as in his writings. In his person, he was tall—of a dark complexion, and his countenance was capable of every expression he chose to give it. He was not calculated for tragedy, and in vain endeavoured to surmount his many deficiencies. His voice was low and thick, and possessing little flexibility, forced him to confine himself to comedy, in which he contrived to make his defects serviceable to him. He not only pleased in the parts of *Mascarille* and *Sganarelle*, but excelled in those of *Arnolphe*, *Orgon*, *Harpagon*, &c. It was in those characters that, by the intelligence, his accurate conception and strength of colouring which he displayed, he often so deceived the spectators as to render them unable to distinguish between the comedian and the personage he represented. He therefore, in general, selected for himself the longest and most difficult parts.

In private life he was highly and deservedly esteemed. His country-house, at Auteuil, was the resort of all the wits of his age. By them he was respected as a man of genius, and beloved for the mildness and liberality of his disposition. The Maréchal de Vivonne lived with him in all that intimacy which places genius and talents on a level with affluence and rank. The great Condé often required his visits; and would acknowledge, that from his conversation he always derived something new. His merit, as a writer, was universally allowed by the men of genius, of all classes, who adorned that fertile age. When Louis XIV. once asked Racine whom he conceived to be

the first of the authors who had illustrated his reign, he instantly replied, Molière.—“I should not have thought so,” said the king, “but you are a better judge than I am.” So many marks of distinction corrupted neither his heart nor his mind—he was mild, compassionate, and generous. The instances of his liberality are innumerable, and have been too often related to require insertion here. But we may be allowed to repeat one anecdote of his benevolence not so generally known. He was one day at his country-house, with Baron, afterwards so celebrated as an actor, who told him that he wished to introduce an indigent performer of the name of Mondorge. “Oh!” said Molière, “I know him well. He was my companion in Languedoc, and is a very honest fellow. What shall we give him?” “Suppose four Louis,” said Baron, after some hesitation. “Well,” replied Molière, “I will give him the four Louis, as from myself. There are twenty more lying on the table—you shall bestow them, as coming from you.” Mondorge was introduced—Molière affectionately embraced him—said all he could to console him in his distress—and, to the very liberal present which he had already made him, added that of a magnificent theatrical dress to appear in on the stage.

Molière, who contributed so largely to the amusement of others, was himself the sport and prey of domestic misfortune and misery. When he originally formed his company of actors, he connected himself, (as we have already said,) with La Béjart, a provincial actress of some celebrity. She had a daughter, the issue of a private marriage with M. de Modene, a gentleman of Avignon. In vain did the mother, as the reputation of Molière increased, press him to give a legal sanction to their union. The younger charms of the daughter had captivated his heart; and in spite of the resistance of La Béjart, the marriage took place. Those

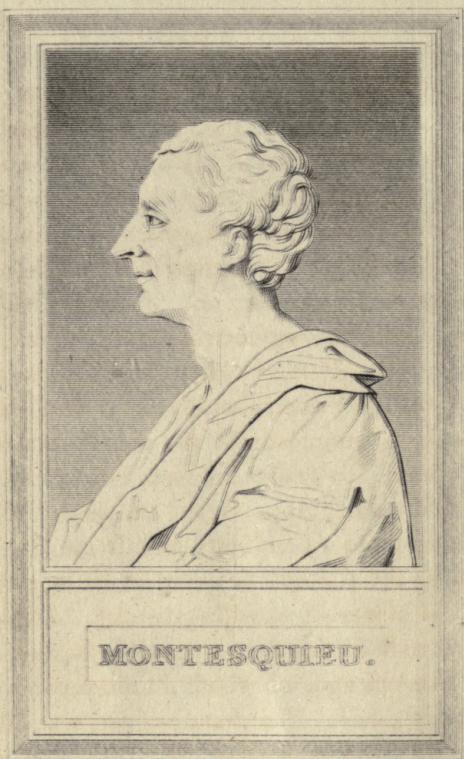
who knew the long and intimate connection that had subsisted between La Béjart and him, accused him of incestuously marrying his own daughter. But the calumny was easily refuted, by irrefragable proofs that she was born before Molière became acquainted with her mother. The marriage, however, was highly imprudent, and was to him a source of perpetual inquietude. La Béjart, a haughty intriguing woman, who preferred being even the mistress than the mother-in-law of Molière, by her extravagant jealousy of her daughter, and the continual disputes which it occasioned, disturbed his peace of mind, and embittered his days. The daughter, who was so much indebted to his love for her, and had deceived him by a false shew of gratitude and fondness, no sooner became his wife, than she displayed all the extravagance and caprice of a coquette. She exhibited herself to the court and city in all the splendour of dress and equipage—while the unfortunate husband, whose philosophy had not taught him to live without a wife, was a prey to jealousy and disappointed love. She neglected or disdained to sooth either one or the other—prayers, intreaties, and remonstrances were in vain—till, despairing of success, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his closet, and the society of his friends. He thus added to the list of unhappy husbands; and, if his pen, in describing the errors and frailties of the sex, has such a glow of nature and truth, it was because a living model of vexation was in his own house. After his death, she again married an obscure comedian, named Le Grand. She retained no respect for the memory of her illustrious husband; and was so careless of his manuscripts, that none of them have been preserved. This culpable indifference extended even to a daughter who was the fruit of this inauspicious union; and who, neglected by her parent, eloped from her at a very early age, and lived and died in obscurity.

Molière had studied and even translated Lucretius, and would have published his translation ; but an unfortunate accident deprived the world of a work, which probably would have still increased his fame. A valet, whom he had ordered to curl his wig, made use of the papers which contained his translation. Molière, whose anger was easily raised, threw the whole into the fire. Thus, it is said, Montesquieu and Fenelon lost two considerable works, by the carelessness of their servants. As he advanced in the version, Molière was accustomed to consult Rohault, a celebrated metaphysician. As a proof of his good sense, he had translated into prose all the philosophical matter of the poem, and reserved only for poetry those beautiful descriptions with which Lucretius abounds.

He always evinced himself the early protector and liberal encourager of merit. A young man had written a tragedy, entitled, *Théagene et Chariclée*, and presented it to Molière, who soon discovered that it was good for nothing, but rewarded him as he would have done had the play been good. Some time after, he himself conceived the plan of the *Frères Ennemis*; and, sending for the young man, gave him the most ample instructions, and desired him, if possible, to bring an act every week. The youth obeyed; but when he produced his manuscript, Molière immediately perceived that he had borrowed nearly the whole from the *Thébaïde* of Rotrou. Molière mildly convinced him of the impropriety of engrossing the labours of another, and the impolicy of taking from a tragedy sufficiently recent to be in the perfect recollection of the audience: he even assisted him in planning the necessary alterations. The piece was then successful. But Racine (for the youthful poet was no other than that celebrated man) gradually neglected his benefactor; and Molière did not attempt to reclaim him. He does not appear to have had much esteem for Racine. He had been promised the

representation of *Bérénice*, and had even announced it at his theatre, when it was abruptly withdrawn, and given to the other house. The character of Molière was as open and candid as that of Racine was gloomy and insincere. Their disputes, however, were merely personal, and did not affect the high opinion they had of each other as writers. When Racine was told that the *Misanthrope* had been coldly received, he maintained that Molière could not possibly write a bad play, and that the fault lay with the audience; and when Molière beheld the failure of *les Plaideurs*, he publicly said that the piece was excellent, and that those who had ridiculed it, deserved themselves to be the objects of ridicule.

Such was Molière. As a dramatic poet, his works may be considered as the history of the manners, the morals, and the tastes, of the age in which he lived. Possessing a mind early inured to meditation, and prompt to seize the exterior expression of passions, and their effects in the various walks of life—he exhibited mankind as it really was, and exposed the most secret recesses in the hearts of men, their sentiments and desires. His plays are as admirable in the closet as on the stage—the more they are studied, the more they will be relished. He is peculiarly the author best adapted for the perusal of men in the meridian, or in the decline of life. His observations will always be justified by their own experience, and their recollection of the passions or the follies of which they have been the sport or the victim, will confirm the inspirations of his genius. It has long been a complaint among our neighbours, that few have since ventured to pursue the steps of Molière. The truth is, he has so engrossed every passion or folly of which satire can be the subject, that he has left little undone for his successors in the drama. It is fortunate for them if, in other departments, they can partake any portion of his glory.



Drawn by Daisier

Engraved by G. Kneller

London Published by T. and A. Hood & Sharpe, Printers, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MONTESQUIEU.

CHARLES DE SECONDAT, Baron of La Brede and Montesquieu, was born at La Brede, near Bourdeaux, the 18th of January, 1689, of a noble family in Guyenne. His father had early quitted the service, in which he had frequently distinguished himself, and devoted all his attention to the education of his son, from whose happy disposition he formed the most flattering expectations. At an age when the mind is willing to embrace every science, but too frequently grasps at all, without attaching itself to any particular one, the study of jurisprudence appears to have exclusively occupied the attention of Montesquieu. It might then be foreseen that this would become the principal study of his life; and it was not difficult to prognosticate the future author of the *Spirit of Laws*. To genius seems to belong the peculiar property of directing all its vigour and energy to a single point; while those of ordinary minds are divided and weakened by the attempt to grasp at every attainment, without the power of excelling in any. Thus had so many great men distinguished themselves in one career, in that illustrious age, of which Montesquieu was destined to see the end. That happy period seemed to have exhausted all the triumphs of literature, and probably induced him to direct his thoughts to the study of law: a matter undoubtedly of sufficient novelty, if considered in a philosophical point of view. He had already made ample extracts from the numerous volumes which compose the civil code; but willing to adhere to the peculiar course of the magistracy, he was admitted a counsellor

in the parliament of Bourdeaux. In 1716, a paternal uncle, who was one of the presidents, *à mortier*,—(thus denominated from the resemblance of the caps they wore to the shape of a mortar,) voluntarily resigned over to him his estate and his place. That he was not unworthy of this high distinction appeared some years after, when being deputed by his company to present a remonstrance to the king, on the creation of a new impost, he executed his commission with equal dignity and success, and displayed all the frankness of a citizen, without offending the court.

When only twenty, he had already prepared materials for his great work, by copious extracts from the voluminous tracts which compose the system of civil law. His modesty, however, prevented him from exposing himself too soon to the public eye; and he had attained the age of thirty-two before he published the *Persian Letters*, his first literary attempt—bearing perhaps in mind the maxim of Horace—

Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris in Metii discendat judicis aures,
Et Patris, et nostras—nonumque prematur in annum—

A rule, which may be applied to every species of authorship as well as poetry. In 1721, appeared his *Persian Letters*, an imitation of the Sianees Letters of Duperny; but, says Voltaire, imitated in a manner which shewed how the originals ought to have been written. The success of this work exceeded all former examples. The very title was sufficient to procure the sale of the most wretched productions. The booksellers of the time sent perpetually, requesting the author to furnish them with Persian Letters. The French Academy, so often exposed to the satire of writers, but always the great object of their

desires and their ambition, hastened to invite Montesquieu to become one of its members. It generously overlooked a few occasional strokes in the Letters directed against itself. But his reception was for some time obstructed by the old Cardinal de Fleury, whose timid conscience had been alarmed by the representation of some passages, in which religion and government were not sufficiently respected. According to Voltaire, Montesquieu caused a new edition to be prepared, in which these obnoxious passages were omitted; and that he presented a copy to the cardinal, who perused it, and immediately consented to his admission. But this anecdote is very improbable; it is more reasonable to suppose, that some powerful friends succeeded in removing the cardinal's scruples. He soon after sold his situation of president *à mortier*, with a view of travelling into other countries.

His travels were planned and executed with his usual spirit of prudence and reflection. His intention in leaving his own country, was to study the laws, constitutions, and manners, of others,—to see and converse with the learned, the polite, and the ingenious artists of each. For this purpose he waited till reading had informed his mind, and reflection had matured his judgment. He did not quit France till he had attained a middle age, and till his name was known and respected. After visiting Germany, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland, he came to England. But he arrived too late; for Locke and Newton, the only men worthy to be associated with him, were dead. He was, however, soon distinguished by the Queen of England, the celebrated Caroline, who cultivated the sciences, and had long been in correspondence with the most learned men of her time.

On his return from his travels, he finished his *Considerations on the Causes of the Greatness and Decline of the Romans*.—These *Causes* were already to be found in history—it was reserved for philosophy to develop them. Montesquieu has exposed them with that sagacity and energetic precision peculiar to himself. The works of the ancients did not furnish him with all the materials necessary to form a complete picture of the rapid aggrandizement and progressive decline which the history of the Roman empire presented; but, like a skilful architect, who, from a heap of ruins, may trace the plan of an ancient edifice, he supplied by his genius and his sagacity what was wanting in the confused and scanty documents before him. A small volume embraces a history, the greatest and most interesting that can be conceived. “While he discloses much,” says d’Alembert, “he leaves still more to the reflection and judgment of his readers: and he might have entitled his book *The Roman History, for the Use of Statesmen and Philosophers*.” At length, after a labour of many years, during which, as he often acknowledged, he felt his strength and his resolution often fail him, he presented to the world his *Spirit of Laws*,—the glory of French literature. “Humanity,” says Voltaire, “had lost all recollection of its rights: Montesquieu discovered and restored them.” But the success of this elaborate and original performance could not be supposed ever to equal that of the *Persian Letters*. Its merit was known and felt only by a small literary circle; few were disposed to read—fewer still could comprehend it; and the ignorant and the idle revenged themselves by epigrams and satire. The lively and satirical remark of Madame de Deffant has been too frequently cited, *c’est de l’esprit sur les loix*. But neither these light attacks, nor the heavy criticisms of professed reviewers, could long delay the celebrity of a

book, which assumed, among the French themselves, that rank in literature which other nations had from the first assigned it. The previous reading necessary for such a work must have been immense, yet its author was nearly deprived of sight, and was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of others. His favourite writers were Plutarch, and above all Tacitus, between whom and himself there was a singular coincidence of style—the same energy, precision, and sometimes obscurity of diction. Of Tacitus, Montesquieu was accustomed to say, *he abridged every thing, because he saw every thing*; and by thus describing the genius of Tacitus, he has exactly defined his own. To this undoubtedly we must attribute that want of method and connection, which is too apparent in the *Spirit of Laws*—that seeming carelessness, which left to the sagacity and intelligence of the reader the task of connecting remarks, too often broken and dissimilar, by compelling him to supply those intermediate ideas, which the rapid and extensive genius of the author saw and passed over.

When Montesquieu published his *Temple of Gnidus*, he probably intended to show that the same hand which inscribed the History of Nations, the Revolutions of Empires, and the Spirit of Laws and Manners, could also sketch the lighter scenes of love and pleasure. In fact, its only merit consists in its having been written by the author of the *Spirit of Laws* and the *Considerations on the Romans*. A thousand empty and superficial minds could have better succeeded in this gallant but futile style of composition, than the robust genius of Montesquieu; he was too much constrained by the trifling nature of his subject. “It is,” says La Harpe, “like an eagle struggling in a cage.” Of the romance of *Arsace* we shall say nothing.

Montesquieu, after residing many years at his seat of *La Brede*, fully occupied by his important labours, went to Paris. A residence in that capital seems to have been fatal to many illustrious men, who, after having been long at a distance from it, are tempted to enjoy the fruits of their celebrity. Objects of general admiration, overpowered by the effusions of excessive and indiscreet applause, they sometimes experience, in the triumph of their vanity, sensations too exquisite for long duration. Montesquieu died at Paris, on the 10th of February, 1755, in his sixty-seventh year, far from his family and relatives; but surrounded, and deeply regretted, by the learned and illustrious of that metropolis. The king made repeated inquiries after his health, and his house was never for a moment free from a crowd of friends and admirers, who anxiously waited the event of his long and tedious illness. He died with the calm intrepidity of an honest man, who had so long devoted his talents, his time, and his fortune, to the instruction, the improvement, and the well-being of his fellow-creatures.

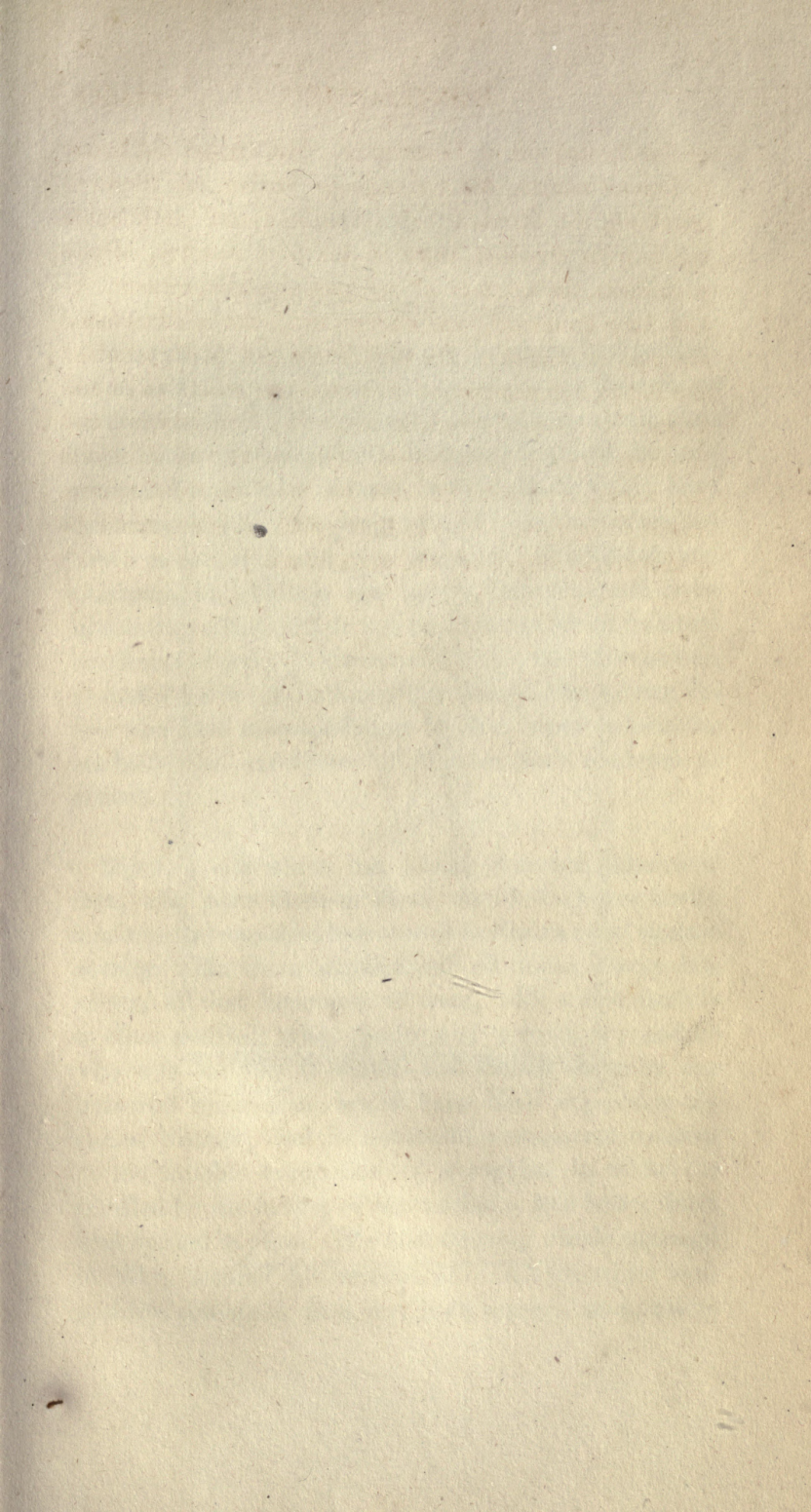
Though subject to frequent absence of mind, he was lively and cheerful in society; his conversation, abounding in wit and keenness of remark, was not inferior to his writings. His expenses were regulated by a wise economy, a certain portion of his income being always reserved for charity, and the numerous acts of benevolence which his death alone revealed. An anecdote, which is related of him, has been made the subject of a drama, under the title of the *Bienfait Anonyme*. Montesquieu, when at Marseilles, and sailing round the port in a boat, was struck with the melancholy air of the man who conducted him. Inquiring into the cause of so much dejection, the boatman informed him that his father had been taken by pirates, confined in Algiers, and that he

was then struggling to gain money sufficient to ransom him. On the same day, to the inexpressible astonishment of the young boatman, the money that was required for his pious purpose was paid into his hands, by persons unknown to him. He made many useless attempts to discover his benefactor; who was not discovered till after the death of Montesquieu, when, on the inspection of a paper, where an account of his disbursements was found, he proved to be the beneficent donor.

The unaffected modesty of this illustrious man would not permit any painting or bust to be taken of him: his aversion to any such exhibition of himself was long insurmountable. At length, Dassier, a celebrated medallist, went from London to Paris, to endeavour to procure a likeness of the great author of the *Spirit of Laws*. M. de Montesquieu, unwilling to spare the necessary time for the purpose, constantly resisted the pressing solicitations of the artist, till Dassier, after employing many arguments in vain, said to him, "Do you not think that there is greater vanity in refusing my request, than there would be in acceding to it?" This shrewd question disarmed the sage, and he submitted to be drawn.

The death of Montesquieu was considered as a general calamity, and excited the regret of other countries as well as his own. The striking observation of Tacitus, in the death of Agricola, might be applied to him:—*Finis vile nobis luctuosus, Patriæ tristis extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine curâ fuit*. The Earl of Chesterfield himself announced the death of this illustrious Frenchman, in the Evening Post:—"On the 10th of this month, died at Paris, universally and sincerely regretted, Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, and President à mortier

of the Parliament of Bourdeaux. His virtues did honor to human nature, his writings to justice. A friend to mankind, he asserted their undoubted and unalienable rights with freedom, even in his own country, whose prejudices, in matters of religion and government, he had long lamented, and endeavoured, not without some success, to remove. He well knew and justly admired the happy constitution of this country, where fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from tyranny, and freedom from licentiousness. His works will illustrate his name, and survive him as long as right reason, moral obligation, and the true spirit of laws, shall be understood, respected, and maintained."





Painted by A. de S. Aubin.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke.

London; Published by T. and A. Neave & Co. in the Strand.

PIRON.

POSTERITY judges of authors by their best productions, and discovers little curiosity respecting the number of their writings. The subject of this memoir would have held but a secondary rank in literature, had he only composed some tales in verse, which, though they have considerable point, are dryly related; some comedies, not above mediocrity; and two tragedies, *Callisthenes* and *Gustavus*, in which a few happy passages, and some interesting situations, do not compensate for an habitual harshness of style. One comedy alone, the *Metromania*, a chef-d'œuvre in its kind, has placed him among the few who have succeeded best in that career which the celebrity and excellence of Molière have rendered so difficult.

Dijon, a city which has produced several illustrious men, also gave birth to Piron, in 1689. Some family misfortunes compelled him to seek in Paris a relief against poverty. He there experienced all those disappointments, all that bitterness of want, with which merit is so often assailed, when destitute of protection; and he who was one day to enrich the French stage by one immortal production, would have been exposed to the utmost distress, had he not found a temporary resource in the humble occupation of a copyist, in which he excelled by the beauty of his writing. But better times soon opened to view. His *Metromania*, which appeared in 1738, secured his reputation. This ingenious composition combines, in a very high degree, an animated

dialogue, wit, and a fund of humour truly original. One cannot but admire the masterly manner in which he has drawn the character of the Poet, which, though abounding in eccentricity and whim, is throughout manly and interesting. It presented to every man of letters the useful lesson not to degrade his profession by becoming the apologist of supercilious ignorance.

The protection of some powerful friends, a pension in the *Mercure de France*, and a fortunate marriage, at length placed him in a state of respectability and comfort. Without any affectation of philosophy, Piron had that moderation in his desires, and in his habits, which constitutes the true philosopher.

His gaiety, his bon mots, the inexhaustible sallies of his wit, procured him in every society a high reputation, independent of his literary character. There are few persons who do not recollect some of his lively and pointed sayings. But with all this, he was in truth rather satirical than malignant; and the keenest epigrams which he uttered, or composed, were generally in his own defence. His principal ambition was to amuse his friends. He possessed, in his own character, much of that elevation and spirit which he has given to his Poet in the *Metromania*. If his many excellent qualities were obscured by any particular defect, it was perhaps by too exalted an opinion of his own merit. It is well known that the high celebrity of Voltaire was extremely irksome to him; and whenever that reflection was obtruded on his mind, it appeared to lose much of its usual sagacity. Thus, when he called his *Gustavus* the *only remaining tragedy* of the age, he, who was in general so prompt and so happy in pointing out others as objects of ridicule, did not consider how much he exposed himself to the

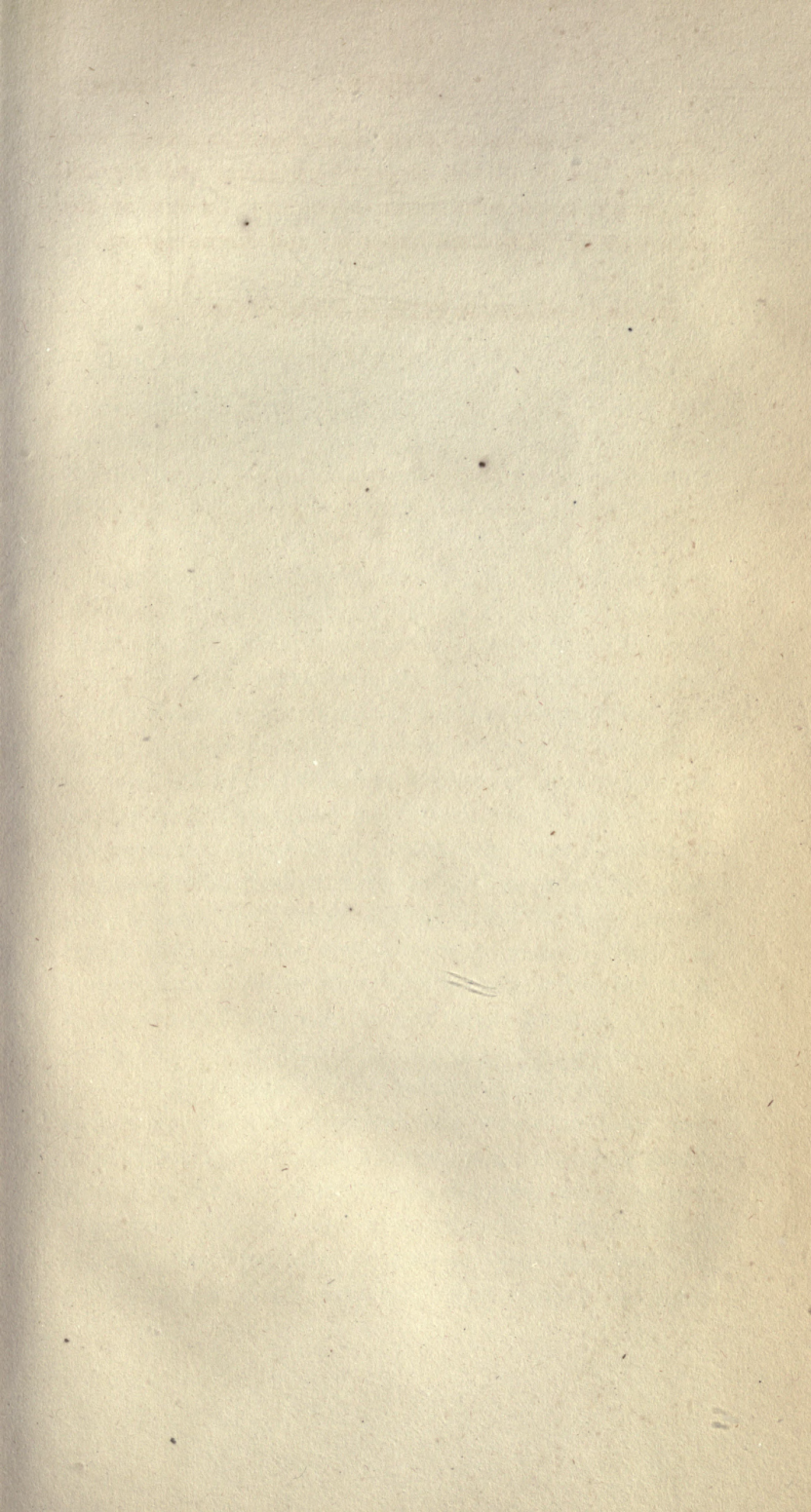
sarcasm of his enemies. It must be confessed, however, that his dislike to the first poet of the age was avowed and sincere. Voltaire never considered Piron as a despicable antagonist. That warm and irritable genius, whose vengeance never failed to pursue the daring critic who refused to subscribe to his renown, always evinced a degree of respect for Piron, and with a forbearance which certainly had not its origin in contempt, never appeared to notice his multiplied attacks.

We do not mean to speak with too much severity of Piron, in asserting that he deserves some censure for his numerous epigrams on the French academy. Though they are for the most part pointed and ingenious, it cannot be denied that all the crime of that illustrious body was the refusal to admit him among its members. The reason of this refusal is too well known. While therefore, from respect to the author of the *Metromania*, we omit even the name of the pernicious and immoral publication which excited the animadversion of the academicians, we cannot but applaud them for sacrificing to a sense of propriety, their earnest desire to enrol among their numbers, so celebrated a man.

Piron had always been extremely short-sighted, and towards the close of his life became entirely blind—a privation which he bore with fortitude and resignation. It has been generally supposed that he evinced, on his death-bed, a reverence for religion, for which, when in health, he had not been remarkable. Perhaps the painful recollection of the disappointments he had experienced in consequence of the licentious production of his youth, and which he had in vain endeavoured to consign to oblivion, had a decided and useful influence in his last moments. And we may venture to add, that if he did

display sentiments of piety and contrition, they were sincere: for of all the vices which afflict and degrade humanity, none were more absolutely foreign to the character of Piron, than hypocrisy and dissimulation.

He died at Paris, in 1773, in his 85th year.





Painted by Boucher.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke.

London Published by Toms, Hoar & Sharpe, Printers.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

As this woman, who ought never, perhaps, to have quitted the obscurity in which she was born, has acted so considerable a part on the theatre of the world, and exercised such influence over the government of a powerful monarchy, her name must necessarily be found among those personages whom history is bound to record.

Jane-Antonieta Poisson, so celebrated under the name of the Marchioness of Pompadour, born about the year 1720, was the granddaughter of the comedian Poisson. She owed her birth to the illicit connection of her mother with a farmer of the village of La Fertè-sous-jouare, who gained a precarious subsistence by selling corn to the contractors, and at that time had been compelled to abscond on suspicion of mal-practices. Such was the obscure and dishonorable origin of a woman, who was destined to become the mistress of France, to dispense at her pleasure, honors and riches, and to retain the most uncontrolled authority for almost twenty years. But her mother, an ambitious intriguing woman, who lived with Le Normand-Tournehem, a rich farmer-general, omitted no opportunity of producing her to the world, with the greatest advantages. Notwithstanding the vices of her parent, she was well educated ; was modest, amiable, and accomplished ; with lively talents and a benevolent heart. To enable her to appear at court, she was hastily married to Le Normand d'Etioules, who, after the advancement of his wife, was compelled to retire to a province, and live on the wages of his dishonor. The mother had long

formed the project of rendering her daughter the object of the king's attachment, and seized every occasion to expose her to his notice. Madame d'Etioles herself appeared very early to have conceived the same ambitious design of captivating the heart of Louis XV. then unoccupied, since the death of Madame de Chateauroux. "I was," says Voltaire, "the confident of her love. She confessed to me, that she had always a secret presentiment, of being one day beloved by the king, and that she had felt a violent inclination for him, without being able to comprehend it. Such an expectation, in a woman in her situation, appeared chimerical and absurd, but was owing to the frequent opportunities she had of seeing the king hunt in the forest of Senar, where Tournehem, her mother's lover, had a country house. Madame d'Etioles used to follow the king, seated in a beautiful calash. He observed her, and often sent her presents of squirrels. The mother never ceased to instil into her, that she was handsomer than Madame de Chateauroux; and old Tournehem was always repeating, that she was a morsel fit for a king." At length their designs succeeded: Louis XV. struck with her frequent appearance, and flattered, perhaps, by the persevering attentions of a beautiful woman, who seemed disposed to love him more as a man than as a monarch, declared his attachment. She was immediately created Marchioness of Pompadour, and soon obtained the most unbounded credit.

It is neither from the scandalous libels of the time, nor from the venal applause of those who obtained her protection, that we are to estimate the character of this favourite. Most of the impolitic measures which then disgraced the court of France, have been attributed to her influence; she is represented as having disposed at her will and pleasure, of every appointment under the

government; choosing and displacing ministers, generals, and magistrates, as her caprice dictated. It is even said, that she sent military plans to the commanders-in-chief, in which she had marked with *patches* the towns they were to take, and the roads they were to pursue. There is no doubt much exaggeration in these reports. Those who are better informed, well know that her power was not at first so despotic and so absolute; and that she frequently experienced contradiction and chagrin from the royal family, and even from some of the ministers. It is true that she afterwards took care to promote only those of whose submission and compliance she was morally certain, and kept at a distance others whose talents or spirit she dreaded. By a good fortune, not very common in persons in her situation, she became more powerful in proportion as her charms declined; and preserved to the last moment of her existence, her influence over the mind of her royal lover. To this influence must be ascribed all the events of the war of 1756, so calamitous for France, and so glorious for England. Highly flattered by a condescending note written to her by the empress-queen, she provoked that war, opposed every overture for peace; banished the Cardinal de Bernis, who conceived that peace was necessary; and by her choice of unskilful generals, incontestibly occasioned those disastrous campaigns by which the power of France was so much weakened, and her glory so much obscured.

It would be unjust, however, to withhold from Madame de Pompadour, any portion of praise where she appears really to have deserved it. She loved the arts, and encouraged those who cultivated them. Many artists and men of letters were indebted to her recommendation for places and pensions. She had formed one of the finest

cabinets in Paris, for books, pictures, and curiosities. She had also the merit of recommending a most useful establishment, that of the military school, of which Pâris Du Vernay was the first suggester. Though the severity of history, in condescending to notice the infamy of her station, will condemn the part she took in public affairs, yet those who delight to judge of characters by their private virtues or defects, will not refuse her the qualities of affability and humanity.

She died at Paris, in 1764, at the age of 44, with greater resignation than could be expected from a woman who had, to appearance, enjoyed so much happiness. A short time before she expired, the rector of the parish in which she resided, attended to prepare her for death. As he was taking his leave, "Stay a moment, Sir," said the Marchioness, "we will depart together." Louis XV. whose character was apathy itself, appeared little to regret her loss.



Painted by himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by T. Agnew & Sons, Printers, No. 1, Old Bailey.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL is one of those extraordinary men who can gain little by a repetition of praise. No other painter has been so uniformly and so justly celebrated; the greatest masters now derive the estimation in which they are held, only in proportion as they approach to the perfection of his works; those who adopt him as a model, do not presume to equal him, and none can become good painters without a deep and acknowledged sense of the superiority of this unrivalled artist. This is the opinion of connoisseurs; but Raphael enjoys another advantage peculiar to himself, and which is not attached to the reputation of any other: his name is familiar even to the lower classes of the people, who fancy that every good picture is the production of Raphael; he is, perhaps, the only master with whom they are acquainted; and it must be confessed, that to those who are ambitious of any kind of glory, the voice of the people is not so unimportant a sanction as many affect to imagine.

The life of Raphael, unlike that of so many illustrious men, does not present those vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, which so much increase the interest excited by a man of genius. He was uniformly opulent and prosperous, and nature had bestowed on him its choicest gifts. He had a handsome figure, an engaging physiognomy, and a soothing and persuasive eloquence, that conciliated and enforced every dictate of his mind. He possessed all the mild and amiable virtues; his candour, his modesty, and his disinterestedness, secured him the friendship of all who approached him. To the stings of professional jealousy he was a perfect stranger; and it

does not appear that he was assailed by the envy or jealousy of others, if we except Michael Angelo, who, however, rendered him ample justice. But of the merit of M. Angelo, Raphael was so fully sensible, that he would often exclaim, "I thank Heaven that I am born in the same age with that illustrious man!"

Duly to estimate the exalted talents of Raphael, it is only necessary briefly to sketch the events of his life,—unhappily for himself and the world, of too short a duration.

He was born at Urbino, 150 miles from Rome, in 1483. His father, John Sansio, himself an inferior painter, but a man of excellent judgment, soon foresaw what his son might become if placed in able hands. He placed him under the tuition of Perugino, who was then an artist of distinguished reputation, but who now enjoys no other fame than that of having been master to the first painter of the world. At first, Raphael copied the manner of Perugino; that is to say, he imitated nature with accuracy, but with stiffness. But though he soon surpassed his master, he felt that he yet knew but little, and eagerly repaired to Florence, to which he was attracted by the great fame of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. An examination of their works disclosed to him new ideas and a better method; their rivalry and disputes were useful to him, by the knowledge and talents which they displayed, and he soon began to paint in a higher style, though still inferior to that which he afterwards attained. Nor must it be omitted, to the praise of Raphael, that his good sense led him to seek information from every quarter; and the pictures of Masaccio, who died in 1443, and the advice of Bartolomeo of St. Mark, contributed not a little to his first improvements.

The reputation of Raphael now began to spread in Italy. Some family affairs recalled him to Urbino, which city he enriched with several of his works; he then returned to Florence, where he remained four years. He was in his twenty-fifth year, when Bramante, his uncle, who was architect to Julius II. persuaded that pontiff to make choice of Raphael for the embellishment of the Vatican. Such a choice must at the time have been considered as an act of great injustice to the many eminent painters who had been already employed by the pope. Bramante, who had probably discovered the great genius which his nephew possessed, conciliated in his favour the suffrages of the nobles; and Raphael was received in the capital of the Christian world, as one destined to restore the arts to their former splendour. When we consider this young painter, commencing this most formidable undertaking, surrounded by so many men whose interest it was that he should fail, and at a time when the art itself had not attained the perfection which it has since acquired, we may form some idea of that wonderful talent which made him surmount every obstacle, surpass the opinion which had been formed of him, and leave every rival far behind him. "It is probable," as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, "that we are indebted to the remarkable and critical situation in which he was placed, for the magnificent chef d'œuvres which he has left us." His first capital work in the Vatican was the *Alfresco*, known by the name of the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*. Although in the upper part of this picture, we may still recognize the pupil of Perugino, he displayed all the talent which afterwards distinguished him. His second piece, the *School of Athens*, acquired him all his glory: it is the master-piece of design among the moderns. From that time, he continued to produce those incomparable pieces, which prove that poetry, history, and

the sciences, were as familiar to him as painting. The success he experienced could not induce him to neglect his studies; he incessantly meditated the antique, and the beauties of the Sixtine Chapel, into which he was introduced by Bramante, in defiance of the prohibition of M. Angelo, inspired him with the ambition of attempting even beyond his former efforts. Of this we may be convinced on visiting another chamber of the Vatican. But the prodigious variety of his occupations, and the time which he devoted to architecture at the request of the pope, did not permit him to execute any part of the different compositions in which he was engaged. He contented himself with the design, and intrusted their execution to his pupils, of whom Julio Romano, Francesco Penni, Polidoro da Caravaggio, and Perini del Vaga, are the most celebrated.

It is remarkable, that the most capital fresco paintings of Raphael, in the Vatican, do not strike one immediately with that surprise, which, undoubtedly, is expected from the fame of that illustrious master; and a story is related by De Piles, that a person* of acknowledged taste and judgment, who was also an idolizer of Raphael, visiting the Vatican with an eager desire to study his works, passed by those very compositions with indifference, which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for.

That effect is supposed by De Piles to be occasioned by the want of strength of coloring proper for each object; that coloring not being sufficiently supported by a powerful chiaro-scuro. But Montesquieu accounts for

* Monsieur de Valincourt.

it in a different manner: he observes, that the works of Raphael strike little at first sight, because he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong coloring, or odd and singular attitudes of an inferior artist, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. And to illustrate this point he compares Raphael to Virgil; sublime, easy, natural, and majestic: and the Venetian painters, with their constrained attitudes, he compares to Lucan. Virgil, more natural, strikes us at first less, and strikes us afterwards more sensibly; Lucan strikes immediately, but strikes us abundantly less after. And certainly there cannot be a stronger test of the excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we at first feel to be not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently conversing with it, that it not only supports itself, but increases continually in our esteem, and at last leads to admiration.

An immense fortune was the consequence and reward of his multifarious labours; his house displayed all the magnificence of a prince; under the superintendence of Penni, it was always open to those who loved and cultivated painting. He was, besides, connected with the first literati of his age; Ariosto, Bembo, and Castiglione, gloried in his friendship, and with them he amused his leisure hours. He was munificent to his cotemporary artists, whose necessities he saw and relieved; and far from making a secret of his talents, he was prodigal of advice to his pupils, whose studies he incessantly directed; he would frequently interrupt his own work to attend to their progress; and when he walked in the streets of Rome, he was always surrounded by his favourite scholars.

The accession of Leo X. was still more favorable to the happy destiny of Raphael; but he in secret cherished a desire of quitting Rome. Francis I. had then auspiciously commenced a reign, which, notwithstanding many subsequent calamities, will always be marked as the era when literature and the arts first began to be encouraged in France. He invited Raphael to his court, and the illustrious painter would have acceded to his request, but was deterred by the intreaties of Bramante and the increasing liberality of Leo X. He then sent to the French monarch his picture of St. Michael, which was entirely executed by his own hand. For this he was so magnificently paid, that he considered himself obliged to send another to the king, which was his celebrated Holy Family. For this sublime production the king insisted on a still more liberal remuneration. It was in allusion to this generous struggle, that Francis I. in a letter which he wrote to Raphael, asserted, that all men of superior talents were upon an equal rank with sovereigns. Raphael, affected by so much condescension, then conceived his first idea of the Transfiguration, which he intended to present to Francis, as an act of becoming homage to his munificent and discerning patron. He had beside, another motive; he had, by this time, painted the rooms of the Vatican, the Farnesine Psyche, and he had sketched his famous cartoons; he had completed innumerable other master-pieces; but at length his genius appeared to slumber awhile, and criticism had already begun to exercise itself upon some later compositions, which had been entirely executed by his pupils. He determined to silence the malignant attacks of his adversaries, and began that matchless performance, which was to be the perfection of the art. At the very same time, Michael Angelo had presented Sebastian del Piombo with a design of the resurrection of Lazarus, with a view of opposing this picture

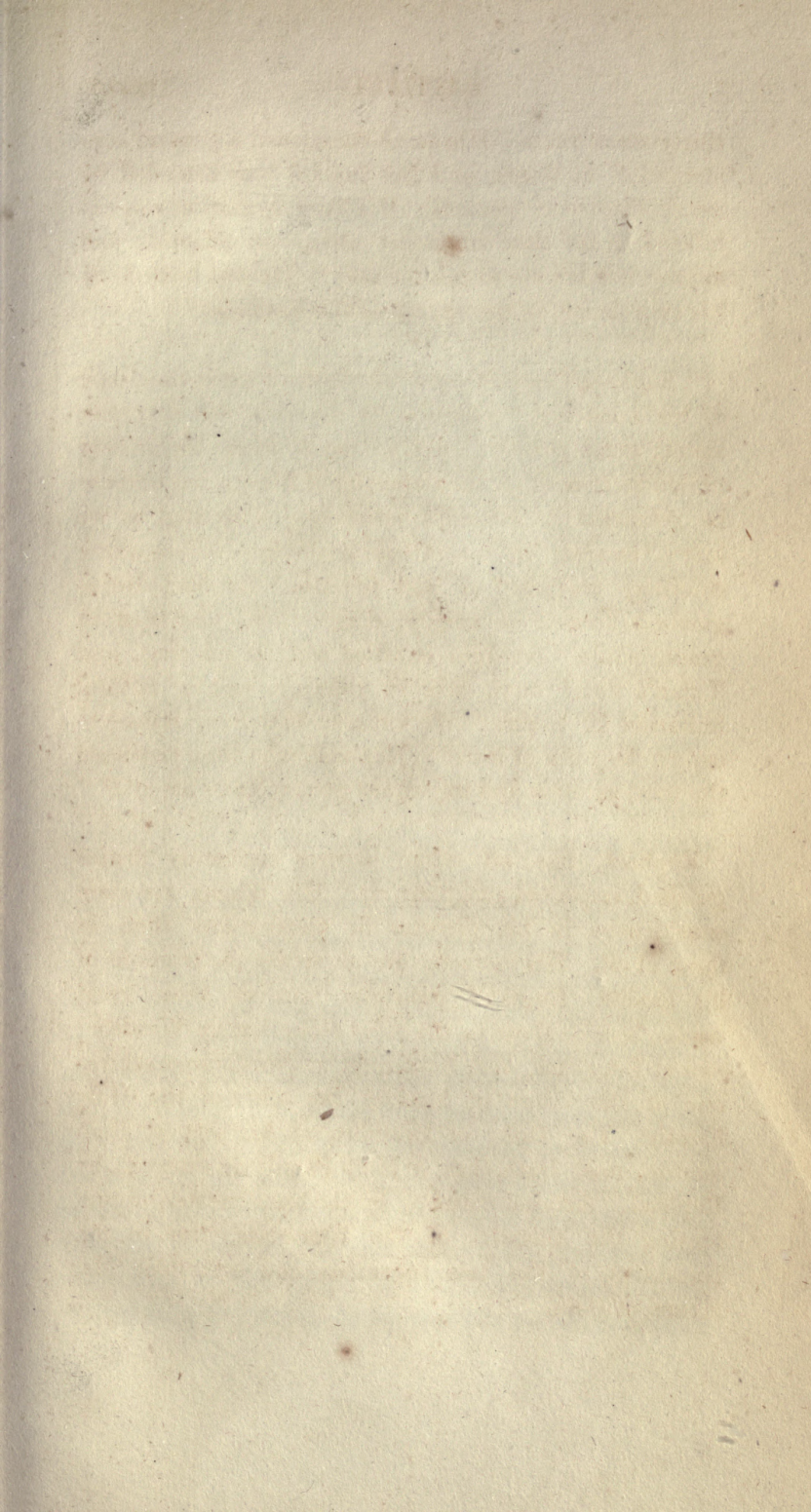
to that of Raphael. This was another stimulus for the latter to exert all the powers of his mighty genius ; and it occasioned him to say, "That it would have been dishonorable to struggle with Sebastian, but that it was glorious to contend with M. Angelo!" The world was about to be presented with the most finished production ever executed by the hand of man, but the premature death of Raphael prevented its completion. He had always indulged a violent passion for the sex, and in a city where his merit procured him the most unbounded license, he had too many opportunities of gratifying his propensity. Some of his friends were not ashamed of assisting at his indiscretion ; and a cardinal, who had invited him to his palace, in order to finish some paintings, was compelled also to admit his mistress.

The Cardinal Bibiena, desirous of withdrawing him from so much dissipation, had offered him his own niece in marriage ; but Raphael, who had consented to this union only in deference to the cardinal, and who had besides received from Leo X. the promise of being created a cardinal himself, was in no haste to marry the niece of his friend, and continued to lead the most voluptuous life.—At length, his imprudence injured his health, and the fatal excess produced a fever in his blood. A sense of shame prevented him from disclosing the cause to his physicians, and he fell a victim to their ignorance of his malady. He beheld the approach of death with pious resignation. He dismissed the woman who had shared his guilt, but settled upon her a sufficient sum to prevent her from again falling into similar errors. The names of all his pupils are to be found in his will. Francesco Penni, Julio Romano, and a priest of Urbino, his relation, were his principal legatees. At length, on Good Friday, 1519, the anniversary of his birth, he expired at the age of

thirty-seven years. His death occasioned a general consternation in Rome, and his funeral was attended by many illustrious persons. His Transfiguration was exhibited in its then imperfect state,—an affecting and appropriate tribute to his memory! He was buried, by his own desire, in the church of the Rotunda.

“Raphael,” says Mengs, who is the least enthusiastic of his admirers, “undoubtedly deserves the first rank among great painters; not so much from his having united in himself all the requisites of his art, but because he possessed its essential attributes. Painting, as we know, consists in several parts—design, chiaro-scuro, coloring, composition, and freedom. Raphael distinguished himself in design, composition, and even in grace, while Correggio excelled only in coloring; and Titian’s chief merit was in coloring, and a faithful imitation of nature. We cannot, therefore, refuse to assign the palm of merit to Raphael, who thus possessed the most sublime and important principles of his art.”

Raphael, like all other persons eminently distinguished, improved progressively. His talents are more conspicuous in his pictures in water-colors than in those of oil. His cartoons are assuredly the triumph of his genius. England possesses four of these great works, besides those in the royal collection at Windsor; two at Boughton, near Kettering, in Northamptonshire: one of the vision of Ezekiel, the other of the Holy Family. The Duke of Beaufort, at his seat at Badminton, near Bath, has a Holy Family in cartoon, by Raphael. Another cartoon, by the same master, representing the Massacre of the Innocents, was in the possession of the late ingenious and excellent Mr. Hoare, of Bath.





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, 257.

REMBRANDT.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary painters of the Flemish school. He was born on the 15th of June, 1606, between the villages of Leyerdorp and Koukerch, near the city of Leyden. His father, Herman Gerretsz Van Ryn, was a miller, and rented a mill on the border of the Rhyne, by which he acquired the surname of Van Ryn, though his family name was Gerretsz. The miller had the sagacity to perceive in his son a more than ordinary genius, and determined that he should be a scholar, rather than follow his own profession.

But, notwithstanding this apparent vivacity, Rembrandt could scarcely be taught to read. He was more taken up with the study of design, than of the sciences, which induced his father, who attentively watched all his motions, to place him under Van Zwanenburg, a painter of Amsterdam. He soon discovered an inventive genius, and a facility of execution, which astonished his master. At the end of three years he had mastered every secret of his art, and made those discoveries which procured him the character of originality that always distinguished him. Lastman, Pinas, and Schoolin, were, afterwards, successively his masters: he then returned to his father's, and, for a long time, would have no other painting room than the mill. The space he reserved to himself, he inclosed on all sides, with the exception of a single aperture, from which he received a partial light, and which directing its rays on only one part of his pictures, procured him all the magic of the chiaro-scuro. There, retired from the world, he supposed he should remain in

peace and obscurity; but some of his brother-artists, by a very uncommon proceeding, contributed to make him known, and advised him to take to Amsterdam a picture which he had finished. For this he received one hundred florins, a sum which he then thought inexhaustible, and which proved the foundation of his future opulence and success. The celebrity he acquired by some portraits, determined him, at length, to seek a wider circle, and he removed to Amsterdam in 1630. He was, in a short time, so overwhelmed by business, and the number of his pupils, that he was compelled to hire a warehouse, in which he constructed a closet for each of his pupils; by which means they were less able to disturb each other, and he himself was less liable to interruption.

When he no longer could doubt of his success, he married a young village girl, of Ramdorp, whose portrait he has often drawn. At this time he was accustomed to finish his pictures with all the accuracy and minuteness of Mieris. His *St. Peter's Back*, *Haman* and *Ahasuerus*, the *Woman taken in Adultery*, and *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, are as remarkable for their admirable finishing, as for their spirit and strength of coloring; but as his fame and emoluments increased, he became negligent, and the more he gained, the more was he tormented by an insatiable desire of gain. The anecdotes told of his ingenious manœuvres to obtain money, are innumerable, and betray the most refined avarice. This unhappy vice, which seldom diminishes with age, he carried to such excess, that he would connive at his son's selling his engravings, and make it appear that they had been offered to sale without his knowledge. At other times he would send them to a public auction, and attend himself, to increase their price by his own bidding. By a refinement in avarice, till then unknown, he was accus-

tomed to take impressions from his plates before they were finished. After these had had a considerable sale, he would finish the plate, and sell it as a new engraving; and, even when it was worn out, he was known to make some fresh alterations, by which he procured a third sale for the same plate. His wife, who was as avaricious as himself, persuaded him one day to conceal himself, and to suffer a report to be spread that he was dead, in order to insure a greater price for his works: the experiment succeeded, and Rembrandt had the satisfaction of laughing at those whom he had thus deceived. Notwithstanding these unworthy tricks, many have asserted that he died poor, but the sums he acquired by the sale of his pictures were immense; and as, according to Houbraken, he was extremely economical in his expences, he must have left very considerable riches at his decease.

If this great painter had moved in a circle of greater opulence, there would have been a material difference in his works—his choice of subjects would have been more elevated—his style of painting more noble, and he would have dignified the natural genius with which he was gifted. In vain did his friend, the Burgomaster Six, attempt to draw him into more polished societies—Rembrandt desired to live only among people inferior to himself. If he quitted them for others of higher rank, it was only to lay these under contribution, and would abruptly leave them when he had received the sums he exacted. Thus he lived, alternately occupied by the love of his art, and the love of money, till he attained his 68th year, and expired in 1674.

Rembrandt would have been a much greater painter had he been born at Rome, or had studied there. He owed his talent entirely to nature, and was little desirous

of attaining the graces of his art. If ever he approached perfection, it was without either design or consciousness, merely by the force of his imagination, and his close adherence to natural objects. His most remarkable characteristic, is the beauty of his colouring. To this favorite point he willingly sacrificed every other consideration of judgment, taste, design, and correction: he had no other notion of antiquity, than in the casual delineation of old armour, or worn-out tapestry; he neither understood history nor mythology, and never submitted to the study of perspective. Inimitable in his manner and coloring, he is perhaps the worst model that can be followed by a young artist. His portraits are admirable, but as they are in general thickly colored, they are but seen at a small distance. From the bold style of painting which his pictures exhibit, we are led to suppose that he executed with considerable facility; but his uncertainty in the selection of attitudes and drapery, and his little acquaintance with the works of the Italian masters, often occasioned him to lose sight of the vigour and animation of his first ideas. He would frequently alter, four or five times, the head of a portrait, and the patience of those who sat to him would have been exhausted, had not the force and fidelity of his pencil amply compensated for the suspense he occasioned.

Whatever Rembrandt designed, was without dignity, but full of expression; his pains possessed fire, but he was incapable of elevation; he was ignorant of the resources that may be drawn from poetry; allegory and costume were utterly unknown to him: his dresses were always the same, and so whimsical, that they appear to be sketched in the style of a masquerade, rather than as pictures of national customs. His historical works are by no means so numerous as his portraits, and the few we

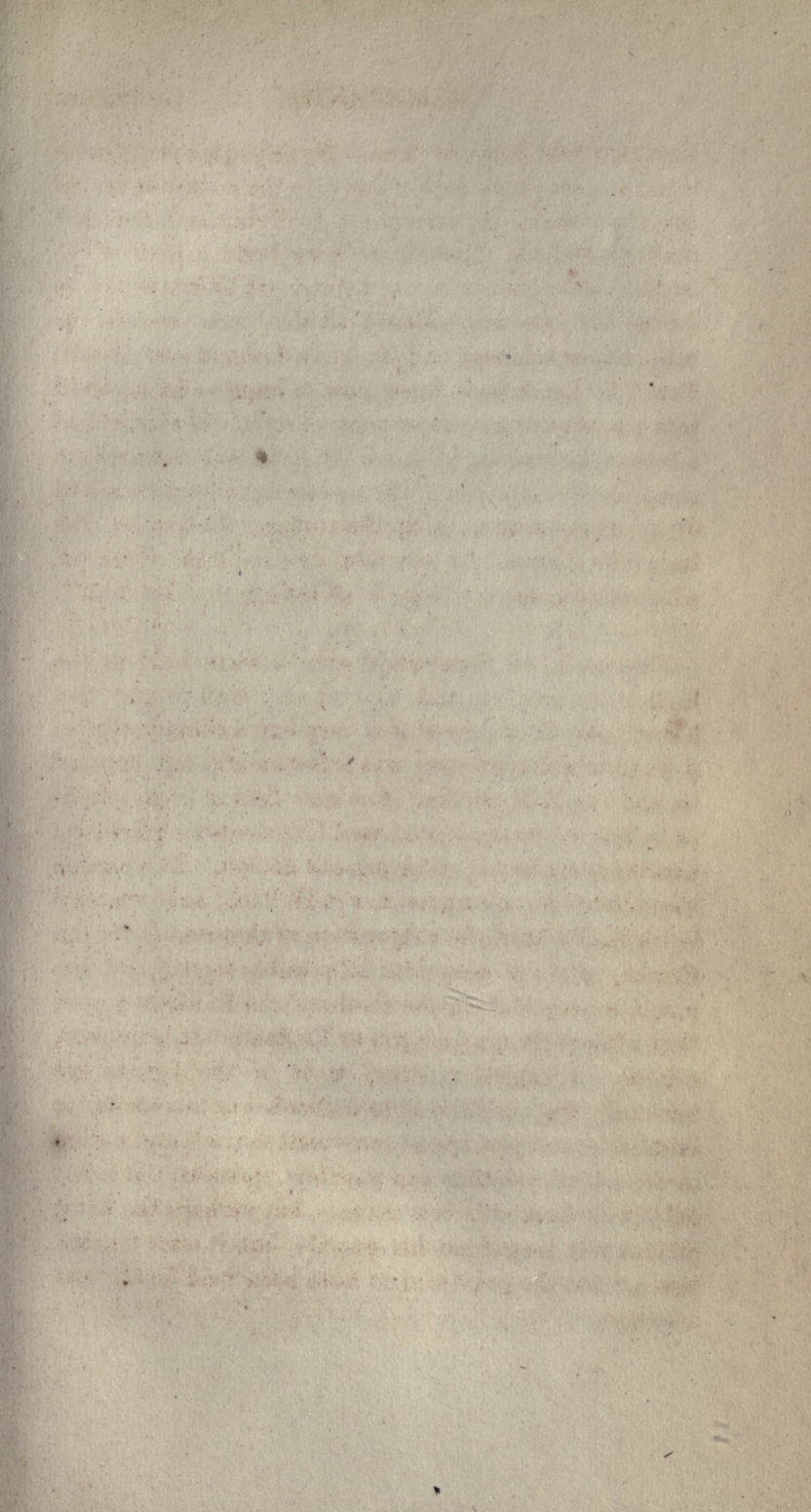
have, are as ridiculous in the eyes of the learned, as they are admirable in the estimation of painters.

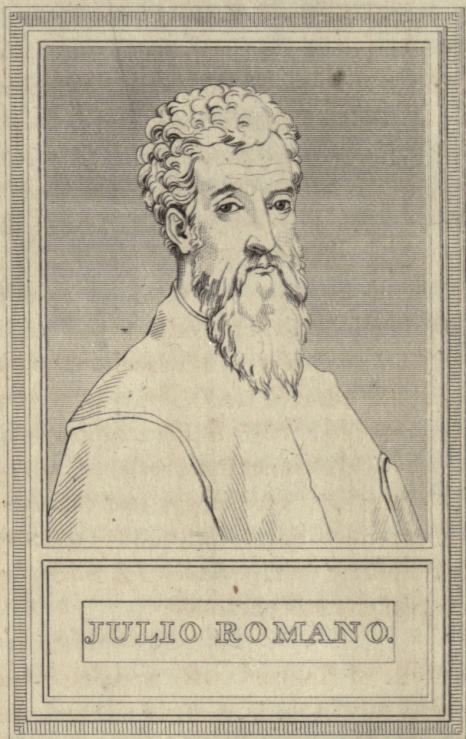
His designs, except in his portraits, are scarcely more tolerable, and of these, the heads alone were well drawn. He was so conscious of his inability to sketch the hands, that he concealed them as frequently as he could. His women seldom possess the grace of their sex. Whenever he attempted a naked figure, he displayed little correctness or elegance; they are short, of a meagre, unnatural form, and their extremities either too large or too small, without the slightest attention to proportion or grace. But if he thus failed in the correctness and purity of design, Rembrandt, by the beauty of his coloring, the strength of his touch, and management of chiaro-scuro, will bear a comparison with the greatest painter that ever existed.

“Rembrandt Van Ryn,” observes M. Fuseli, “was a meteor in art. Disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the Temple of Fame, he boldly forged his own keys, entered and took possession of a most conspicuous place by his own powers. He was undoubtedly a genius of the first class, in whatever is not immediately related to form or taste. In spite of the most potentous deformity, and without considering the spell of his chiaro-scuro, such were his powers of nature, such the grandeur, pathos, or simplicity of his composition, from the most elevated or extensive arrangement, to the meanest or most homely, that the most untutored and the best cultivated age, plain common sense and the most refined sensibility, dwell on them enthralled. Shakspeare alone excepted, no one combined with so much transcendant excellence, so many, in all other men, unpardonable faults, and reconciled us to them. He possessed the full empire of light and shade, and all the

tints that float between them. He tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon-tide ray, in the vivid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered darkness visible. Though made to bend a stedfast eye on the bolder phenomena of nature, yet he knew how to follow her into her calmest abodes, gave interest to insipidity or boldness, and plucked a flower in every desert. Few, like Rembrandt, knew how to improve an accident into a beauty, or give importance to style. If ever he had a master, he had no follower: Holland was not made to comprehend his power; the succeeding school consisted of colorists, content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shamble, and the haze of winter, with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns."

The works of Rembrandt were always held in the highest estimation, and sold at very high prices; this has recently been proved in a very extraordinary degree. A picture by this master, was a few months ago exposed to sale by public auction, and after having been bought in by the owner, was purchased by private contract by a wealthy connoisseur, at the price of £5,000. This picture was painted for a burgomaster in Holland, and remained in his family until the subjugation of that country by the French, when it was, with all possible secrecy and dispatch, conveyed along the shores of the Baltic to a port, from whence it was shipped to England. It is unquestionably a capital picture; most of the figures are unusually fine, and the light diffused over the whole, is inimitable, and perhaps as consonant to truth and nature as the art of painting can possibly represent. It is not only in Rembrandt's best manner, but perhaps the finest picture ever seen from his pencil: but it must be confessed, that the price said to have been paid for it, was immense.





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Booksellers, 1807.

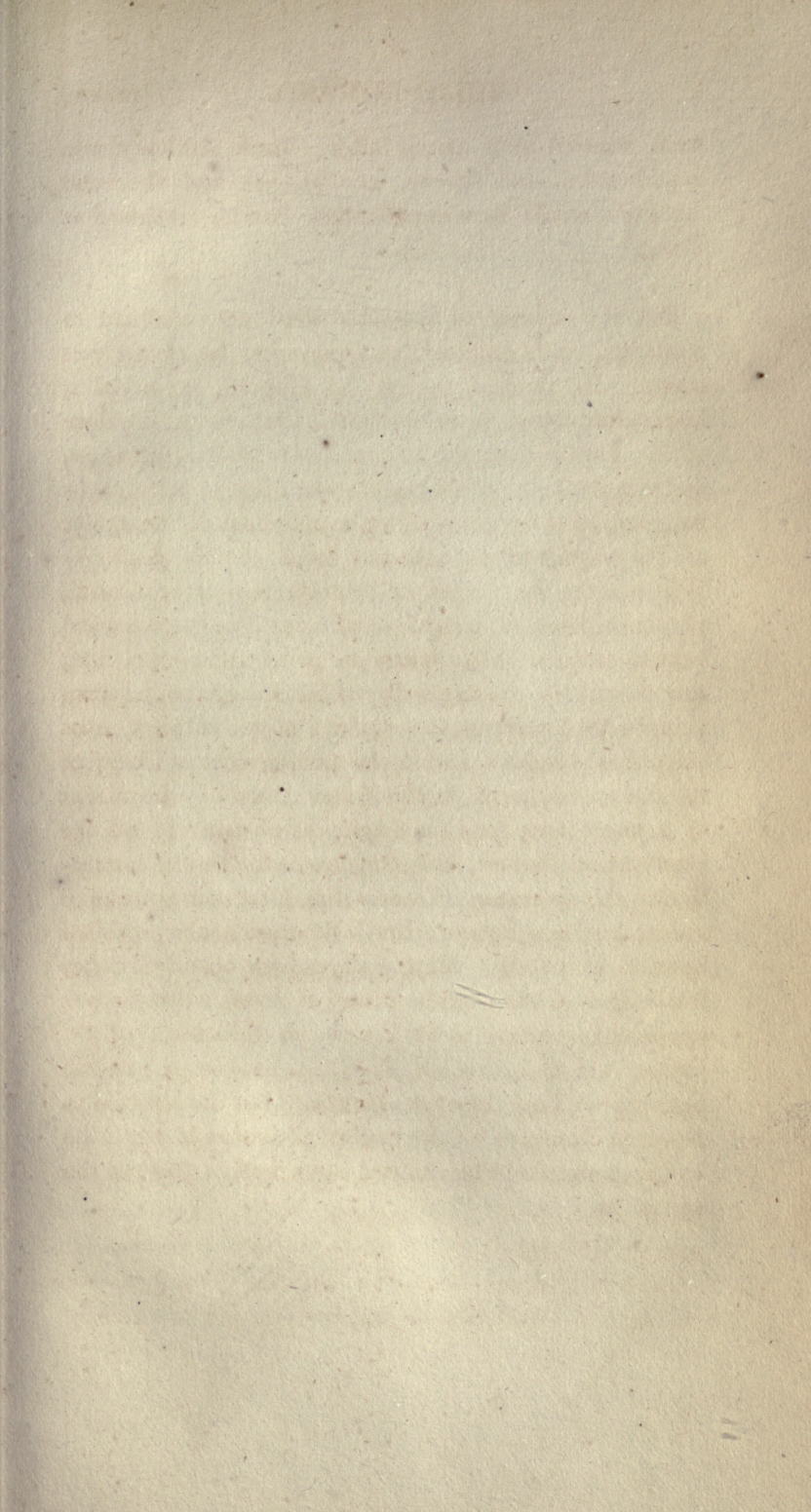
JULIO ROMANO.

THIS great artist, the esteemed pupil and continuator of the works of Raphael, was born at Rome, in 1492. His former name was Pippi. At an early age he had the honor to superintend the works, unfinished of his master, which roused that loftiness of conception, and gave birth to those magnificent plans, from which arose Mantua and the wonders of the palace Del T, as by enchantment. His happy execution, and correctness of design, rendered him worthy of this distinction. In whatever degree he was subordinate to the conceptions of Raphael, he endeavoured to imitate him in grace; but when death deprived him of his immortal guide, he at times forgot his lessons, and shewed himself dry, and frequently grotesque. Still in his compositions, and in his style, he was always sublime, majestic, and profound. The study of history, mythology, and the antique, enriched his inventive mind; but nature was overlooked. The little simplicity that pervades his works, proves to what an extent she was neglected.

At the death of Raphael, who appointed him one of his executors, he was made choice of to finish the picture which that great master had left imperfect. This was alone sufficient to confirm his fame. He was solicited, by the Duke of Mantua, to quit Rome, but was urged to it by the following circumstance. He had furnished the engraver, Mark Anthony, with designs for twenty obscene prints, from the sonnets of Aretino, which the celebrity of the poet tended to circulate. The artists

were accused and sought after; Mark Anthony was apprehended, and thrown into prison; and the same fate Julio would have experienced, had he continued at Rome.

But the talents of Romano were not confined to painting: as an architect and engineer, he claims our regard. He fortified the city of Mantua, preserved it from inundations, and constructed the celebrated palace of T. This monument he enriched with his paintings; and it is by these specimens in every class of picturesque imagery, that we should form a judgment of the extent of his acquirements and the force of his genius.—Whatever be the subject or scenery, minute or colossal, simple or complex, terrible or pleasing, we trace a mind bent to surprise or to dazzle by poetic splendour; but, sure to strike at the originality of his conception, he often neglects propriety in the conduct of his subjects, considered as a series; and in the arrangement or choice of the connecting parts, hurried into extremes by the torrent of a fancy more lyric than epic, he disdains to fill the intermediate chasms, and often leaves the task of connection to the spectator. Francis the First endeavoured to seduce him into France; but Julio could not be prevailed upon to quit Italy. Many palaces have been built after his designs in the neighbourhood of Rome, where he was appointed architect to St. Peters, on the death of St. Gallo. On this occasion, the Duke used every possible entreaty to keep him at Mantua; but he resolved to repair to Rome, to fill the important station to which he had been elected; when he was carried off in 1546, at the age of 54.





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Toms, Hood & Sharpe, Duncery, 1807.

SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR ROSA was born at Naples, in the year 1615, and received his first knowledge of design and coloring from his kinsman, Francesco Francazano. By the death of his father, he was reduced to the lowest poverty, and compelled to expose his first paintings in the public streets. In this situation he remained some time, until one of his designs falling into the hands of Lanfrane, he took the young painter under his protection, and instructed him in his art. Rosa, from this change in his circumstances, was admitted in the school of Spagnoletto, whom he followed to Rome, where his genius began to disclose itself, and his reputation became confirmed.

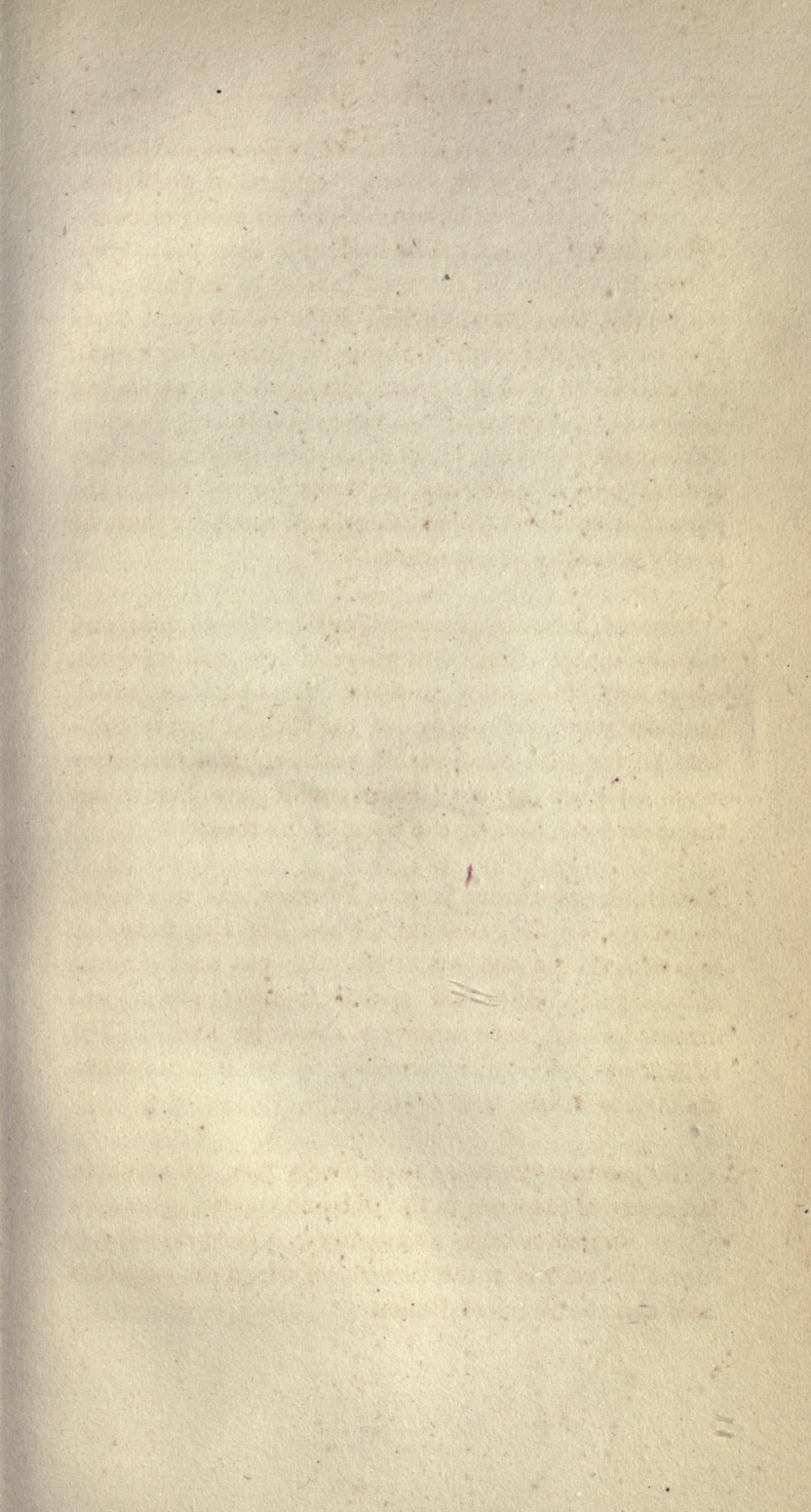
Salvator received from nature an enlarged and comprehensive mind; a lively, fertile, and poetic imagination. The extreme facility with which he painted, carried him at times beyond the severe rules of taste: his historical pictures, therefore, are inferior to his landscapes and his battles. It is in those works in which he worked from the exuberance of his own fancy, that he gave the greatest proof of extraordinary talents. His compositions, in general, have peculiar force and energy; his touch is vigorous, his design bold and natural; and throughout his pictures we may perceive an admirable correspondence of ideas, execution, and effect. This painter studied nature with profound attention and judgment. Every thing is of a piece; his rocks, trees, sky, even to his handling, have the same rude and wild character which animates his figures, but he chose to represent her in her utmost grandeur and magnificence, and at times under an aspect truly terrific. His battles are sanguinary in the extreme; his sea-pieces represent the most disastrous

tempest, and his landscapes scenes of wildness and horror. "He delights," says M. Fuseli, "in ideas of desolation, solitude, and danger, impenetrable forests, rocky or storm-lashed shores; in lonely dells leading to dens and caverns of banditti, alpine ridges, trees blasted by lightning, or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart a murky sky; lowering or thundering clouds, and suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds, forlorn travellers, wrecked mariners, banditti lurking for their prey, or dividing their spoils. But this general vein of sublimity or terror forsook him in the pursuit of witcheries, apparitions, and spectres: here he is only grotesque or capricious."

Salvator, however, possessed considerable humour, and a lively imagination, that procured him many friends, whom he had the art to preserve. His education, which had been particularly attended to, enabled him to cultivate poetry with considerable success. His satires are much esteemed by the Italians, who gave him a distinguished rank among the poets of his time.

Salvator passed nine years at Florence, and was loaded with favors by the grand duke, whose liberality furnished him with all the comforts of life. He was fond of music and the stage, composed several theatrical pieces, and invented, daily, some novelty to amuse his friends. His talents and conviviality remained to his last moments. He died at Rome, aged 58.

His genuine works are exceedingly rare and valuable, but many of them are in the rich and curious collections of the English nobility and gentry. A most capital picture of Salvator is in the Louvre, of which the subject is Saul and the Witch of Endor.





Painted by Wigel.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke.

London Published by Vernon Hood & Sharpe, Printers.

STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND.

FEW men have more experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, or were more deserving of her favors, than Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland, Duke of Lorraine and Bar. He was the son of the grand treasurer of the crown, and born at Leopold on the 10th of October, 1677. His constitution, naturally feeble, was strengthened by a masculine education, and his mind happily cultivated, became enriched with all that ancient or modern literature could produce. He studied with considerable advantage the laws of his country; and visited afterwards the principal courts in Europe. On his return from Italy he found his grandfather, Sobieski, on the point of death. His decease was followed by a turbulent interregnum. Several palatines aspired to succeed him. Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony, in the end prevailed, and was crowned on the 15th of September, 1697. At the same moment Charles XII. of Sweden, ascended the throne. He was young, and conceived incapable of resistance. Three great powers resolved to possess themselves of his states. But the intrepid Alexander of the North, attacked the Danes in their own territories, overpowered the Muscovites at Narva, and turned his army against Frederic Augustus. This prince was soon after compelled to resign his crown: and Charles, who had proved himself sufficiently strong to deprive the Poles of one king, pretended to have a right of giving them another. Stanislaus, then in his twenty-sixth year, Palatine of Posnania, General of Great Poland, and

deputed by Charles XII. to the Assembly of Darlovie, inspired so much esteem in the mind of the conqueror, that Charles placed the sceptre in his hands. In an assembly at *Colo*, he proclaimed him King; and even compelled Augustus to congratulate his rival upon his elevation to the throne.

Stanislaus was very soon universally acknowledged by his new subjects, whose happiness he had at heart. But the disasters of Charles at Pultowa, were the beginning of his own misfortunes. Deprived of the succour of his protector he was obliged to abandon Poland, that was already filled with Russian troops, and of which the major part declared in favor of Augustus. It was at this crisis that Stanislaus evinced the greatness of his mind. Stralsund, Stettin, and Rostock, beheld in him alternately the intrepid soldier and skilful general. But all his efforts proving fruitless, he abdicated the throne, in order to stop the effusion of blood which had been shed in his cause. He fled with his family to Dresden, where he experienced a calamity, which he more sensibly felt than the loss of his dominions, in the death of his eldest daughter. Soon after, the demise of Charles XII. destroyed all his hopes. He then returned to Wassembourgh, in Alsace. Frederic Augustus, indignant at the asylum which had been granted to Stanislaus, ordered his envoy, Sum, to present a remonstrance to the court of France. It was on this occasion that the regent replied to Sum, in these remarkable words: "Tell your master that France has ever been the asylum of unfortunate kings."

In 1725, seven years after, the marriage of Louis XV. with the daughter of the King of Poland, having been

celebrated at Fontainebleau, Stanislaus resolved to take up his residence at Chambord, and to forget in the sweets of repose the mischances of his past life. But his misfortunes were not yet terminated; the death of Frederic Augustus, and the voice of a number of his countrymen, recalled him into Poland. Duty, rather than inclination, determined him to resume a crown, which had never been to him a source of felicity. He set out in the disguise of a peasant, and arrived at Warsaw, where he discovered himself; and suddenly, by one hundred thousand voices, was again proclaimed King of Poland. But his kingdom was agitated by faction. Some powerful states excited the malcontents, whom Stanislaus might have reduced to obedience. Still the idea of a civil war, and of which he was the object, was frightful to him. He was unwilling to consolidate his power by force of arms, and replied to those who urged him to act against the insurgents: "If my throne must be cemented by the blood of my people, I would much rather renounce it for ever." This excessive goodness and indecision hastened his fall. The assistance of France having failed in preventing the election of Frederic Augustus III. son of Frederic Augustus of Saxony; and Russia and Austria having declared in favor of the new king, Stanislaus was obliged to fly to Dantzic, where he was idolized by the inhabitants. Besieged by the Russians, and seeing the city reduced to the most deplorable state, Stanislaus resolved to quit the place, to afford Dantzic the liberty of capitulating. This unfortunate prince, wandering in the midst of forests, always surrounded by enemies, and frequently betrayed by that air of dignity which burst forth through the tattered garments that covered him, was at length enabled to reach the dominions of the King of Prussia

who received him with all the consideration due to a persecuted sovereign from an august prince. The mind of Stanislaus still retained its wonted firmness. "Our misfortunes," said he, in a letter to the queen his daughter, "are only great in the eyes of ambition, who know none greater than the loss of a crown. Ought I to stretch out my hands to regain it? No; it is better to be resigned to the will of Providence, whose dispensations convince us of the futility and nothingness of the things of this world."

The peace of 1736, decided the fate of Stanislaus. It was agreed that he should abdicate the throne, but that he should retain the title of King of Poland, and Grand Duke of Lithuania; that his private patrimony should be restored; and that he should receive, by way of indemnity, the Dutchies of Lorraine and of Bar; which, after his death, should be united to France.

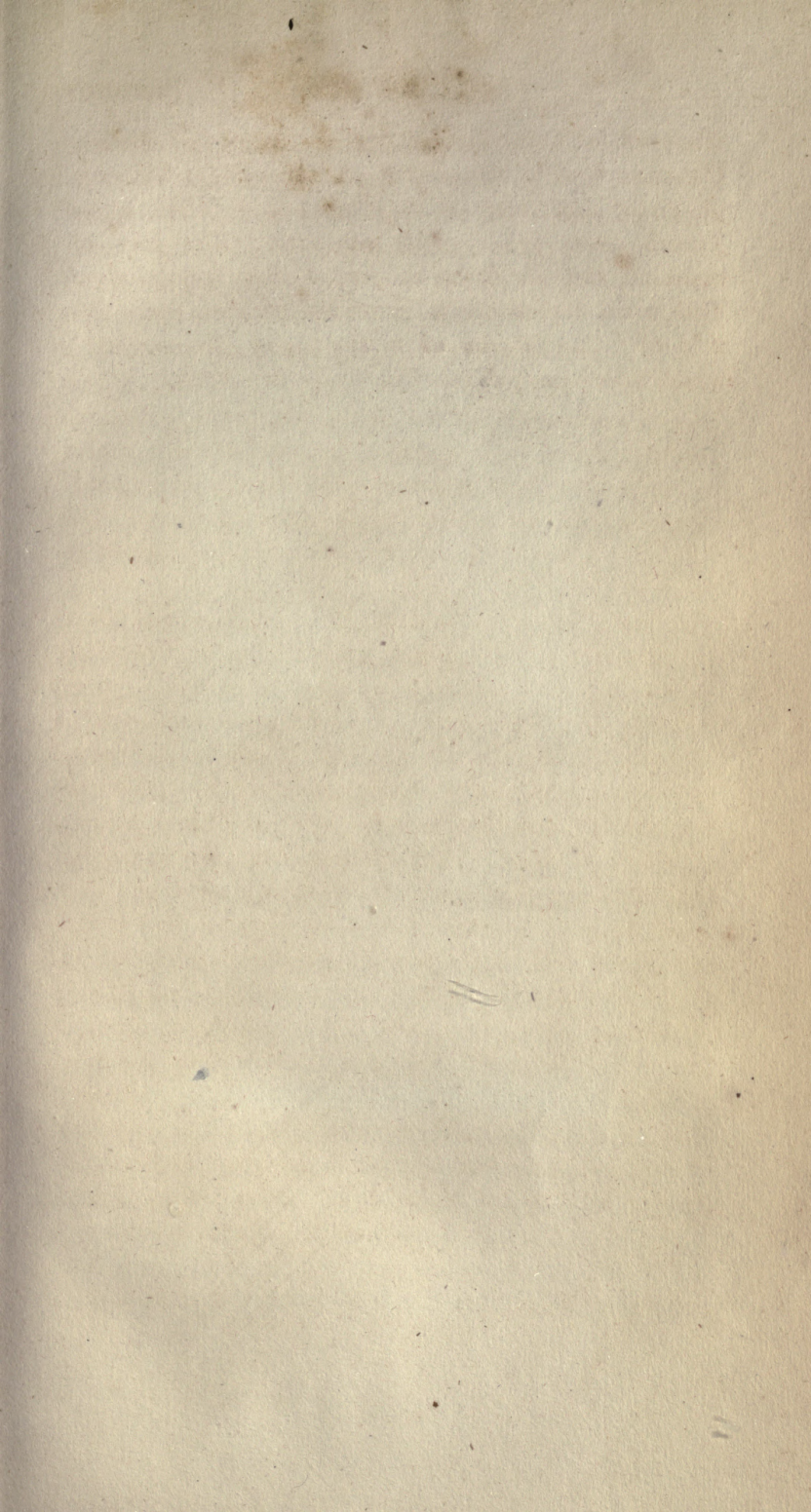
The quiet life of a philosopher suited the character of Stanislaus; this he enjoyed on his new acquisitions. Happy in contributing to the comfort of his people, he passed his time either in study or with his friends. His benevolence was extended to every class of society, and the wants of the indigent especially engrossed his thoughts. This prince sent to the magistrates of the city of Bar, eighteen thousand crowns, to be laid out in the purchase of wheat, when at a low price; who afterwards sold it to the poor at a moderate rate when it became dear. This measure, which reflects as much honour on the goodness of his heart, as his prudence, and the paternal care which he incessantly manifested for his subjects, induced them to give him the surname of *Beneficent*; the appellation Stanislaus in truth

merited. He proved himself ever the friend of humanity, and instituted several useful establishments. Nancy, Luneville were embellished; the little city of Saint Diez, destroyed by fire, was rebuilt; he founded hospitals for children; seminaries for youth; and houses of retirement for old age. Lorraine under Stanislaus might form some conception of the happiness of Rome under Titus. Happy and flourishing, she only demanded the prolongation of the life of so good a prince, when a tragical accident hastened his death. His *Robe de Chambre* one morning caught fire, and a fever occasioned by the flames terminated his existence, on the 23rd of February, 1766.

In the person of Stanislaus may be seen two different men on the same throne; the one worthy of giving happiness to a quiet state, disturbed by no faction, and whose prosperity consists in the paternal attentions of its king. The other incapable, by the indecision of his character, to strengthen a tottering empire, and to demand obedience from a volatile and restless people, inconstant in their affections, and ever ready to arm against their prince. But if Stanislaus had not all the qualities which compose a great king, he had those of a virtuous sovereign. His heart was good, and misfortunes had perhaps augmented his natural kindness. His eloquence was persuasive, nervous, and without art, and his mind active and penetrating. He was ready at repartée, and this talent remained to his last moments.—During the fever which his accident produced, the queen recommended him to guard against cold. “You ought rather,” he replied, “to caution me against *heat*.”

Stanislaus cherished the arts and cultivated them.

His court at Luneville became the Athens of France. He encouraged talents, and appeared to forget his own in giving brilliancy to those of others. He spoke French with purity and elegance. The love of mankind, and his desire to render them happy, gave birth to the various tracts he left behind him, under the title of "The Works of a Beneficent Philosopher," which have been published in 4 vols. 8vo. 1765.





E. of STRAFFORD

Printed by Vanduyck.

Engraved by Geo. Cooke.

London: Publish'd by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Pauls; 1807.

STRAFFORD.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, Earl of Strafford, was descended from a very ancient family in Yorkshire, and was eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, of Wentworth Woodhouse, in that county, Bart. by Anne, daughter of Robert Atkinson, of Stowell, in the county of Gloucester. He was born April 13, 1593, in Chancery-Lane, London, in the house of Mr. Atkinson, his grandfather, and educated in St. John's College, Cambridge. In the year 1611, he married the Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis, Earl of Cumberland, and was knighted; and the same year travelled into France. On his return to England, he was chosen to serve in parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of York; and his father dying in 1614, he succeeded to the title of Bart. In 1622, his lady dying, he again married Lady Arabella Holles, younger daughter of the Earl of Clare, a lady highly accomplished in mind and person. He married a third time, in 1631, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhones.

His name occurs early in the annals of the unfortunate Charles I. and Wentworth, so celebrated for his loyalty and devotion to his sovereign, was at first one of the most eager to oppose the measures of his government. In the House of Commons he associated himself with those who were most conspicuous for their uncommon capacity, and the extent of their views. Animated with a warm regard for liberty, they saw, with regret, an unbounded power exercised by the crown, and were resolved to seize the opportunity which the king's necessities offered them, of reducing the prerogative within a more reasonable com-

pass. Though their ancestors had blindly yielded to practices and precedents favorable to the royal power, and had yet been able to preserve some small remains of liberty, it appeared to them impossible, while all these pretensions were methodised and prosecuted by the increasing knowledge of the age, to maintain any shadow of popular government, in opposition to such unlimited authority in the sovereign. It was necessary to make a choice, either to abandon entirely the privileges of the people, or to secure them by firmer and more precise barriers, than the constitution had hitherto provided for them. Men of their aspiring genius and independent fortunes, could not long deliberate. They boldly embraced the side of freedom, and resolved to grant no supplies to their necessitous prince, without extorting concessions in favor of civil liberty. The end, they conceived, sufficient and noble; the means, regular and constitutional. To grant or refuse supplies, was the undoubted privilege of the Commons; and as all human governments, particularly those of a mixed nature, are in continual fluctuation, it was natural and allowable, in their opinion, for popular assemblies to take advantage of favorable incidents, in order to secure the liberties of the subject. With pleasure, therefore, they beheld the king involved in difficulties, which promised to render him, every year, more dependent upon the parliament.

Sir Thomas Wentworth, at first, favored these sentiments with a characteristic warmth and cordiality which gave considerable umbrage to the court. In 1625, he was made sheriff of Yorkshire, in order to prevent his serving in parliament; and in May, 1627, was committed a prisoner to the Marshalsea, by the Lords of the Council, for refusing his sanction to the royal loan, and afterwards confined at Dartford, in Kent, but was released after a

few months imprisonment. In the parliament which began to sit in 1628, he served again as knight for his own county, and exerted himself again, with great vigour, against the administration of the government, insisting upon the petition of rights, and proposing, what passed into a resolution of the house, that the redress of grievances, and the granting of supplies, should go hand in hand. There was a bold and manly style of eloquence in those days, with a simplicity of diction and an energy in their complaints, which render their debates highly interesting, and some specimens, we persuade ourselves, will not be displeasing to our readers. "I read," said Sir Robert Philips, "among the old Romans, that once every year they held a solemn festival, in which their slaves had liberty, without exception, to speak what they pleased, in order to ease their afflicted minds; and on the conclusion of the festival, the slaves severally returned to their former servitude. This institution may, with some exceptions, well set forth our present state and condition. After the revolution of some time, and the grievous sufferance of many violent oppressions, we have now obtained, for a day, some liberty of speech. Yet, what new burthens our estates and persons have groaned under, my heart yearns to think of, and my tongue falters to utter." After indignantly enumerating the illegal judgments passed within his memory, the new and unwarrantable impositions, and the many arbitrary imprisonments, he proceeded, "I can live, though another who has no right, be put to live along with me; nay, I can live, though burthened with impositions beyond what at present I labour under; but, to have my liberty, which is the soul of my life, ravished from me—to have my person pent up in a jail, without relief by law, and to be so adjudged,—O improvident ancestors! O unwise forefathers! to be so curious in providing for the quiet pos-

session of our lands, and the liberties of parliament, and at the same time, to neglect our personal liberty, and let us lie in prison; and that during pleasure, without redress or remedy! If this be law, why do we talk of liberty? Why trouble ourselves with disputes about a constitution, franchises, property of goods, and the like? What may any man call his own, if not the liberty of his person? I am weary of treading these ways." Sir Thomas Wentworth, after reprobating the folly and the tyranny of the ministers, added, "These have introduced a privy council, ravishing, at once, the spheres of all ancient government, destroying all liberty, imprisoning us without bail or bond. They have taken from us—what shall I say? Indeed, what have they left us? By tearing up the roots of all property, they have taken from us every means of supplying the king, and of ingratiating ourselves, by voluntary proofs of our duty and attachment towards him. To the making whole all these breaches, I shall apply myself; and to all these diseases, shall propound a remedy. By one and the same thing have the king and the people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured. We must vindicate—what? New things? No; our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors; by setting such a stamp upon them, that no licentious spirit shall dare, henceforth, to invade them. And shall we think this a way to break a parliament? No; our desires are moderate and just. I speak both for the interest of the king and people. If we enjoy not these rights, it will be impossible for us to relieve him. Let us, therefore, never doubt of a favorable reception from his goodness." How superior was such native and spontaneous eloquence to the mechanical speech-making of modern times!

It may be perceived, however, that the language of

Wentworth, though bold and manly, is of a less republican cast than that of Philips, and more favorable to the king. In fact, in less than a year from the date of these memorable harangues, his opinions underwent a total change, and he became as firm a pillar of the throne, as he had before been strenuous on the popular side. Whether he suspected his former associates of already aiming at the subversion of the regal government, a measure productive only of anarchy and confusion, or whether he was unable to resist the flattering offers of the court, are points which at this distance of time, it is not easy to develope. It has always been the maxim of princes, whenever popular leaders encroach too much on royal authority, to confer offices on them, in expectation that they will afterwards become more careful not to diminish that power which has become their own. But the views of the king were at that time so repugnant to those of the puritans, that the leaders whom he gained, lost from that moment all interest with their party, and were even pursued as traitors with implacable hatred and resentment. Thus it was with Wentworth, when Charles created him Baron, then Viscount Wentworth, and finally, Earl of Strafford; appointed him president of the council of York, and deputy of Ireland, and regarded him as his chief minister and counsellor. By his talents and abilities, Strafford merited all the confidence which his master reposed in him. His character was stately and austere, more adapted to procure esteem than love. His fidelity to the king was unshaken, but as he now employed all his counsels in supporting that prerogative which he had formerly so strenuously endeavoured to lessen, his public virtue seems not to have been entirely pure, but to have been susceptible of strong impressions from private interest and personal ambition.

Ireland was the theatre on which he principally displayed the resources of his genius, and rendered the most essential services to his sovereign. His lieutenancy, which continued eight years, was marked by vigilance, activity, and prudence: he paid off a large arrear due before his arrival, and discharged all the salaries, civil and military, besides advancing considerable sums to the king, without any charge to England. He restored the rights of the church, he established English laws, reformed the army, discharged the debts of the crown, secured the seas, and paid the utmost attention to commerce and trade. But unfortunately, these measures, however salutary and praise-worthy, were not attended with popularity. In a nation so averse to the English government and religion, his very virtues were sufficient to draw on him the public hatred. The manners and character of this great man, though to all full of courtesy, and to his friends affectionate and endearing, were in general, rigid, haughty, and severe. His authority, and influence, during the period of his government, were unlimited; but no sooner had adversity seized him, than the concealed aversion of the nation blazed up at once, and the Irish parliament used every expedient to aggravate the charges, which he was soon fated to encounter.

From this unenviable though honourable post, he was summoned, in 1639, by the king, to assist him in his design of subduing the Scots. In the management of the affairs of Scotland, the conduct of Charles had been marked by weakness and inconsistency: yielding when he ought to have commanded; issuing the most arbitrary edicts, without providing himself with the means of enforcing them, he alternately excited terror and contempt. With all the respect due to his private virtues,

with all the compassion which his melancholy fate exacts from those who peruse the disastrous annals of his reign, it is impossible wholly to clear him from those charges of insincerity, and even dissimulation, which were so frequently urged against him. When, at length, the increasing disturbances of the north compelled him to raise an army for the support of his authority, such was his comparative penury, that he was obliged to have recourse to a mode of supply which must have been extremely grating to a generous mind. He was under the necessity of borrowing large sums from his ministers and courtiers, and so much was he beloved by them, that the loan greatly exceeded his expectation. By these means he was enabled to raise an army of 19,000 foot, and 2,000 horse, of which the Earl of Strafford, assuming a military character, was appointed lieutenant-general under the Earl of Northumberland. But some trifling successes of the Scotch covenanters dispirited the royal forces, and compelled the king, against the opinion of Strafford, to consent to a proposal for a treaty and suspension of arms. That high-spirited nobleman, who possessed more vigour of mind than the king or any of his council, advised him to put all to the hazard of a battle, rather than submit to such unworthy terms as were likely to be imposed upon him; "for, should your majesty," he observed, "even be defeated, nothing worse can befall you, than what, from your inactivity, you will certainly feel." These prophetic words seem to have been dictated by the most infallible of all inspirations, that intuitive discernment of a penetrating genius, habituated to the contemplation of human affairs, which enables it to look into futurity. But Charles, in despair of being able to stem the torrent, resolved to yield to it, and for once, refused to follow the more spirited, and perhaps, more prudent advice of his minister.

But it was the fate of Strafford to atone, in his own person, for all the errors and misfortunes of his unhappy sovereign. By a concurrence of accidents, he laboured under the severe hatred of all the three nations which composed the British monarchy. The Scots, whose authority now ran extremely high, considered him as the capital enemy of their country, and one whose counsels and influence they had most reason to apprehend. He had engaged the parliament of Ireland to advance large subsidies, in order to support a war against them; he had levied an army of 9000 men, with which he had menaced all their western coast. He had compelled the Scots, who lived under his government, to renounce the covenant; he had proclaimed the covenanters traitors and rebels, even before the king had issued any declaration against them in England; and he had dissuaded his master against a treaty and suspension of arms, which he looked upon as dangerous and dishonorable. We have already seen, that in Ireland his personal deportment had rendered him exceedingly unpopular, notwithstanding the vigour, the wisdom, and the success of his public measures. In England, the discontent and fury of the puritans was universal and loud against him, though without any particular reason, except his being the minister of state whom the king most favored and trusted. His extraction was too honorable, his private fortune too considerable, for them to attribute his devotion to the service of his master to motives less worthy than those of loyalty and attachment. But envy had attended his sudden and splendid elevation. His former associates, finding that he owed his advancement to the desertion of their cause, represented him as the great apostate of the common wealth, whom it behoved them to sacrifice as a victim to public justice. With malignant and unrelenting perseverance, they attacked, and finally

destroyed the seceder from their own violent and pernicious counsels, rather than the minister, whose uncommon vigour and capacity extorted their esteem.

The genius of Strafford appears, at length, to have sunk under this accumulated odium and injustice. He would willingly have returned to Ireland, to shelter his head from the danger which menaced it; but his talents were too necessary for the king's service, in the critical session of parliament which now approached. In vain did he represent the danger of his appearing among so many enraged enemies. The king promised him protection, and assured him that not a hair of his head should be touched by the parliament. So little did this unhappy monarch then foresee the near subversion of his own authority—and that, as a fatal and most convincing proof of it, he was so soon to sign the death-warrant of the man whom he thus pledged his royal word to support.

No sooner had the earl arrived in London, than a concerted attack was made upon him in the House of Commons. Pym, in a long and studied oration, enumerated all the grievances under which the nation labored, from which he inferred an intention in the minister of subverting the form of government, and the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom; some instances of imperious expressions and actions he also cited; and entering into a more personal attack on the minister, endeavoured to expose his private character and manners. It should seem, that the austere genius of Strafford, occupied in the pursuits of ambition, had not rendered his breast altogether inaccessible to the tender passions, or secured him from the dominion of the fair sex—and, in that sullen age, the irregularities of pleasure were more reproachful than the most odious crimes. Nothing more effectually proves the absence of any criminal act in the

administration of Strafford, than that the popular orator of the commons should thus have had recourse to charges of so personal and private a nature. But the torrent of prejudice against him was irresistible—his impeachment was voted—immediately carried up to the Lords—and Strafford, who had just entered the House of Peers, little expecting so speedy a prosecution, was ordered into custody, with every mark of animosity in his judges, as well as in his prosecutors.

An accusation, carried on by the united efforts of three kingdoms against one man, unprotected by power, unassisted by counsel, and discountenanced by authority, was likely to prove a very unequal contest; yet such was the capacity, genius, and presence of mind, displayed by this magnanimous statesman, that, while argument, and reason, and law, were attended to, he obtained an undisputed victory—and he perished at last, overwhelmed, but still unsubdued, by the open and undisguised violence of his fierce and unrelenting antagonists. Though four months were employed in framing the twenty-eight articles of his impeachment, and though all Strafford's answers were unpremeditated and extemporary, it appears, upon examination, not only that he was free from the crime of treason, of which there is not the least appearance, but that his conduct, making allowance for human infirmities, was innocent, and even laudable. He repelled the accusation of treason to the state with successful argument—victoriously refuted every charge, mixing modesty and humility with firmness and vigour—and under any other judges, and in better times, must necessarily have been acquitted. He thus pathetically concluded a long and able speech, previous to the sentence being passed by his peers:—"My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of

those pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me, I should be loth"—here he pointed to his children, oppressed by tears—"What I forfeit for myself is nothing—but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity—something I should have said—but, I see I shall not be able, and therefore I shall leave it. And now, my lords, I thank God, I have been by his blessing sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgments; and whether that righteous doom shall be life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence."—"Certainly," says Whitlocke, (and the remark, coming from an enemy of Strafford, is conclusive, as to the character and innocence of the fallen minister) "never any man acted such a part on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person—and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity."

But these atrocious few prevailed—a small majority of those of his peers, who could be induced, by threats or persuasions, to attend on the last day of his trial, adjudged him guilty, and nothing remained but to extort the king's consent. The situation of Charles was painful in the extreme. He must either sacrifice a man whom he knew to be innocent, and whose only crime was the most implicit devotion to his person and authority—or, by surrendering this illustrious victim to the fury of his enemies, prevent, if possible, the horrors of a civil war.

The queen, who, it is said, had never favored Strafford, terrified with the apprehension of so mighty a danger, was in tears, and pressed him to satisfy his people in this demand, which, it was hoped, would finally content them. Juxon alone, the pious Bishop of London, whose courage was not inferior to his other virtues, advised him, if in his conscience he did not approve of the bill for the execution of Strafford, by no means to assent to it. Strafford himself, apprised of this irresolution in his royal master, took a very extraordinary step, which, if his motives could be as easily authenticated, as they are apparently great and magnanimous, would have raised his character to as high a pitch of virtue as it is possible for human nature to attain, and ranked his name with the self-devoted Decii of old. He wrote a letter, in which he intreated the king, for the sake of public peace, to put an end to his unfortunate, though innocent life. "In this," added he, "my consent will more acquit you to God, than all the world besides. To a willing man there is no injury—and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world, with a calmness and meekness, of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul—So, Sir, to you I can resign the life of this world, with all imaginable cheerfulness, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favors." Perhaps, he hoped that this unusual instance of magnanimity would engage the king still more strenuously to protect him.—Perhaps, surrounded as he was by enemies, he absolutely despaired of escaping the dangers by which he was every way environed. Such a step was not unworthy of the great mind of Strafford, and he was certainly capable of so noble an act of disinterestedness—but we are compelled to add, that when Carleton informed him of the final resolution which necessity had extorted from the king, he started, seemed surprised, and exclaimed in the words of the scripture—*Put not your trust in princes, nor in the*

sons of men, for in them there is no salvation. He, however, soon recalled his courage, and prepared for death.

In passing from his apartments to Tower-hill, where the scaffold was erected, he stopped under the windows of Laud, who was then in confinement, under a similar charge of treason, and entreated the assistance of his prayers in those awful moments. The aged primate, dissolved in tears, and having pronounced, with a faltering voice, a tender blessing on his departing friend, sunk into the arms of his attendants. Strafford, still superior to his fate, moved on with an elated countenance, and with an air even of greater dignity than usually attended him. His discourse on the scaffold was full of decency and courage. "He feared," he said, "that the omen was bad for the intended reformation of the state, that it commenced with the shedding of innocent blood." Having bid a last adieu to his brother, who attended him, and sent a blessing to his children, who were absent,—“And now,” said he, “I have nigh done! one stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children orphans, deprive my poor servants of an indulgent master, and separate me from an affectionate brother, and all my friends. But let God be to you, and them, all in all.” Going to disrobe, and prepare himself for the block, “I thank God,” said he, “that I am nowise afraid of death, nor am daunted with any terrors, but do as cheerfully lay down my head, at this time, as ever I did when going to repose.” At one blow a period was put to his existence.

Thus perished in the 49th year of his age, one of the most eminent persons that have appeared in England. His character, as might be expected, has been severely handled by our zealous republican writers; but by none has it been more completely mangled than by the late Mrs. Macauley, who, in her democratic rage, allows him

neither virtue nor talents. But his abilities, as a statesman, and his unshaken attachment to his master, were the chief causes of his ruin ; and in the subsequent proceedings of that parliament, to whose vindictive resentment he fell a sacrifice, may be found the best apology for his administration. A certain degree of vigour, and more perhaps than Strafford exerted, was necessary to preserve the church and monarchy from the ravages of those civil and religious enthusiasts who soon overturned both. Though his death was loudly demanded as a satisfaction to justice, and an atonement for some violations of the constitution, it may be safely affirmed, that the sentence by which he fell was an enormity greater than the worst of those which his implacable enemies prosecuted with so much cruel industry. The people, in their rage had totally mistaken the proper object of their resentment ; all the necessities, or, more properly speaking, the difficulties by which the king had been induced to use violent expedients for raising his supplies, were the result of measures previous to Strafford's advancement ; and if they arose from ill conduct, he at least was entirely innocent. Even those violent expedients themselves, which occasioned the complaint that the constitution was subverted, had been all of them conducted, so far as appeared, without his counsel or assistance. And whatever his private advice might be, he failed not to inculcate in the king's presence the salutary maxim, that if any inevitable necessity ever compelled the sovereign to violate the laws, this license ought to be practised with extreme reserve, and, as soon as possible, a just atonement be made to the constitution, for any injury which it might sustain from such dangerous precedents. The first parliament after the restoration reversed the bill of attainder ; and even a few weeks after Strafford's execution, the very parliament which had condemned him, remitted to his children the more severe consequences of his sentence, as if conscious of the violence with which the prosecution had been conducted.



Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Toms, Hood & Sharpe, Duncry, 2807.

TENIERS.

TENIERS was one of those privileged men whom nature so very rarely produces. His father, David Teniers, a skilful painter and a pupil of Rubens, was surnamed *the old*, to distinguish him from his son, and first introduced him into that career in which he was destined to excel.

There are few of the Flemish painters that have done greater honor to that celebrated school than Teniers, if we except Rubens and Vandyck. It was from the works of the first of those painters, that Teniers derived that truth of design and admirable greatness of coloring, for which he is so remarkable. He is, in fact, Rubens in miniature; there is the same mind, the same vigour; but he has better knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, than the great man whom he had proposed as his model.

His wonderfully retentive memory enabled him to retrace the objects which had once attracted his notice. By a simple sketch with the light touch of genius, he had the art of representing what to others was a work of serious difficulty and labor; yet there are few painters that have more faithfully imitated nature than Teniers. No one has excelled him in the neatness of his touch, and the clear transparency of his coloring. No one knew better how to give to every object its appropriate features and dress; no one had a more original genius, or possessed a greater combination of talents. His light and easy hand seemed to play with his art, and only to skim the canvass, upon which so many charming scenes

placed themselves without effort or labor—a simple ground, a light level, and the most delicate touches, produce the effect commonly observable in his pictures.

He was the most prolific of painters. Europe is filled with his name and his works. It was in allusion to this extreme facility of execution, that connoisseurs have proverbially called his little pieces the *after-suppers* of Teniers.

Antwerp, that city so fruitful in illustrious artists, had the honor of giving him birth in 1610. There he passed the greater part of his life, beloved and esteemed as a man of virtue, as well as of extraordinary talents. For sometime, however, after he commenced painter, his merit was so little regarded, that he was often under the necessity of going in person to Brussels to dispose of his own pictures, as well as those that were painted by his disciples, and was as often mortified to find the paintings of Tilburg Artois, Van Heil, and others, preferred to his own, although they were in every respect greatly inferior. Fortune at length smiled on his labor, and by the sweetness of his conduct, and the amenity of his manners, opened to himself an easy access to the greatest men of his time. He was equally beloved and considered by his cotemporary artists, and was by them elected director of the academy at Antwerp.

The painting-room of this eminent artist was the rendezvous of all the distinguished personages in Flanders. The Archduke Leopold William made him Gentleman of his Chamber, and presented him with his portrait, enriched with diamonds. Christian of Sweden made him a similar present. The King of Spain had so high an opinion of his merit, that he constructed a

gallery, destined solely for the works of Teniers. Louis the Fourteenth, however, who had a view in general to something great, used to say, when the persons who bought pictures for him attempted to introduce any of Teniers' into his collection, in allusion to the little miserable human figures with which they abound, *Qu'on m'ôte ces magots de devant mes yeux*," Take away from my sight those little baboons.

He afterwards quitted Antwerp, and inhabited a small castle called *The Three Towers*, in the village of Perch, between Antwerp and Malines. By retiring thither, he wished to shun the great world, and devote himself to his prevailing taste in the study and imitation of nature. It was in mixing in the games of the inhabitants of the village, that he sketched so many rural scenes; and his memory even fled to retrace the sports in which he had himself been a performer. The vivacity of his mind did not permit him to dwell long on each separate picture.

Teniers, in quitting Antwerp, had hoped to withdraw himself from the conflux of his admirers; but fame, which always accompanies extraordinary merit, attracted to his retreat a still greater crowd. It became, at length, a sort of court, to which the nobility frequently resorted. Don Juan, of Austria, often lodged at his house, and desired to be admitted in the number of his pupils. He removed, at length, to Brussels, where he attained to a very advanced age, without losing, for a moment, the joy and lively humor that had always distinguished him. Death surprised him as he held the pencil in his hand. He was then finishing the portrait of a lawyer; and his last words were, in humorous allusion to this circumstance: "I have burnt," said he, "my last tooth, in painting this lawyer."

The paintings of Teniers are remarkable for their great variety of composition, their abundance of figures without confusion, the correctness of style, and that originality of design which belonged only to him. Every style of painting was familiar to him; battles, marches of armies, animals, the sea, all appeared to receive new life under the hands of this inimitable artist. He had formed a handsome collection of pictures of the different schools, particularly of the Venetian, the coloring of which he admired and successfully imitated.

Teniers had a ready and lively invention, and was full as ready to execute as to invent; he made nature his model perpetually, and imitated it with astonishing exactness and truth. His pencil is free and delicate; the touching of his trees is light and firm; his skies are admirable, and although not very much varied, are clear and brilliant. And as to the expression of his figures, whether they are mirthful or grave, in anger or in good humor, nothing can be more strongly marked, more striking or natural. His pictures are generally clear in all their parts, with a beautiful transparence; and it is observed of them, by several writers, that he possessed the art of relieving his lights by other lights, without employing deep shadows, and yet produced the intended effect in a very surprising manner. That method of practice, it is thought, was derived from an observation communicated to him by Rubens, which was, that strong oppositions were not always necessary to produce a fine effect in a picture; and that observation Rubens knew infallibly to be just, from his shading the coloring and tints of Titian with accuracy and judgment.

His principal subjects are landscapes, with small figures, Corps de Garde, merry makings, kirmesses, fairs,

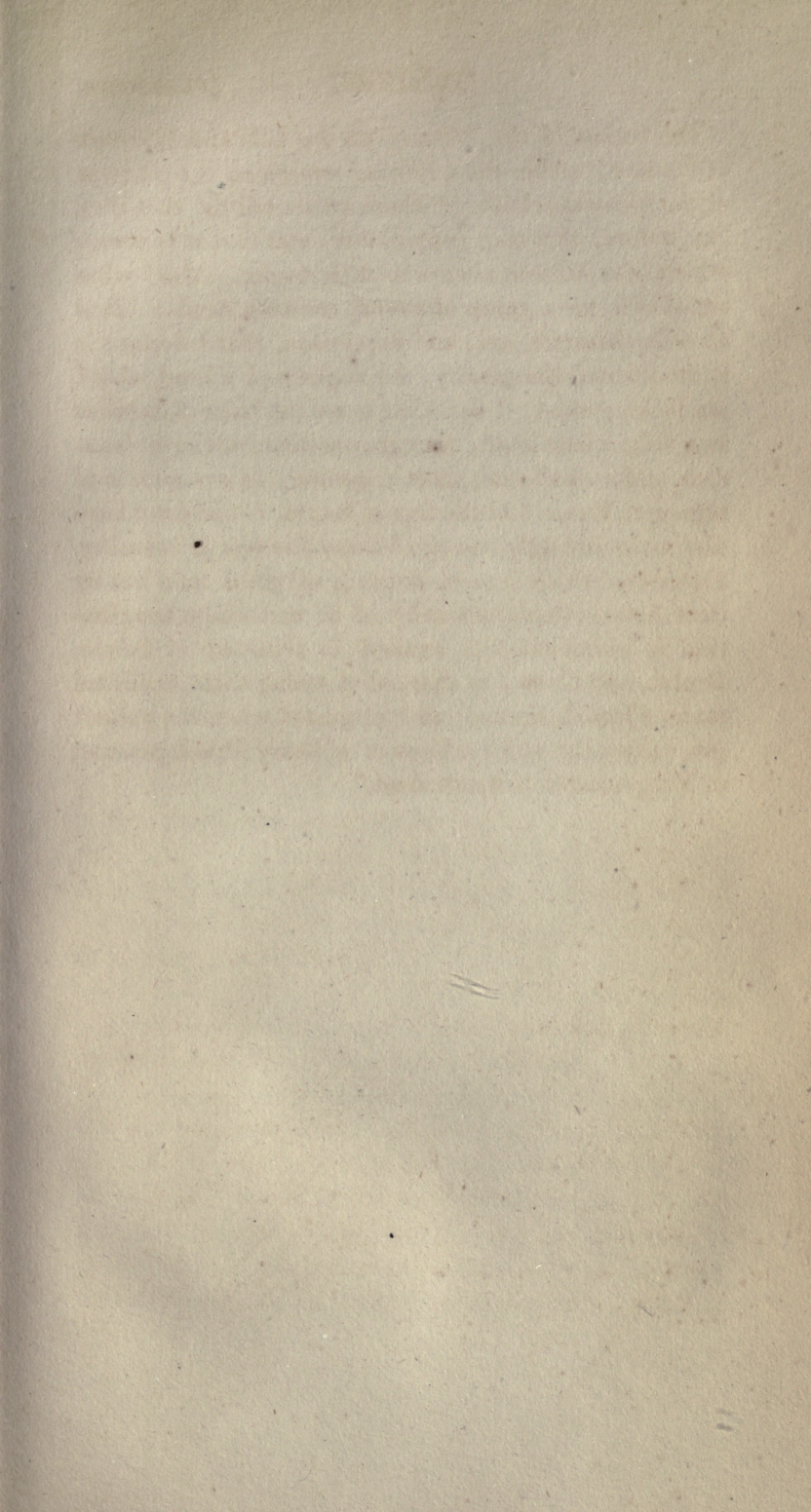
shooting at butts, playing at bowls, and the diversions, sports, or occupations of villagers; but any of those subjects which he painted on a small size, are, by many degrees, preferable to those of larger dimensions. Connoisseurs have objected to the compositions of Teniers, that his figures are too short and clumsy, and that there appears too much sameness in the countenances and habits; but it ought to be considered, that as he designed every object after nature, and formed his colors from that nature with which he was most conversant, he may indeed be thought not to have given an elegance to his forms equal to the Italian ideas of elegance. But of such elegance as appeared in his models, there is sufficient to demonstrate the goodness of his choice, and the most exact precision in every character and every expression; and the incredible prices which are given for the paintings of this master, in every part of Europe, are an incontestible evidence of the universal esteem and admiration of his works.

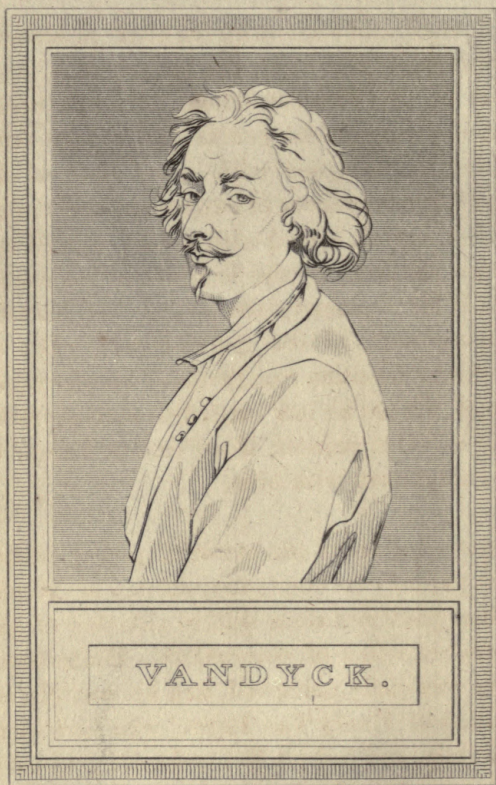
Some amateurs have censured him for the greyish color which predominates in some of his pieces; but this may perhaps be considered as a merit in Teniers, as it gives to his pictures a clearness and greatness which cannot but please the eye.

Teniers, whose life was a calm and uninterrupted course of real enjoyments, expired in 1694.

“The works of David Teniers, jun.” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “are worthy of the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has, perhaps, never been excelled; there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness, which is difficult to execute.”

The author of the "Essay on the Life and Writings of Poussin," makes the following remark on the painters of the Flemish school. "Those artists tell us, that they love nature, that they copy nature, and that it is nature which is to be seen always in their works. Alas! what signifies to me a group of twenty common heads? It is an able character, age, and expression, that I desire: it is the finesse, the gravity, the majesty of a head, that I am looking after. I don't like to see the lance of Achilles in a vulgar lean hand; though sometimes strength, leanness, and a small size, meet together. If a painter is to represent Pretarch at the feet of Laura, I would not have him make her ugly, though I know she was so in reality. Posterity, which knows nothing of great men but by their actions that are worthy of it, and whose imagination is animated and exalted in thinking of Scipio, Brutus, and Cæsar, is shocked at seeing them exhibited under Flemish figures; and disgusted when the painter gives them the awkwardness of a heavy Dutch peasant, or Burgomaster of Amsterdam."





Painted by Himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Toms, Hood & Sharpe, Boulogne, 1807.

VANDYCK.

THE pupil, and sometimes the rival of Rubens, Vandyck deservedly maintains the second rank among the painters of the Flemish school. Rubens undoubtedly possessed a more ardent genius and a more fertile imagination; he designed with more classical skill, and displayed greater vigour of expression and command of pencil. Vandyck, gifted with milder qualities, attracts numerous admirers by the softness of his coloring, the naïveté of his characters, the delicacy of his touch, and his management of the chiaro-scuro. His celebrity arises chiefly from the excellence of his portraits, which branch of the art he has carried to such perfection, that there is no other painter, if we except Titian, that will bear a comparison with him.

Antwerp had again the honor of giving birth to this eminent painter, on the twenty-second of March, 1599. His father possessed some skill in painting on glass, and his mother excelled in embroidery. His inclination for painting was easily perceived, and he was placed under the Tuition of Henry Van Balen, who had spent some time in Italy, and had studied under the greatest masters. But the young pupil soon surpassed his companions, and rivalled Van Balen. This early discovery of his own powers, and the high celebrity of Rubens, made him earnestly desire to place himself under the guidance of that illustrious man. Rubens readily received him, and foresaw his future excellence. He frequently gave him

sketches of his own, which Vandyck finished in so masterly a style, and with so happy an imitation of Rubens' manner, that many of them have been considered as the productions of that great painter. As a proof of his quickness in adopting the style of others, the following anecdote may be related. Rubens, after the labors of the day, was accustomed, towards the evening, to take the air. His pupils then sometimes obtained permission, from his old servant Valviken, to enter his cabinet, and examine his different sketches and his method of finishing his pieces. As they one day were too eagerly pressing forward to observe a picture, in which Rubens had been employed in the morning. Diepenbeke tumbled against the object of their curiosity, and effaced the arm of a Magdalen, and the cheek and chin of a Madona. The accident excited general alarm, and the whole school appeared lost in confusion and dismay, when John Van Hock exclaimed, "we have no time to lose—I must find some expedient to screen us from discovery ; let the most skilful among us sit down to the task, and endeavour to repair the mischief we have occasioned. I, for one, give my voice for Vandyck, the only one capable of succeeding." This was unanimously approved of. Vandyck alone hesitated ; but moved by their entreaties, as dreading himself the anger of Rubens, he complied, and performed his task so well, that the next day Rubens, on examining the picture, said to his pupils, "that arm and head are among the best things I ever did." Many have asserted, that when Rubens was at length apprized of the circumstance, he effaced the whole ; while others maintain that he suffered it to remain as Vandyck had finished it. The picture was the celebrated Descent from the Cross, in the church of our Lady, at Antwerp, and now in the museum at Paris.

It has been industriously related, that Rubens at length discovered some jealousy of his illustrious pupil; that to prevent any competition in the higher branches of the art, he advised Vandyck to apply more immediately to the painting of portraits, and to remove a pupil who might one day be his rival, he recommended to him to travel. But there appears to be no solid grounds for any such supposition. Vandyck might chuse to prefer portraits either as a source of greater emolument, or from a despair of equalling Rubens in subjects of higher interest. The advice to proceed to Italy, where he might improve himself by the daily examination of Titian and P. Veronese, was the counsel rather of a friend than of a master jealous of the success of his pupil. That Vandyck at least had no suspicion of such a motive, may be inferred from his presenting Rubens with an *Ecce Homo*, and another piece representing our Saviour in the Garden of Olives. These were so highly esteemed by Rubens, that he placed them in his best apartment, and always bestowed upon them the most flattering applause. In return, he presented this ingenious author with one of the best horses in his stables.

Vandyck quitted Antwerp, with the intention of departing for Italy; but in the village of Savelthem, near Brussels, he was suddenly detained by the charms of a young maiden, at whose request he executed his celebrated picture of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the mendicant. In this picture he painted himself upon the horse which had been given to him by Rubens. That great man gave another proof of his solicitude for the welfare of his pupil, by persuading him to renounce his rural intrigue, and reviving in his mind the desire of fame and distinction, which seemed likely to evaporate

in the obscurity of a village connection. Vandyck complied with regret, and having visited every part of Italy, stationed himself at Venice, where, in the daily study of the sublime productions of Titian and P. Veronese, he acquired that facility of outline and delicacy of manner which so uniformly distinguish him. But it was at Genoa that he displayed the superiority of his talents, that he gave to his tints all the freshness and harmony of nature, that he united in his portraits the perfection of the art, with the charms of truth. The artful simplicity which appeared in all his pieces, attracted even those who were ignorant of the beauties they admired. A striking resemblance of features and of dress, made every one eager to obtain their portraits from him. His reputation and his emoluments augmented in due proportion, and induced him to remain a considerable time at Genoa; but after having visited Rome and Sicily, he returned to his native country, where he exhibited his improvement and his proficiency in his celebrated picture of St. Augustine.

It was about this time, if we may credit the relation of Vanbraker, that Rubens offered him the hand of his eldest daughter, an union which Vandyck civilly declined, by pleading a desire of returning to Rome; but according to others, because he was passionately enamoured of the mother.

The fame and prosperity of Vandyck were not unfrequently disturbed by the jealous and envious criticisms of his cotemporaries, by all those arts of insidious competition, which too often molest greatness and increase the irritability of genius. If he was highly esteemed and warmly applauded by Rubens and other eminent judges, he was perpetually assailed by the insidious remarks and

petty cavils of inferior artists. Disgusted by so many instances of folly and ingratitude among his countrymen, he went to the Hague where he not only painted the Prince and Princess of Orange and their children, but most of the nobility, ambassadors, and merchants of opulence. At length so high was the estimation in which he was held, that the demands for portraits became incessant, and he was at liberty to exact the most exorbitant prices, without any danger of offending or disgusting his customers.

Attracted by the reputation which England then enjoyed, for its love of the fine arts, and its liberality to artists, he departed for London, and while in this country, painted some pictures worthy of the great fame he had acquired; but extraordinary as it will now appear, he was miserably disappointed in his first expedition, and returned to Antwerp, highly disgusted with the little patronage he had received. To retrieve the time which he said he had lost in other countries, he signalized his return home by some of his best productions, such as a Crucifixion for the Capuchins of Dendermonde, a Christ for the Franciscans at Antwerp, and a St. Anthony for the Infanta of Spain.

But some of his portraits having at length found their way to England, appeared to excite a general regret that greater regard had not been paid to such uncommon talents. The king himself, the unfortunate Charles the First, sent him a pressing invitation to his court. Vandyck, who yet remembered his first unfavorable reception, was not disposed at first to comply; and it was only at the pressing solicitation of Sir Kenelm Digby, that he consented to accompany him. When introduced to the monarch, he was most graciously received, and

presented with the royal portrait set in diamonds and a chain of gold: to this were soon added, the honor of knighthood and a considerable pension. He had besides apartments at Hampton Court, and in the palace of Eltham Vandyck repaid the bounty of the king by the industry with which he, in a short time, enriched the country with so many *chef-d'œuvres*, and supplied the continual demands for portraits.

The king often condescended to visit the artist, and took great delight in conversing with him. As Vandyck was one day drawing his portrait, he complained in a low voice to the Duke of Norfolk, of the low state of his finances, and observing that the painter was listening, he said with a smile, "well Sir Anthony, and do you now know the want of five or six thousand guineas?" "Sir," answered Vandyck, "an artist who keeps open table for his friends, and an open purse for his mistresses, must always be distressed for money." Another anecdote is related, which marks the easy terms on which he conversed with the family of Charles. His queen, Henrietta Maria, was distinguished by the uncommon beauty of her hands, and Vandyck was equally celebrated for the truth and skill with which he always painted those extremities. The queen observing that he paid more than usual attention to the hands, and scarcely noticed any thing else, asked him why he laboured more at them than at her face. "Because, Madam," said Vandyck, "from those beautiful hands, I expect a recompence worthy of the great queen to whom they belong." His portraits of the unfortunate Charles, his queen, and family, are very numerous. The king was always noted for a melancholy cast of countenance, even before the calamities of his reign might so justly have occasioned it; and it is observable, that all his portraits by Vandyck

have more or less of this air, though they represent him handsomer than those of all other painters.

Vandyck soon became extremely rich, but his expences were beyond reason, great and superfluous. His equipages were brilliant, his table sumptuously served, and open to every visitor; and his establishment of servants and horses, equal to that of any nobleman of those days. But such were his gains, his price being £40 for a half, and £60 for a whole length, a sum then very considerable, that he might have maintained this extravagant style of living, had he not absurdly dissipated his money and his time in the pursuits of alchymy. He built a laboratory at a great expence, and the gold, hardly and honorably earned by his pencil, was soon evaporated in the crucible. The fumes from the coal, and the grief at finding himself disappointed in his attempts, at length occasioned an illness, which increasing by the irregularity of his life, appeared likely to terminate in death.

His friend, the Duke of Buckingham, desirous of restoring his exhausted health, persuaded him to discard his mistresses; and under the sanction of the king, he was married to the daughter of the Earl of Gowran, a nobleman of Scotland. But Maria Ruthven, who was one of the handsomest women of the court, had no other portion but her beauty and the name of an illustrious family, ruined by the disgrace of her father. With her, he went to Antwerp, on a visit to his own family and friends; and from thence to Paris, with the intention of offering himself to paint the great Gallery of the Louvre; but he found himself supplanted by Poussin, and after a residence of only two months, he returned to London. His wife was delivered of a daughter, but Vandyck did not long survive her birth. Overcome by

weakness, and exhausted by the different remedies prescribed to him, he sunk into a species of phthisis. The king, afflicted by his melancholy state, offered 300 guineas to his physician if he could cure him. But nature in him was entirely extinct, and it was not in the power of medicine to restore him. He expired in 1641, and was honorably interred in the cathedral church of St. Paul. He left only one daughter, Justina, who was married to Sir John Stephney, a gentleman of Wales. His widow remarried to Sir Richard Price, of Coguthan, in Cardiganshire; but she died soon after.

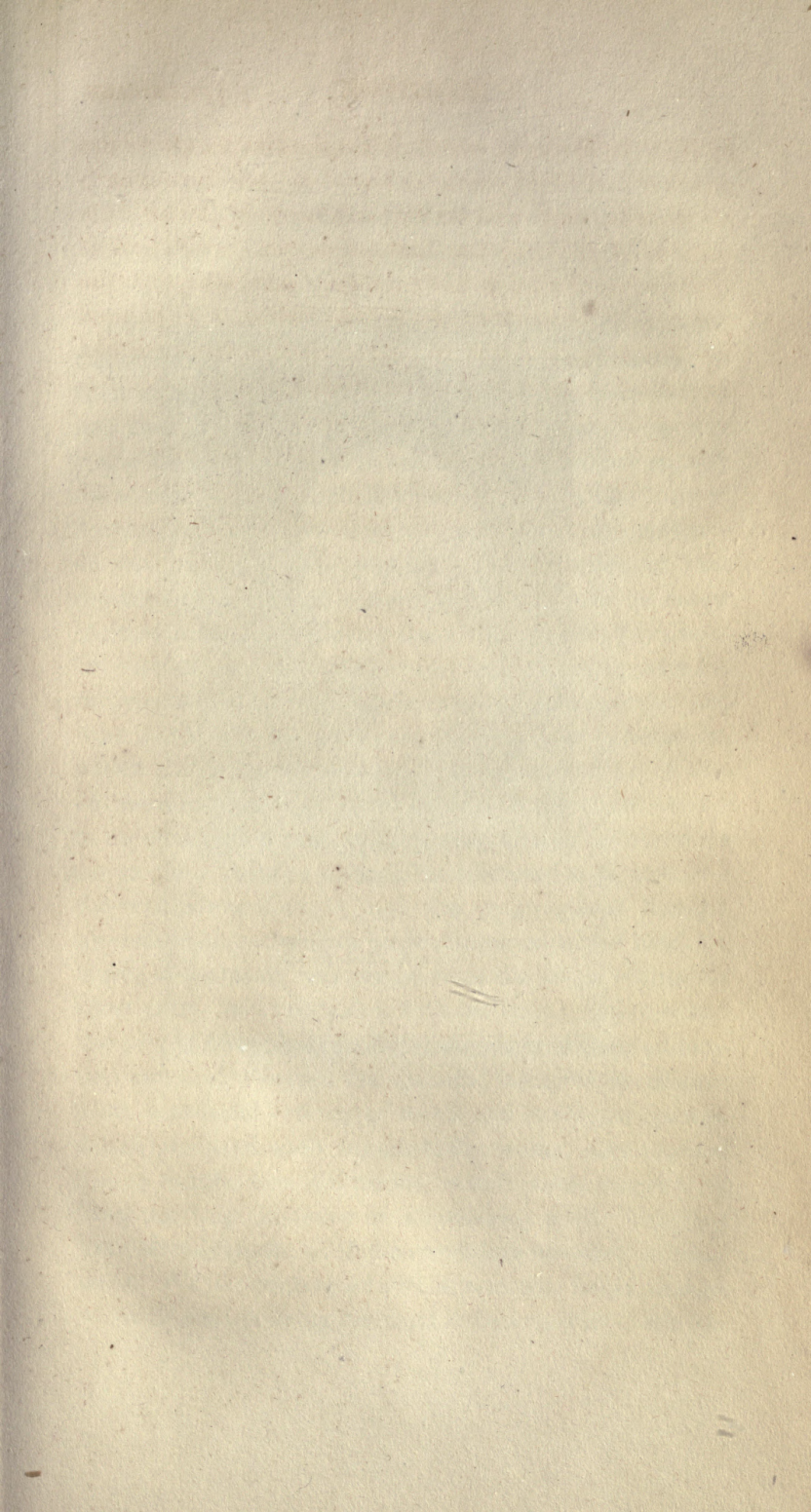
When we consider the number of admirable works executed by Vandyck, we cannot but be struck with the wonderful facility which he displayed. It is well known, that he would begin a head in the morning, that he generally retained to dinner the person who sat to him, and in the afternoon finished the picture. He was seldom observed to retouch the same piece after the first day. His latter pieces, therefore, discover a carelessness and want of finish, which have diminished their value. He was often reproached for this negligence by his friends, who desired him to compare them with what he had done in his youth. He would say, "I know there is a great difference between them, and you need not be surprised at it. In the former part of my life, I painted for fame—I now work only for my kitchen." His best portrait in England, is that of the Earl of Stafford, at Wentworth House. He gave to his head, an appearance of nature and truth that could not be surpassed—he excelled equally in painting the hands: his attitudes were simple and judiciously chosen. Though it has been usual mostly to consider Vandyck as a portrait painter, yet in some of his historical pieces, he has

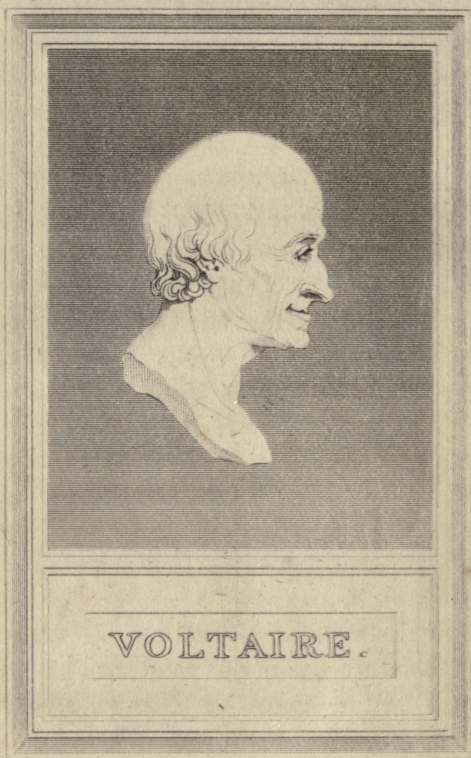
nearly approached his great master. He had less of genius and fire, but many of his pictures display a considerable share of both. Had he not devoted himself to portraits, and more frequently applied to general subjects, he might have equalled Rubens, whom he excelled in the delicacy of his tints, and the vivacity of his colours. This was acknowledged even by his enemies, at the exhibition of the picture which he painted for the church at Antwerp. But it is now useless to conjecture what he might have been : it is sufficient to observe, that though he excelled Rubens in portraits, he was much inferior to him in some historical subjects.

“De Piles,” speaking of the merits of Rubens, observes, “that of all the scholars of that excellent man, Vandyck was, he who profited most by his master’s instructions; and in extolling Rubens, one must needs pay a particular regard to this illustrious disciple, since, if he had not so much genius as his master in grand compositions, he surpassed him in certain delicacies of his art; and it is evident that, in general, his portraits have a softness and freedom of penciling beyond any thing else in that way.”

The most capital of the works of Vandyck are in England. At Blenheim, the portrait of King Charles I. in armour, on a dun horse; at Brighton, a whole length in armour; at Hampton court, the king in armour on a white horse, his equerry holding his helmet; at Kensington, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Francis, his brother; and at Wilton, the Pembroke family, a most capital performance. In the collection of the late Duke of Orleans, now dispersed, there was an admirable picture by Vandyck; it is a whole length.

of Mary de Medicis, which is finished as highly as the power of art could reach ; it shows at once the strength of Rubens, and almost the colouring of Titian ; the manner of it is, in the highest degree, noble, and it appears equally easy and natural : and many of the portraits of the nobility of England, which were painted by Vandyck, are not in any respect inferior to the celebrated portrait of Mary de Medicis.





Houdon scul.

Geo. Kneller sculp.

London Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe Printers 1807.

VOLTAIRE.

THE labours and opinions of Voltaire have engaged the attention of a whole century. His cotemporaries, in their estimation of his character and talents, were divided into two parties, his admirers and his enemies—equally warm in their panegyrics or censure, but not equally numerous. The French Revolution, with all its train of horrors, seems to have occurred expressly to pass sentence on his philosophical opinions. The excesses of that dreadful period have excited his adversaries to renew their attacks on his literary fame. Those who have been the victims of political changes, have risen against his memory with the utmost keenness of resentment; and were we to listen to the language of passion or enthusiasm, which still animates every debate on the subject of this extraordinary man, it would be as difficult a task as ever to ascertain what rank in the estimation of mankind we are to place Voltaire, as a philosopher and as an author—the man whom Europe, and the sovereigns of Europe, have so much caressed in his lifetime; on whose head the laurel of literature was placed from the stage, which, for sixty years, had resounded with his fame; and to whom the people have since, in the enthusiasm of their admiration and zeal, decreed the splendid honor of apotheosis. That wonderful activity of mind and facility of genius, which produced such innumerable works, also exposed him to numberless difficulties, which alone might have filled the long existence of an ordinary man. But they have already been related in a variety of other publications. We are contracted within narrower limits, though we shall omit nothing essential in this memoir of his life.

Francis Maria Arouet, so celebrated under the name of Voltaire, which he derived from a small estate belonging to his mother, was born at Châtenai, near Paris, the 20th of February, 1694, of Francis Arouet, a notary belonging to the Châtelet, and treasurer of the *Chambre des Comptes*, and of Mary Margaret Daumart. Like Fontenelle, who lived a century, he was so feeble at his birth that his life was despaired of, and he was not baptized till nine months after, at the church of St. André-des Arcs. He commenced his studies at the college of Louis-le-Grand, and was early distinguished. One of the professors, F. Le Iay, foretold *that he would become the champion of deism in France*. Such a prophecy might be easily made, without much sagacity or foresight: Voltaire at college already piqued himself upon his incredulity. For this propensity, he was indebted to the Abbé de Châteauneuf, his godfather, who had made him commit to memory the *Moïsade* of Rousseau. The same abbé also introduced him to the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who, pleased with his spirited sallies and the style of his poetry (in which he began to exert himself even at twelve years of age) bequeathed him a legacy of two thousand livres, for the purchase of books. In his old age he seemed disposed to evince his gratitude by writing his comedy of the *Dépositaire*, but his gratitude might have been more happily testified. The Abbé de Châteauneuf also procured him the acquaintance of the Duke de Sully, the Marquis de la Fare, the Abbé de Chaulieu, the Abbé Courtin, &c. a society of wits, at which the prince of Condé and the grand-prior of Vendome were often present. It was there that he acquired that exquisite vein of politeness, that natural and easy humour which embellished his lighter poetry, his correspondence, and his conversation. His father trembled for the future fate of a son who frequented noblemen and wits, and wrote

verses. He requested M. de Châteauneuf, who was going ambassador from France to Holland, to take him in his suite. At the Hague, Voltaire became enamoured with the daughter of a Madame Dunoyer, a protestant refugee; and the intrigue having occasioned some disturbance, he was sent back to his parents. As he continued to write verses, and frequent high company, his father, still more irritated, banished him from home, and would not consent to his return, unless he entered the office of an attorney. In this situation he became acquainted with Thiriot, but soon left it. M. de Caumartin, a friend of his father, invited him to his seat at St. Ange. The father of M. de Caumartin, an enthusiastic admirer of the virtues and character of Henry IV. having enflamed the fancy of the young poet by his numerous anecdotes, he conceived the project of his *Henriade*, and was preparing to execute it when he was accused of being the author of a wicked satire, against the memory of Louis XIV. then lately deceased, and sent to the Bastille. He there began his poem, and finished the *Œdipus*. This tragedy had a prodigious run. It led to the only real passion which Voltaire ever felt. This amour, of which Madame de Villars was the object, appears to have had no other result but to make him extremely unhappy, and negligent of his fortune. *Artémise*, which he produced two years after the *Œdipus*, was unlucky in its reception; when it appeared again in 1724, under the title of *Meriamne*, with considerable alterations, it met with better success. In the interval Voltaire accompanied Madame de Rupelmonde to Holland; and passing through Brussels he visited the exile Rousseau, whom he pitied and admired; but they parted irreconcilable enemies. Soon after the *Henriade* made its appearance: Voltaire was enjoying its success, when an unexpected accident destroyed his peace, and even

threatened his life. A powerful nobleman, highly offended by a sarcasm of Voltaire, caused him to be insulted by his servants. Voltaire was bent on revenge, but his adversary evaded his pursuit, and procured him a second confinement in the Bastille. He was permitted to leave it only on condition of being banished the capital, and afterwards the kingdom. He took refuge in England. The literature of this country, and the society of its men of genius, strengthened that spirit of bold and independant philosophy, which influenced the remainder of his life, his conduct, his opinions, and his writings. He opened in London a subscription for the republication of his *Henriade*; it was the basis of his fortune, which was afterwards so much increased by successful speculations in the public funds, and by shares in the contracts for provisions. We cannot but wonder at the extraordinary activity, sagacity, and prudence, which he always displayed in pecuniary affairs. If he had not been the first writer of his age, he might have become one of its ablest financiers.

On his return to France he successively gave to the public, in less than four years, *Brutus*, the *Death of Cæsar*, *Eryphile*, *Zara*, and *Adelaïde du Guesclin*, which latter tragedy not having succeeded, met with a better fate under the title of the *Duc de Foix*; and having since appeared under its former name, and in its original state, has taken its rank among the best and most applauded pieces of its illustrious author. At the same time, the elegy on the death of Madame le Couvreur, and the *Temple du Gout*, excited against Voltaire the most violent acrimony. It is difficult at this day to comprehend the reasons for such terrible consequences of causes apparently so innocent. It is much easier to understand the prosecution commenced against him on the appear-

ance of his *Philosophical Letters*. The book was burnt, and the author compelled to fly. Scarcely had he begun to breathe when the unavowed publication of his *Epistle to Urania*, and his imprudent recitation of some fragments of the *Pucelle d'Orleans*, again exposed him to danger. He then determined no longer to reside at Paris, and retired to Cirey, the country seat of the famous Marchioness du Châtelet, a woman so celebrated for her extraordinary acquirements in abstruse science. Voltaire joined in these studies, but without renouncing literature. He wrote the *Elements of the Philosophy of Newton*, and an *Essay on the Nature and Properties of Fire*. He composed *Alzira*, *Zulima*, *Mahomet*, the *Prodigal Son*, *Essay on Man*, the *History of Charles XII.* collected materials for his *Age of Louis XIV.* and the *Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations*. It was then that Desfontaines, whose life he had formerly saved, directed against him that abominable libel, the *Voltaireomania*, which he was afterwards compelled to disavow. But Voltaire had sufficient motives for consolation: while a miserable pamphleteer was harassing him with libels, the heir apparent of a kingdom was soliciting his friendship. This was the Prince Royal of Prussia, so celebrated under the name of Frederic II. When he had succeeded to the throne, Voltaire visited him at Wesel, refused the many tempting offers held out to him, and returned to Cirey. He produced his tragedy of *Merope*, which met with unusual success. But he nevertheless failed twice in his endeavours to become a member of the French academy. The ministry conceiving that the alliance of Prussia might be advantageous to France, Voltaire was charged with the negociation, but secretly—his enemies considered his absence as a second exile, and began to triumph. He returned however from his mission, bringing with him, not a treaty of alliance, but much useful

information respecting the views and disposition of Prussia and Holland. Soon after Madame de Pampadour having desired him to prepare a piece on the occasion of the dauphin's marriage, he composed the *Princess of Navarre*. This, which was one of his most feeble productions, procured him the situation of Gentleman of the King's Chamber, the place of Historiographer of France, and, at length, a seat in the academy. But his success at court was not of long duration. Madame de Pompadour, actuated by her own caprice, and the clamours of his enemies, lavished on Crebillon marks of distinction and favor which Voltaire considered as so many insults to himself. He again retired to Ciry, from whence he went to the court of Lunéville, with Madame du Châtelet, where that ingenious woman expired. At Lunéville he wrote his *Nanine*, and caused it to be performed. He returned once more to Paris, but the same persecution and malice awaited him. As an appropriate revenge on Crebillon, he wrote the *Semiramis*, *Orestes*, and *Rome Preserved*, all of them subjects which his rival had treated before. They were composed at Sceaux, under the patronage of the Duchess du Maine; the first had some success, the two latter were but coldly received.

It was at this period that Voltaire judged it proper to accede to the pressing invitations which the King of Prussia had repeatedly sent him, since the death of Madame du Châtelet. The particulars of his residence at Berlin and Potsdam are well known—as well as his singular favor with the king—their free and philosophical conversations, their open and instructive communications, their coldness, their disputes, their reconciliation, and the numerous intrigues which embittered their intimacy, and finally produced a separation. The king caused the satire of *Akakea*, which Voltaire had written

to resent the malignity and manœuvres of Maupertius, to be burnt by the common hangman. Voltaire resigned the key of Chamberlain, and the cross of the Order of Merit, in the hands of the king, who compelled him to resume them. For a moment they appeared to be reconciled, but the charm was broken, and the illusion dissipated. It was with the greatest difficulty that Voltaire obtained permission to take the waters of Plombieres, which were necessary for his health: and he set out with the firm resolution of never returning. During his residence in Prussia he had written the *Age of Louis XIV.* a part of the *Essay on the Manners, &c.* and he had revisited the *Pucelle*. On his arrival at Frankfort, he was arrested upon the most frivolous pretext, and ignominiously treated by the agents of Frederic, who, ashamed of his conduct, disavowed their proceedings, but neglected to punish them. Voltaire escaped to Colmar. He remained during two years in Alsace, and published his *Annals of the Empire*, the materials for which he had discovered in the abbey of Senones, of which Calmet was the abbot. He was desirous of returning to Paris, but, having previously ascertained, that his visit would be obnoxious to the court, he proceeded to the baths of Aix, in Savoy. From thence he went to Geneva, to consult the celebrated physician, Tronchin, who assured him of his entire recovery if he would remain in his neighbourhood. This tempting promise, the beauty of the country, the freedom enjoyed by its inhabitants, and the necessity of repose after so many fatigues, determined him to fix his residence first at Tournay, then at *Les Délices*, and finally at Ferney.

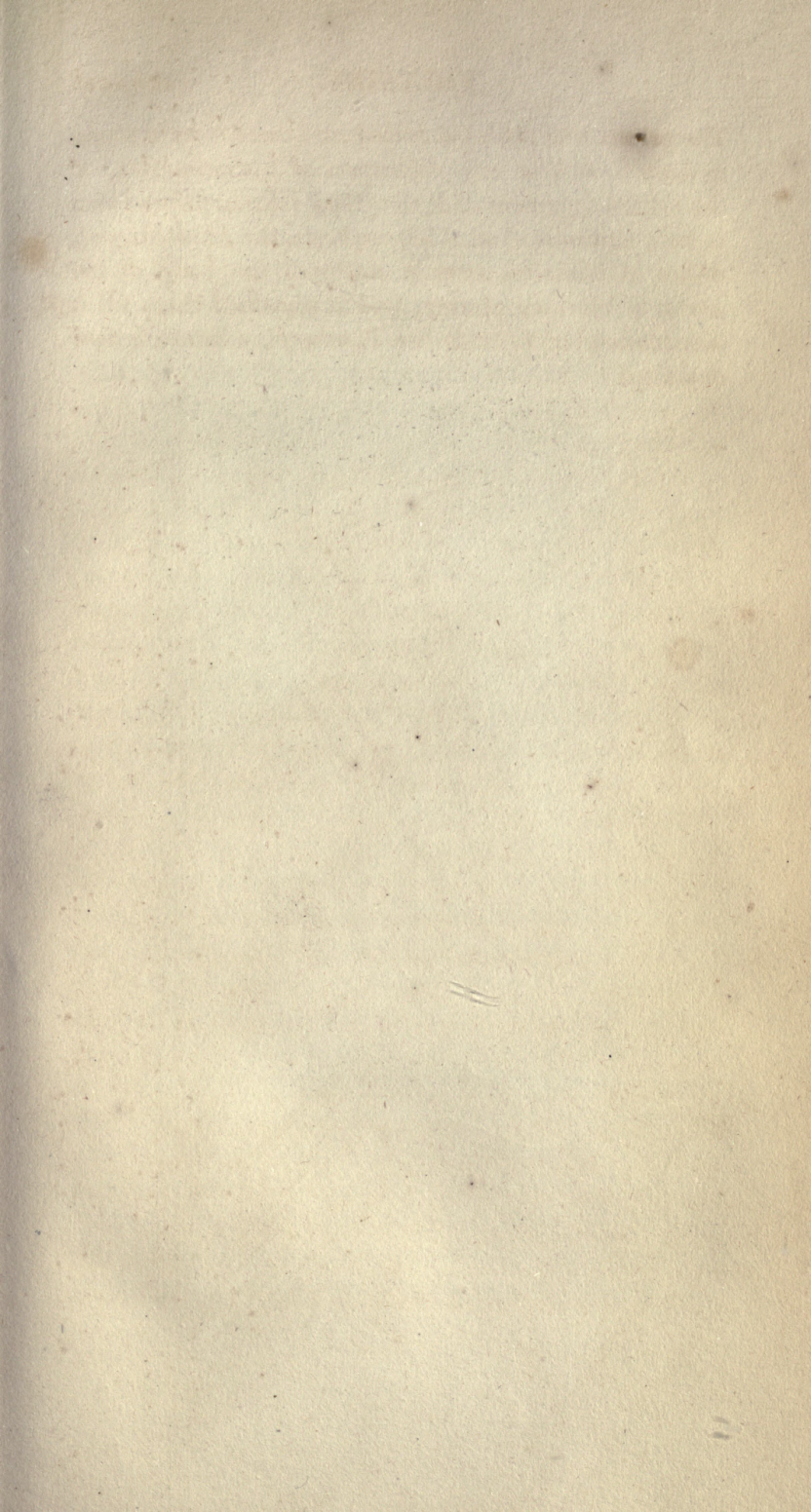
The life of Voltaire now assumed a calmer aspect. From this time, entirely devoted to philosophy and literature, he composed, in his retreat, the most numer-

ous, if not the most brilliant, part of his writings. He completed his *Essay on the Manners, &c. of Nations*, the *Orphan of China*, *Tancred*, *Olympia*, the *Triumvirate*, the *Scythes*, the *Guebres*, the *Laws of Minos*, *Don Pedro*, the *Pelopides*, *Irene*, &c. &c. It was here he wrote most of his romances and tales, and that profusion of little detached pieces in prose and verse, which circulated so rapidly through every part of Europe. It was here that he also defended the lives or the memory of the Calas, the Chevalier de la Barre, Sirven, Martin, Montbailly, Lally, and Morangières. Voltaire, whose heart was so little known, consecrated his time, his genius, and his fortune, to succour the oppressed, to relieve the unfortunate, and in the general exercise of benevolence. Ferney, which was before only a miserable village, he converted into a neat and well-built town, inhabited by a flourishing colony of clock-makers. By his efforts, the country of Gex was exempt from the tyranny of the farmers-general. He endeavoured to release the people of Mont-Jura from their fetters. He educated under his own eye, and suitably married a female descendant of the great Corneille. Ferney became the capital of literature, and the asylum of philosophy. The zealous partisans of Voltaire, the enthusiastic admirers of his opinions and his writings, resorted thither as so many pilgrims to a shrine. No stranger of distinction ever omitted visiting him. The old man received men of literature and genius with affability, the great with distinction, ladies with his usual grace, and all with politeness. Those young authors in whose success he interested himself, he retained with him for several months, and they studied or composed under his kind and vigilant eye. To these continual visits, extorted by his fame and his writings, was added an almost universal correspondence. The King of Prussia, with whom he was, to appearance at least,

reconciled—the Empress of Russia, and other sovereigns—the learned and the literati of almost every country—many of the high nobility, and the most celebrated females of France, entertained with him a settled commerce of letters, in which he was always most distinguished for punctuality, politeness, and wit. His innumerable letters so remarkable for their sprightliness, humour, and grace, which would have occupied every moment of any other person, and which alone would have been sufficient for his glory, appear to have trespassed little on the time of this extraordinary man.

For many years Voltaire had been desirous of revisiting his native spot. He had recently bestowed Madame de Varicourt in marriage to M. de Villette, and he accompanied them to Paris. His residence in that city was a perpetual series of triumph and congratulation. In the streets, the enthusiastic crowds surrounded his carriage, repeating his name and passages from his works: *Irene* was represented before him, and his bust was crowned on the theatre, amidst the tears, the applauses, and the acclamations of thousands. So many triumphs appeared to re-animate his zeal, and redouble his activity—it seemed as if he felt it necessary to justify such an extraordinary reception by other productions. He proposed to the academy the plan of a new dictionary; selected for his own share the first letter of the alphabet, and devoted himself night and day to study. This excessive labour, and the acuteness of his feelings exalted to the highest pitch, overcame the little strength he had left. He was deprived of rest. To mitigate his sufferings, he swallowed opium to excess, and sunk into a lethargy from which he recovered only at long intervals, and for a few moments. He expired, at length, on the 30th of May, 1778, at the age of 84 years, 3 months, and 8 days.

The priests who attended during his illness were not able to draw from him any abjuration of his principles, or the acknowledgment of J. C. They refused to inter him in holy ground. One of his nephews, the Abbé Mignot, Abbot of Sellieres, secretly conveyed the body of his uncle to his own church, and it remained there till it was removed in 1792 to the Pantheon, where it is now deposited.





M. del.

J. C. sculp.

London, Published 1st Feb: 1807, by Thomas Hood & Sharpe, Printers.

WICKLIFFE.

ENGLAND, that long happily escaped the scourge of heresy and theological disputes, gave birth to John Wickliffe, the celebrated precursor of John Hus, one of the reformers of the 16th century. He was born at Wickliffe, in Yorkshire, about the year 1324. Having completed his studies at Oxford, he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and distinguished himself by his talents, and the austerity of his manners. In 1361 he procured the mastership of Baliol college; and was afterwards made warden of Canterbury hall, then founded by archbishop Isless, whose successor, Langham, displaced him at the instigation of the monks, the sworn foes to Wickliffe, for exposing their corrupt errors, and abominable practices.

The motives that rendered Wickliffe inimical to the court of Rome, were nearly the same which provoked the indignation of Luther. In 1374 he was sent with some others, on an embassy to Rome, to complain of the number of benefices enjoyed by foreigners. This mission confirmed Wickliffe in his sentiments of the papal tyranny. After his return, he preached with greater violence against the corruption of the Romish church. Although Wickliffe in a degree revived the doctrines of *Berenger* and *Vaudois*, he may still be regarded as the first who ventured publicly, and methodically, to combat principles that had long been established throughout Europe. He maintained that the Bible was the only rule of faith, opposed the practice of confession and indulgencies, attacked the supremacy of the pope, and

the privileges of the church, rejected the real presence, established fatality and predestination, and required, to restore religion to its premature purity, that worship should be deprived of all its ceremonies, and the clergy of all their estates. Circumstances favored these opinions, and in spite of the severity of the laws, he had in a little time numerous partizans. England was weary of seeing herself treated as a Roman province. The great schism in the west, at that time, divided the church, and the spectacle of two, nay, three popes, disputing the authority, and reciprocally excommunicating each other, but too forcibly justified the declamations of Wickliffe. Pope Gregory XI. informed of his conduct issued several bulls against him, charging him with numerous heresies. But whatever were the errors of Wickliffe, he was certainly right when, upon the occasion of the croisade published in England against France, he expressed himself with much indignation to “see the Cross of our Saviour, the emblem of peace, of mercy, and charity, serve as a standard and signal of war among christians, to promote the interests of two ambitious prelates.”

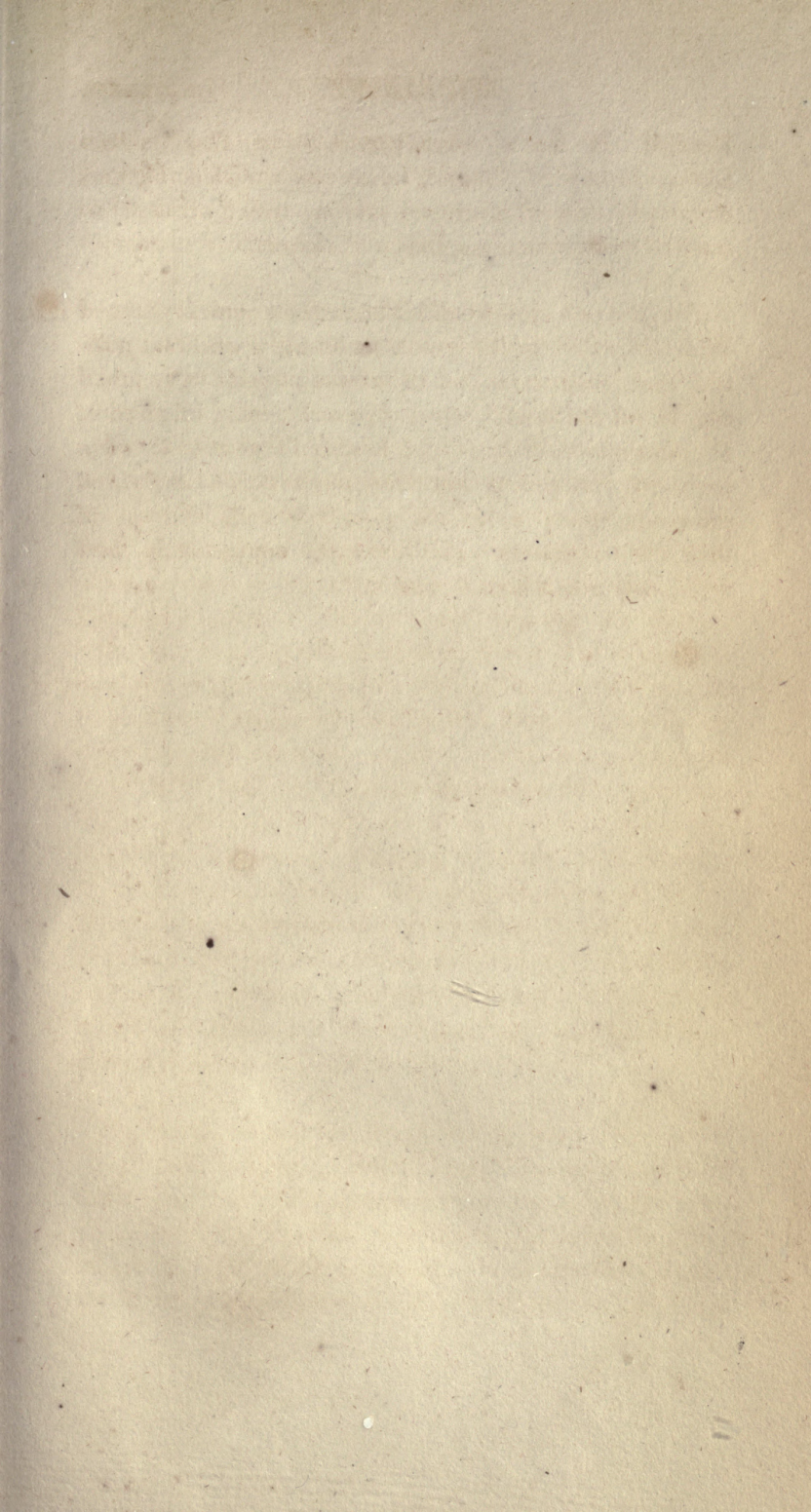
It was under the reign of Edward III. that Wickliffe began to spread his doctrine. He suffered great persecution under Richard II. but he found a zealous protector in the Duke of Lancaster, father of Henry IV. Courtney, bishop of London, cited Wickliffe to appear before him at Paul's, to give him some account of the new opinions which he held. Wickliffe came attended by the Duke of Lancaster, and the Earl Marshal. The crowd was so great, that the Lord Marshal was obliged to make use of his authority to get Wickliffe through it. The bishop, displeased at seeing him so honorably attended, told the Lord Marshal, “that if he had known before hand what maestries he would have kept in the church, he would

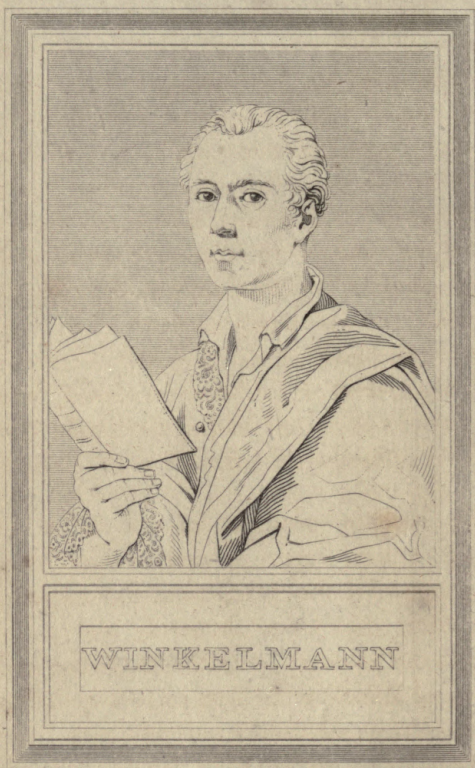
have stopped him out from coming there.” The Duke of Lancaster, indignant at this threatening language, told the bishop, “that he would keep such maestries there, though he said nay.” Wickliffe, as usual, was standing before the bishop and the rest of the commissioners, to hear what things were laid to his charge, when the Lord Marshal desired him to sit down, telling him, that as he had many things to answer to, he had need of a soft seat to be at his ease. The bishop replied, “that he should not sit there; for,” added he, “it is neither according to law nor reason, that he who was cited to answer before his ordinary, (the head pope), should sit down during the time of his answer.” On this many angry words took place between the bishop and the Earl Marshal. The Duke of Lancaster then interfered, and told the bishop, “that the Earl Marshal’s motion, was a very reasonable one, and that as for him, (the bishop), he was now become so proud and arrogant, that he (the Duke) would bring down not only the pride of him, but of every prelate in England;” adding, “that rather than take what the bishop said at his hand, he would pull him out of the church by the hair of his head.” These speeches occasioned the assembly to become very tumultuous; so the court broke up without doing any thing. Notwithstanding the hatred of the clergy, he died peaceably in his rectory of Lutterworth, in the year 1384. Thirteen years afterwards his bones were taken up, and burnt by a decree of the council of Constance.

His partizans were called *Lollards*, from the name of one of their leaders. Under Henry IV. such was their influence, that the commons proposed to apply the temporal benefits of the church, to the exigencies of the state, which was resisted by the King. Wickliffe wrote a tract on the schism of the popes, and translated the bible into

English. He was so voluminous a writer, that Labinio Lipus, bishop of Prague, burnt two hundred volumes, written by this extraordinary person, which belonged to some of the heretical noblemen of Bohemia.

The learned and candid Melancthon speaks thus of Wickliffe, "He foolishly confounds the gospel and politics, and does not see that the gospel permits us to make use of all the lawful forms of government of all nations. He contends that it is not lawful for priests to have property. He insists that tithes ought only to be paid to those who teach, as if the gospel forbade the use of political ordinances. He wrangles sophistically and seditiously about civil dominion."





Painted by R. Mengs.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Publish'd by, Vornor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

WINCKELMAN.

JOHN WINCKELMAN was born at Stendal, in the ancient Marche of Brandenburg, in 1718. His father was a shoemaker, and wholly incapable of cultivating the taste for literature which he developed at an early age. Left entirely to himself, Winckelman studied the best Latin and Greek authors; but the distress in which he was involved, compelled him to become a schoolmaster. It was then, he has asserted, "that he reflected upon passages in Homer, in shewing the alphabet to his scholars."—The Count de Bunau, the patron of literature, and who was himself an author, extricated him from his difficulties, and placed him near his person. The neighbourhood of Dresden furnished Winckelman with the means of contemplating the productions of art, and of making himself acquainted with learned men.

Having become professor of the belles lettres, at Sechhausen, a new career opened to him. The Pope's Nuncio proposed to him to undertake a journey into Italy, assuring him, that he might easily obtain the post of librarian to the Vatican. But this flattering expectation, demanded of Winckelman two important sacrifices; he must necessarily quit the Count de Bunau, and change his religion. But the love of the arts prevailed. He became catholic in 1754; and excused himself with so much candour towards his protector, that he felt an interest in his welfare, and remained his friend.

Before his departure for Rome, Winckelman published his *Reflections on the Imitation of the Works of*

the Greeks, in Painting and Sculpture. This tract excited considerable sensation among the connoisseurs. Having, during his journey, attentively studied the most remarkable objects of the arts, Winckelman arrived at Rome; but the prelate, who had flattered him with so many promises, could not realize his hopes. Winckelman could there only obtain a lodging; his pride not permitting him to solicit more. He had then only his pension to subsist on, granted to him by the court of Dresden, and which amounted only to one hundred crowns. But this, on the breaking out of the war in Saxony, and which terminated in its subjection, he unfortunately lost. His presentation to Pope Benedict XIV. and his connexion with the famous Cardinal Passionei, had procured him only a scanty and precarious subsistence. Thus circumstanced, he was compelled to renounce a portion of his independance, and attached himself to Cardinal Albani, in the quality of librarian. A little time afterwards, he was elected *president of the antiquities*, and found himself so comfortable in his situation, that although many of the German princes, desirous of fixing him in their neighbourhood, would have made him the most advantageous proposals, he could not be prevailed on to abandon his favorite employ.

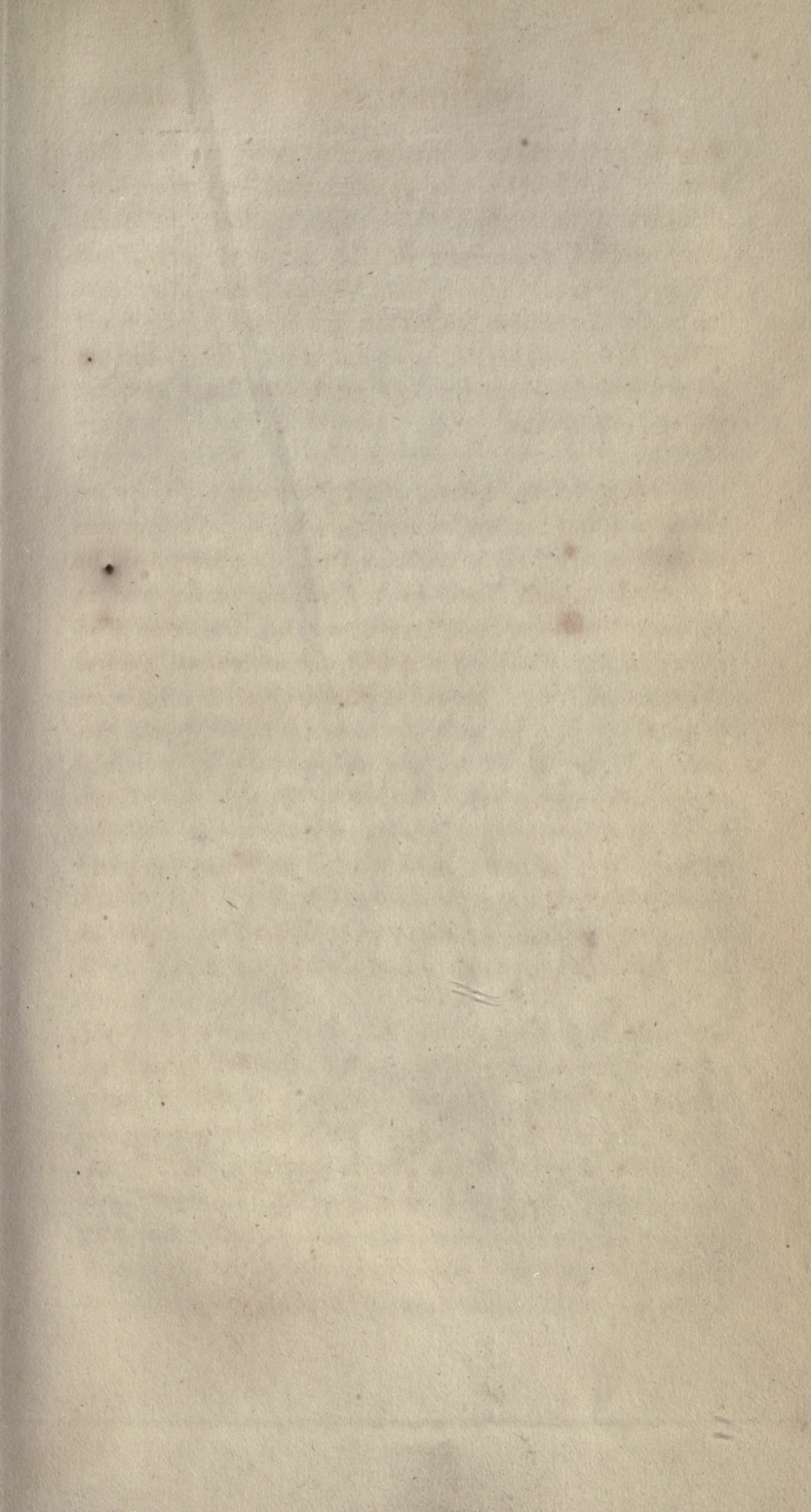
The *Description des Pierres Gravées du Cabinet de Stosch*, extended the reputation of Winckelman, among the body of antiquaries. *L'Histoire de l'Art chez les Anciens*, was printed in 1764. This magnificent picture of the birth, progress, and decline of statuary, among the principal nations of antiquity, met with prodigious success, and was regarded from its first appearance as a *classical* work. Such is the general opinion of its merits, that the important errors which have since been discovered, and even those which may yet be pointed out, do not

injure its celebrity. Winckelman, it must be acknowledged, is at times too systematic; he is not sufficiently severe in the choice of pieces that he recommends to the notice of his readers; but he exalts the chef d'œuvres of antiquity, and exposes the immutable principles of the *beau* with uncommon energy and spirit. With what sagacity has he classed the works of sculpture, and indicated the epochs to which they may be attributed! To this knowledge, of the arts, he joined the most profound erudition, and the talent so extremely rare, of conveying instruction without fatigue. Winckelman was not at all times exempt from prejudices. His friendship for his countryman, Mengs, the painter, and in whose favor he became a zealous partizan, was doubtless a meritorious sentiment; but it induced him often to exaggerate his praise, and attribute to that artist, whose reputation is by no means confirmed, qualities that he did not really possess.

By the criticisms of various adversaries, whom his extreme irritability had rendered more daring in their attacks, and compelled to forego a voyage into Greece, which he had a long time projected, Winckelman formed the resolution of returning to Germany. But though in his native country he met with the most flattering reception, his regret in quitting Rome embittered his enjoyments. This idea took such hold upon his mind, that the Roman sculptor, *Cavaceppi*, his travelling companion, entreated him to return to Italy, which he consented. Having left Vienna, and arrived at Trieste, Winckelman formed, during his stay in that city, an acquaintance with an Italian adventurer, named *Arcan-geli*, who gained his confidence, by expressing an insatiable love for the arts. This designing villain, in order to possess himself of some valuable medals which

Winckelman had the imprudence to shew, stabbed him with a knife. He was apprehended and punished; although Winckelman, who at the approach of death demonstrated sentiments of the greatest piety, had declared he would pardon him. Winckelman, after leaving a few legacies to his friends, appointed the Cardinal Albani his residuary legatee; and died, after lingering a few hours, in excessive pain, on the 8th June, 1768, at the age of fifty-one.

His *History of the Arts*, which he wrote in German, has been translated into several languages. Besides this production, and those we have already enumerated, he composed others, both in his native idiom, and in Italian. The most considerable are, his *Letters on Herкулaneum*, his *Allegory for Artists*, *Remarks upon Ancient Architecture*, &c. Mons. d'Hancarville, his intimate friend, and who, as well as himself, has devoted his time and his talents to the study of antiquity in the capital of the Arts, has composed, to his memory, a Latin inscription, in the lapidary style of the ancients. Winckelman was much celebrated as an antiquary, and considered as the first connoisseur of his time. His friendship was much courted by travellers, to whom he paid the most courteous attention while at Rome.





Lebrun. pinx. t

Storer. sc.

W. H. Storer. sc.

London: Published April 1807 by T. and A. Hood & Sharp Roultry.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN.

LE BRUN.

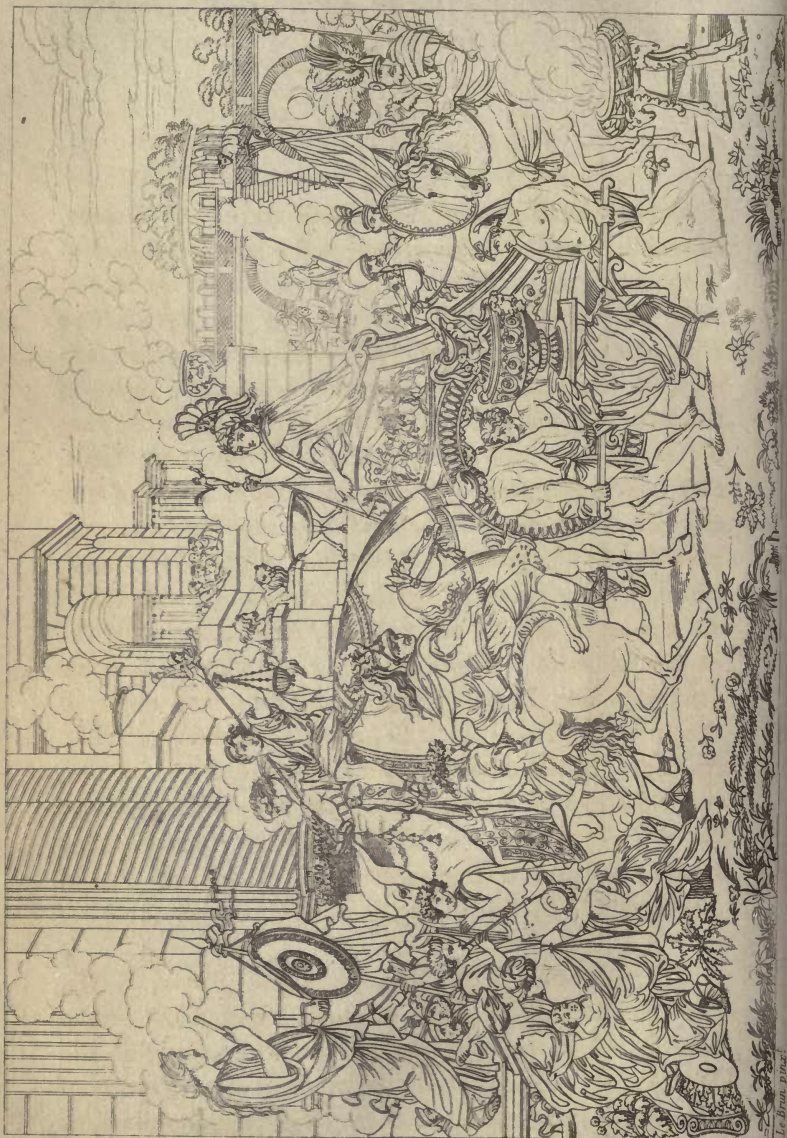
SAINT STEPHEN was one of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ. At the prayer of the faithful, among whom all their possessions were in common, the apostles permitted seven persons, the most eminent for their fidelity and their virtue, to be intrusted with the distribution of alms. St. Stephen was the first selected to perform this honorable function. His zeal for the christian religion having raised the people of Jerusalem against him, he was cited before the *Sanhedrim* as guilty of attacking the law of Moses. He supported his opinions with much firmness before the magistrate; and reproached the Jews with the recent death of Christ. His defence excited much tumult and indignation; in the midst of which, he exclaimed, "I beheld the Heavens open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." The fury of his enemies was now at its excessive height; they seized him immediately, and dragged him out of the city, resolving to inflict upon him the punishment allotted to blasphemers. During the time of his martyrdom he offered up prayers for his murderers, and, after the example of Jesus, implored the Almighty, not to impute to them the magnitude of so heinous a crime.

In this picture, which is one of his best productions, Le Brun has very judiciously combined the principle circumstances attending this event. In the numerous pictures of the martyrs, painters have frequently intro-

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN.

introduced the Supreme Being and his Angels with much impropriety; but in this instance the episode attacks itself essentially to the subject, and to the words which Stephen so emphatically pronounced.

Le Brun produced this picture in 1651, at the age of 32. It was painted for the church Notre Dame, and considerably increased his reputation. This artist, who confined himself particularly to expression, and who left behind him some useful precepts on this impartial branch of his art, has perhaps produced nothing in its kind to be compared to the figure of St. Stephen. A pious resignation, and a celestial pleasure, are depicted in his face, suffused with blood, and already covered with the paleness of death. The group of his faithful followers, who witness his last moments, is happily conceived. Their dejection of mind, and the compassion with which they seem penetrated, form an admirable contrast to the rage and vengeance that animate his destroyers.



THE ENTRY OF ALEXANDER INTO BABYLON.

LE BRUN.

AFTER having subjugated the whole of Greece, Alexander employed the resources he was possessed of in the conquest of Persia. Followed solely by 36,000 men, he passed the Hellespont in the year 334, before J. C.—visited the ruins of Troy—arrived upon the borders of the Granicus, which he crossed in sight of the Persians, whom he put to flight—overthrew all that he met in his career—gave battle to Darius, near Issus, and completely defeated him. He then besieged the city of Tyre, which surrendering to his arms, he passed into Egypt, and founded Alexandria; and, traversing the plains of Lybia, returned to the attack of the Persians, and by the battle of Arbela destroyed the empire of Darius. From Persia, Alexander carried his conquests into India—vanquished Porus, and made all the Indian princes submit to his yoke—and only stopped his course at the mouth of the Indus, when he, in fact, could proceed no farther. He returned to Babylon to enjoy the fruit of his victories—where he tarnished his fame by the most degrading excesses, and where poison put an end to his surprising destiny.

The ambassadors of Carthage, Gaul, Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and other cities of Italy, awaited his return into Babylon, to congratulate the Conqueror of the World; but the predictions of a soothsayer prevented him, for a time, going thither. Yielding, however, at

THE ENTRY OF ALEXANDER INTO BABYLON.

last, to the remonstrances of the philosopher Anaxarchus, who dissipated the apprehensions which the magi had inspired, Alexander offered to the Babylonians the pageant of a triumphal entry into the city—upon which was lavished all the treasure of the world.

Le Brun has, perhaps, not given to his subject all the brilliancy which it ought to possess. A march even more extended could have scarcely corresponded with the idea that may be conceived of this triumph. But the artist could not, doubtless, dispose of a greater space; and what confirms us in that opinion, is the crowding of objects in many parts of this picture.

The principal figure is well disposed: its attitude is noble, and its expression heroic. The costume and head-dress contribute to give him a majestic appearance.

The two slaves, carrying a magnificent vase, and the horseman who addresses them, are accessories, but too much in sight, and diminish the general effect.

Great beauties are however, remarked in the group of Babylonians standing at the foot of the statue; and especially in many of the figures of the Macedonian soldiery.

Notwithstanding the merit of the picture, it must be confessed that it is inferior to many others in the collection of the Battles of Alexander. It was the last finished, and Le Brun perhaps experienced that fatigue which so long and so laborious a task might have occasioned.



THE DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES.

M. BOISSELIER.

DEMOSTHENES, by his eloquence, roused the Grecian empire against Philip, and, upon all occasions, attacked, with considerable asperity, the ambition of Alexander; but these princes triumphed, in the end, over the obstacles that he opposed to their designs, without causing him to experience any act of personal resentment. Matters assumed a different appearance when Antipater after the death of Alexander, divided the kingdom of Macedonia. Demosthenes, desirous that his country should regain its liberties, declaimed against the tyranny of the Macedonians:—but Athens had lost all its energy; and the Athenians, summoned by Antipater to deliver Demosthenes into his power, were on the point of acceding to his threats, when Demosthenes, apprised of his commands, resolved to secure himself by flight, and preserve his countrymen from guilt. They did not, however, hesitate to condemn him to death, in obedience to the orders of his oppressor.

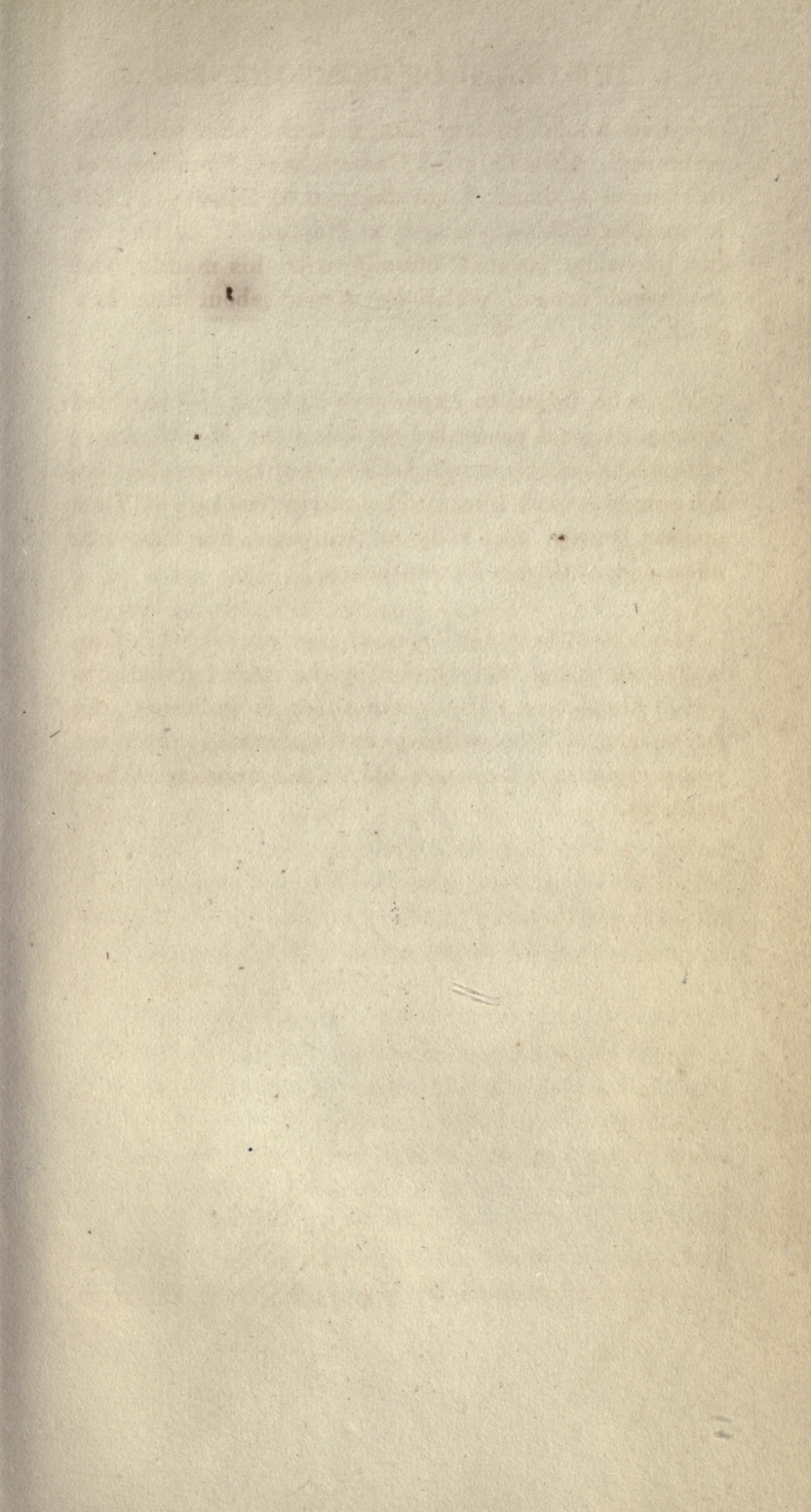
This illustrious orator secreted himself in the island of Calauria, where he was pursued by Archias, one of Antipater's officers. Demosthenes, under the protection of Neptune, whose temple served him as an asylum, resisted the perfidious insinuations of Archias, who at first had recourse to stratagem to induce him to go and justify himself before Antipater; but finding that he could overcome his resistance only by force, ordered the Ma-

THE DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES.

cedonian troops to drag him from the altar which he embraced. "Hold," cried Demosthenes, "profane not this sacred asylum. I am disposed to follow you; but let me first address a prayer to Neptune." Falling on his knees he covered himself with his mantle, and swallowed poison, which he carried about him in a quill.

When he began to experience its effect, he unfolded his mantle, and proceeded to follow the Macedonians; but he had scarcely reached the door of the temple than his powers forsook him, and he said to Archias:—"Thou mayest convey this body to Antipater, but thou wilt never convey thither Demosthenes."

The instant in which Demosthenes uncovers his face, is that which has been chosen by the artist for the subject of his picture. His composition is judicious; the expression of Demosthenes well delineated; and the group of warriors is remarkable for the propriety of their attitudes.





THE SLEEP OF JESUS.

ANNIBAL CARACCI.

EXTENDED carelessly on the pavement, and reclining on the bosom of his mother, the infant Jesus enjoys the happiness of profound sleep. The child St. John extends his hand to caress him, and is on the point of waking him, when the virgin desires him, by a sign, not to disturb the repose of her son.

This charming picture, one of the most graceful of Annibal Caracci, painted on wood, is about a foot in length. The drawing is correct, the expression true, and the objects treated with considerable judgment.

There is extant an old engraving of this picture, with a drapery in the back ground, as represented in the annexed sketch. This drapery does not exist in the original composition, whose ground is of a single tint.

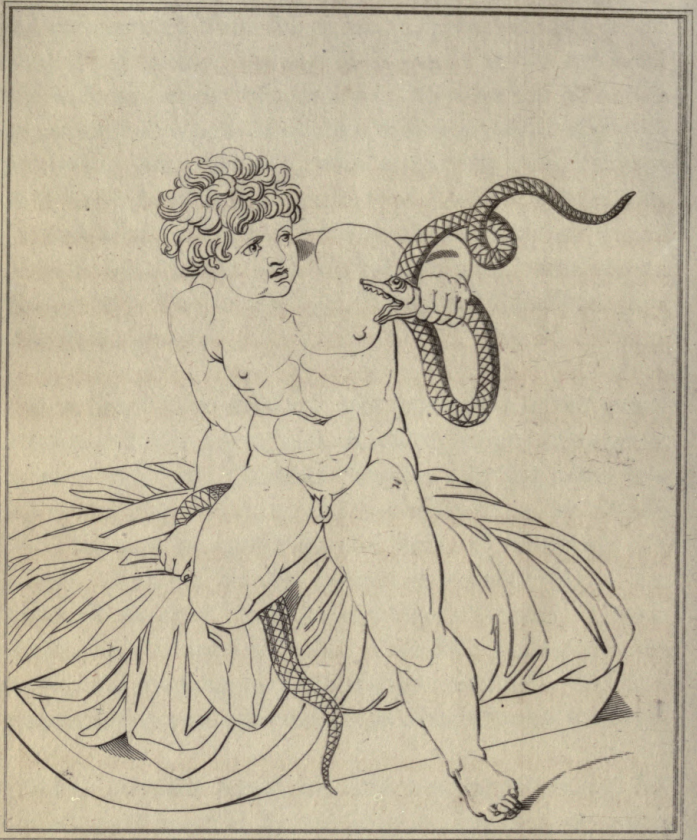
This artist excelled in portraits, or overcharged caricatures. He gave to his animals, and even to his vases, the figure of a man whom he wished to turn into ridicule. One of his scholars being more occupied with the elegance of his toilette than in the study of painting, Annibal represented him with an air perfectly coxcomical, and so forcibly did the portrait express the defect of the original, that the young man renounced, from that moment, his excessive attention to dress.

THE SLEEP OF JESUS.

Annibal lived in a philosophic style, disregarding the luxury of polished society, frequently hurtful to artists, as engrossing too much of their time. This led him to blame the conduct of his brother Agostino, who passed the greater part of his life in his antichamber, and in the company of princes and cardinals, and who dressed himself with so much magnificence, that he had more the appearance of a man of quality than a painter. Annibal perceiving him, one day, with a haughty gait, walking on the parade with some persons of the first distinction, he pretended to have something to communicate of the greatest importance, and drawing him on one side, he whispered to him in the ear, "Agostino, recollect you are a tailor's son."

As a proof that Annibal was insensible to the pomp attendant on the great, and unwilling to pay homage to superior rank, the Cardinal Borghese having come one day to pay him a visit, he slid out of his house by a back door, leaving his disciples the task of receiving the prelate. Annibal having spoken disrespectfully of the works of Josepin, this painter was disposed to seek redress by the sword; when Annibal, taking up his pencil, and showing it to his rival, exclaimed, "By this weapon I defy you, and will prove myself the conqueror."

When Annibal found his last hour approaching, he desired to be interred by the side of Raphael, in order that his remains might be united with those of a painter whom he so highly esteemed. He died in 1609.



Caracci pinxt.

W. Dodd sculp.

Infant Hercules

London: Published by T. Agnew, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, &c.

HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

AUGUSTINO CARACCI.

ACCORDING to Heathen mythology, Alcmena on the same day gave birth to Hercules and Iphiclus. Amphitryon, desirous of knowing which of the twins was his son, placed near their cradle two enormous serpents. At their appearance, Iphiclus was greatly terrified, and fled; but Hercules seized the reptiles, and strangled them. This trait of force and intrepidity, at so tender an age, confirmed beyond all doubt the celestial origin of the young hero.

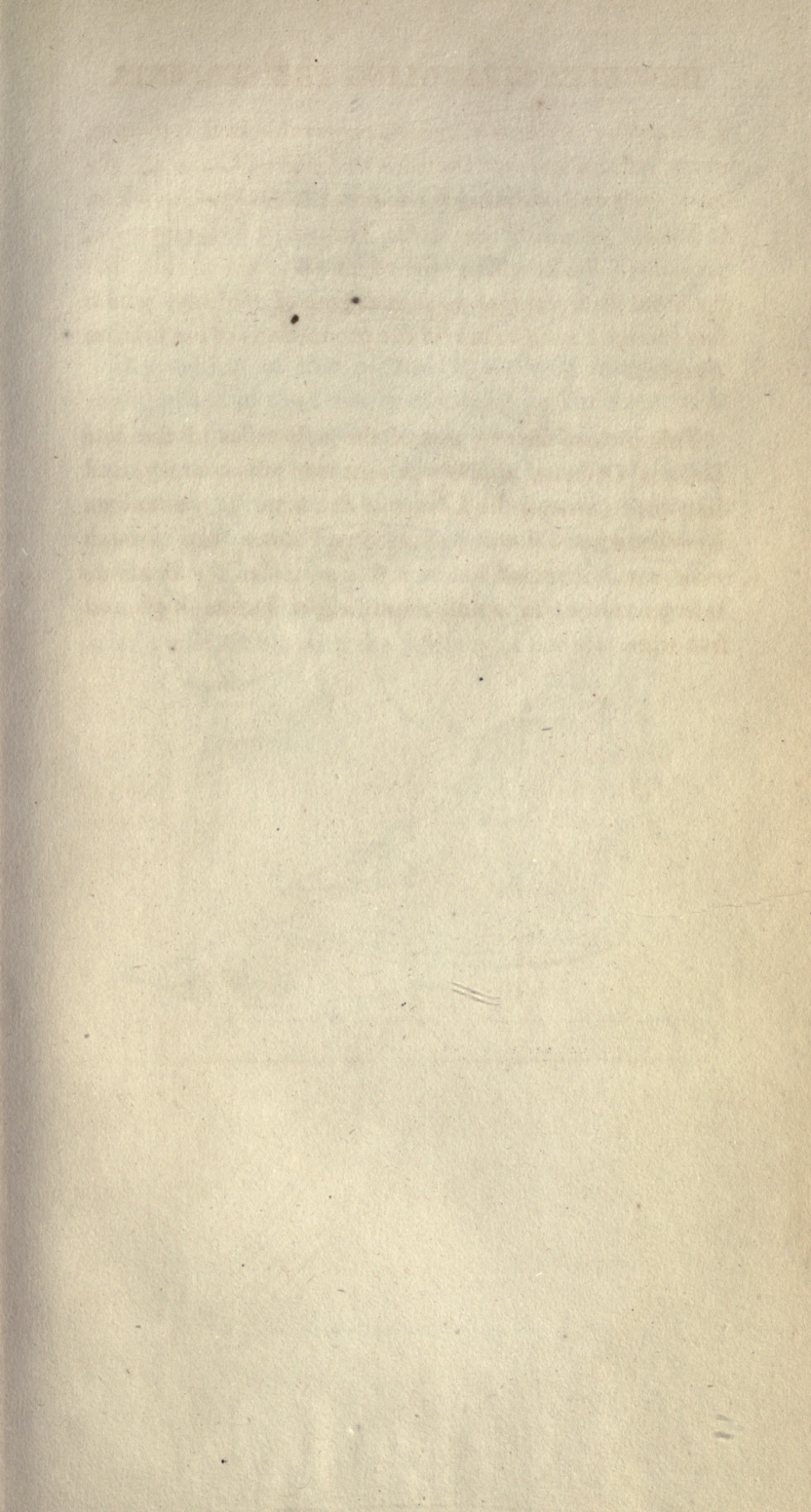
In this manner the fact has been often represented by ancient artists. There still exists an antique painting, in which, contiguous to Hercules, are visible all the personages who witnessed the event: that is to say, Amphitryon, Alcmena, and Iphiclus, who seeks refuge in the arms of his nurse.

Augustino Caracci, in this pleasing picture, has banished all accessaries. In doing this he perhaps follows a received tradition, that the Serpents were conveyed by Juno into the cradle of Hercules, at a time when no one could fly to his assistance. Be that as it may, the artist has given to the demi-god an energy of expression and vigour of form, that makes him immediately recognized: his ruddy and animated colouring, so far from being a defect, is better suited to the subject than more delicate tints.

HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

From the boldness of design observable in this picture, many writers have attributed it to Annibal Caracci. We have preferred retaining the name of Augustino, to whom it is more generally ascribed. This artist has, moreover, proved, in works which opened a field to his genius, that he could at times rise to that degree of majesty, which has stamped such value on the productions of his brother Annibal.

This picture formed part of the collection of the late Duke d' Orleans, which was sent into this country, and distributed among the Lovers of the Arts. It is unknown by what means it was preserved in France, and through what hands it passed before it was placed in the Museum. It is painted upon wood, about eight inches high and five wide.





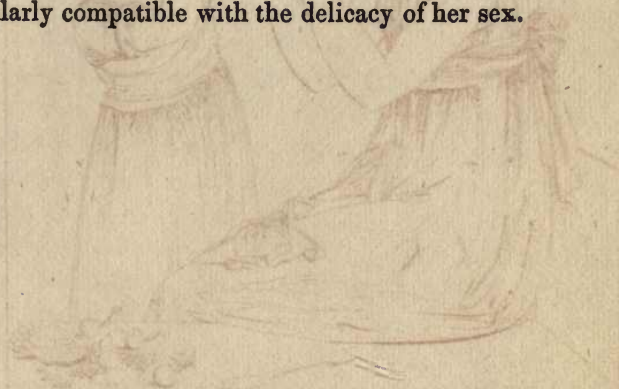
Sando sculpt

Two girls drinking

GIRLS DRINKING.

MAD^{LLR.} CHAUDET.

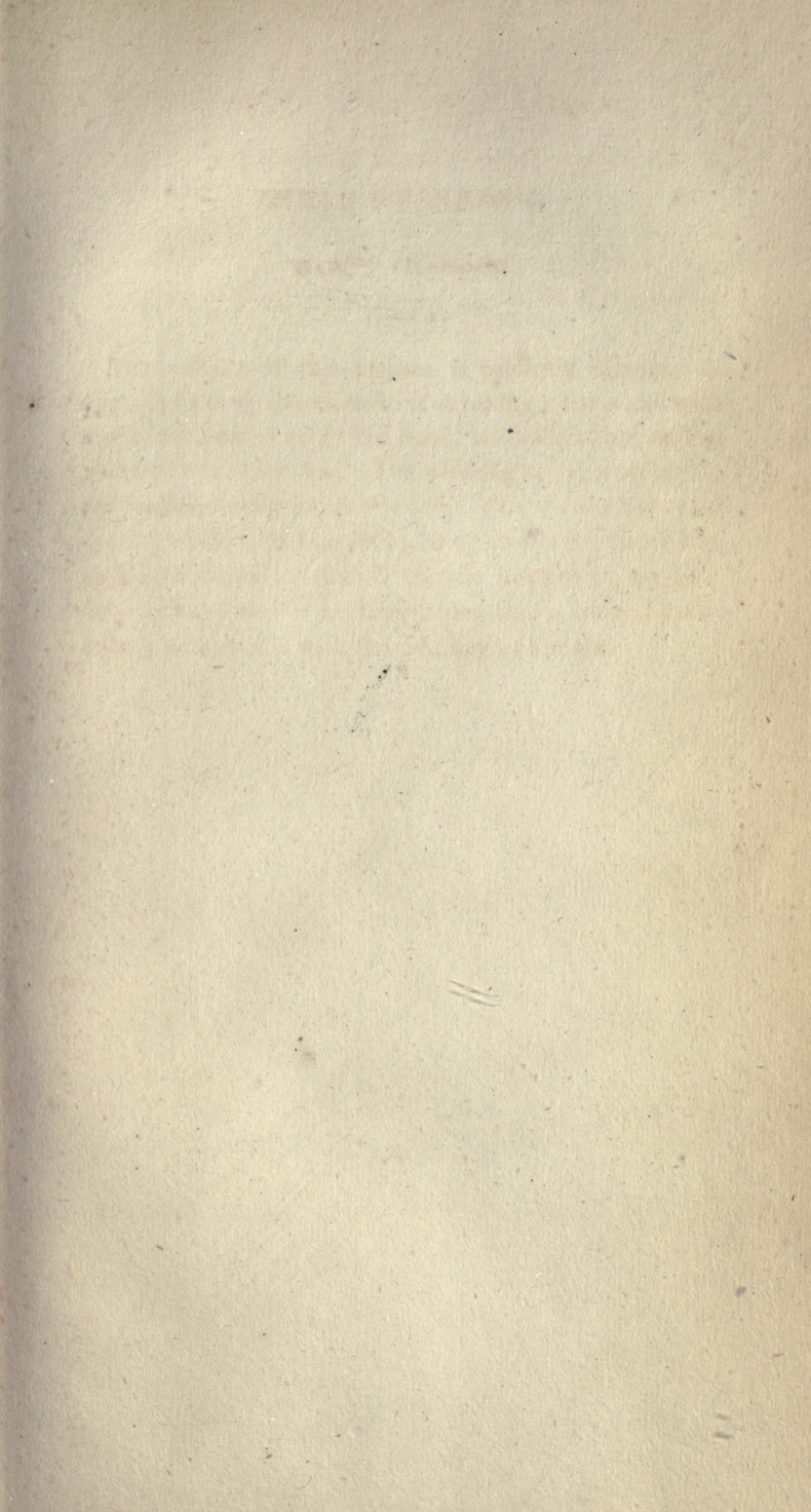
The subject of this picture is perfectly simple. A young girl is in the attitude of drinking; her sister with one hand, pushes away her head, with the other, endeavours to seize the vase. The pleasing scene was highly applauded during its exhibition. The public appeared much gratified, that an artist, so estimable in private life, as Mad^{lle.} Chaudet, should employ her pencil, on subjects at once tender and ingenious, that appeared particularly compatible with the delicacy of her sex.



GIRLS DRINKING.

MADAME CHAUDET.

The subject of this picture is perfectly simple. A young girl is in the attitude of drinking; her sister with one hand, pushes away her head, with the other, endeavors to seize the vase. The pleasing scene was highly applauded during its exhibition. The public appeared much gratified, that an artist, so estimable in private life, as Madame Chaudet, should employ her pencil on subjects at once tender and ingenious, that appeared particularly compatible with the delicacy of her sex.





Grav. 1840

W. G. 1840

The Flight into Egypt

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 1840

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

CIGOLI.

ASSIDUOUS attention to the study of anatomy totally deranged the mind of Cigoli, which unjust persecutions had previously disturbed. He passed three years in a state of insanity, yet never wholly forbore amusing himself in his art. He had, at times, some lucid intervals, during which he produced several small compositions, worthy of the talent he displayed. Upon his convalescence, his genius developed itself with an animation that excited envy, but confounded all competition.

As Cigoli finished his works, it required the utmost precaution to take them out of his hands, in order to preserve them; for in his paroxysms of madness, when he discovered a picture, he took his brush, and without altering, in the least, the disposition of the whole, converted every figure into a skeleton. This mania produced, one day, the most singular effect. A picture was given to him by one of his friends, representing Venus surrounded by the Loves; Cigoli amused himself with dissecting the goddess, but as he had not time also to disfigure the Loves, Venus remained under her hideous form, in the midst of the laughing group.

It was, probably, during the time he was in this unhappy condition, that Cigoli painted his Flight into Egypt. The great charm of this little piece consists in the *naïveté*, which reigns no less in the execution, than

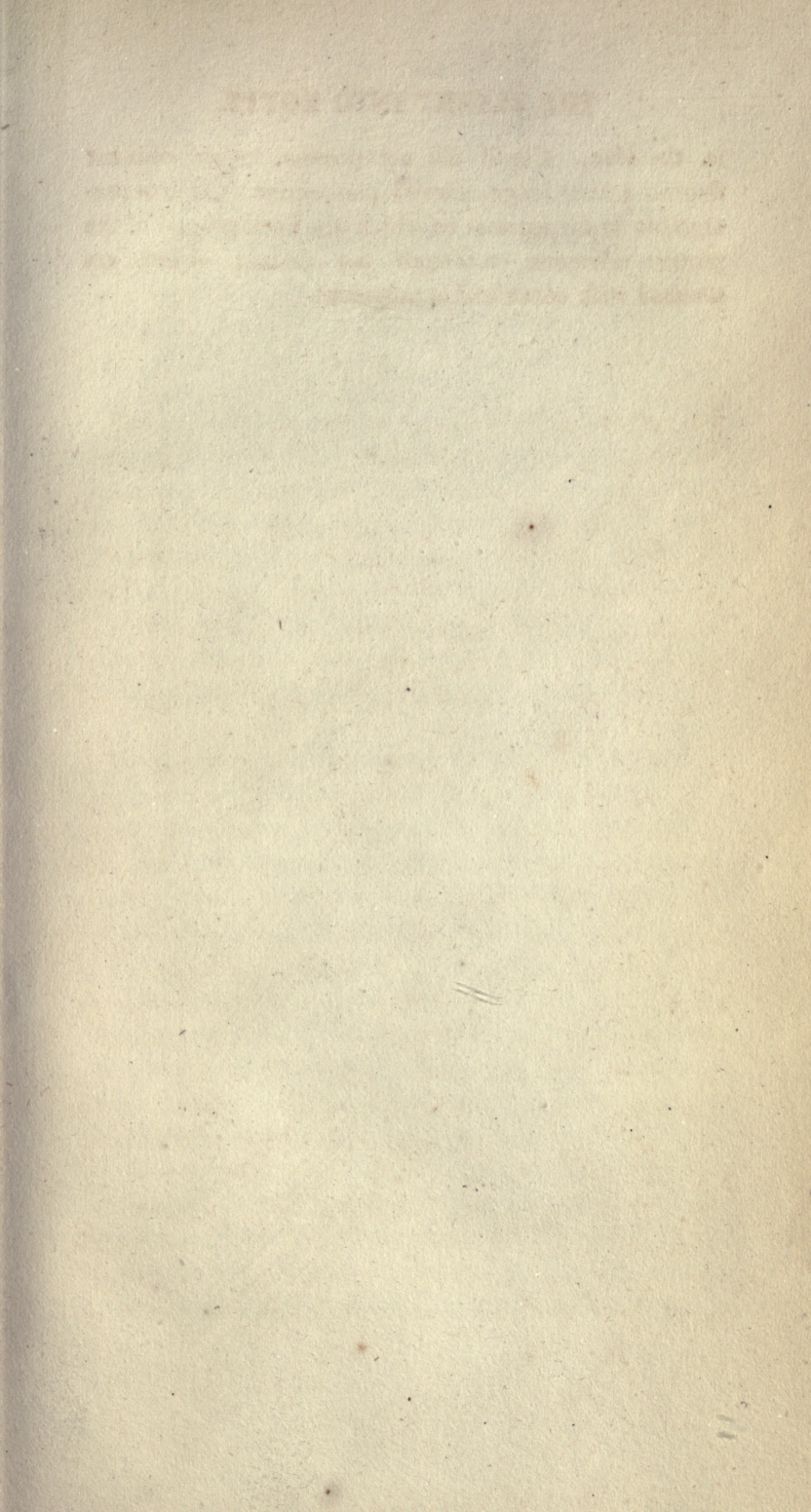
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

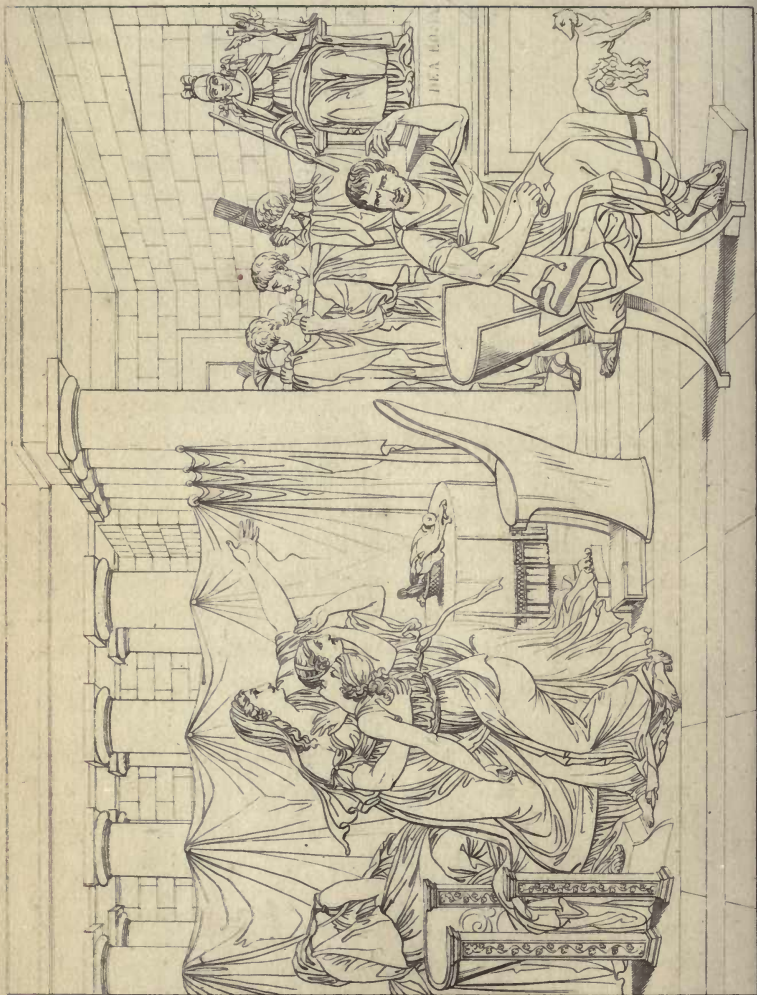
in the idea. Cigoli did not possess, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of ærial perspective. This is perceptible in the manner in which the back ground of the picture advances, although the distant objects are touched with considerable judgment.

Assiduous attention to the study of anatomy totally
degraded the mind of Cigoli, which unjust persecutions
had previously disturbed. He passed three years in a
state of insanity, yet never wholly forgotte among him-
self in his art. He had at times, some lucid intervals,
during which he produced several small compositions,
worthy of the talent he displayed. Upon his conva-
lescence, his genius developed itself with an animation
that excited envy, but consumed all competition.

As Cigoli finished his works, it required the utmost
precision to take them out of his hands, in order to pre-
serve them; for in the paroxysms of madness, when he
received a picture, he took his brush, and without
hesitation, in the heat, the disposition of the whole, con-
verted every figure into a skeleton. This mania was
checked, one day, the most singular effort. A picture was
given to him by one of his friends representing Venus
surrounded by the Loves; Cigoli viewed himself with
admiring the goddess, but as he had not time also to
disfigure the Loves, Venus remained under her hideous
form, in the midst of the laughing group.

It was, probably, during the time he was in this un-
happy condition, that Cigoli painted his Flight into
Egypt. The great charm of this little piece consists in
the details, which reigns no less in the execution, than





BRUTUS AND HIS SONS.

DAVID.

THE Tarquins having been expelled from Rome, employed all their exertions to re-enter the city; and the Romans, on their part, established the severest laws to prevent their return. The people and the senate, at the instigation of Brutus, condemned those to death who should presume to re-establish monarchy, and restore the Tarquin race; but Brutus, the firm supporter of the rising republic, became soon sensible of the consequences of excessive rigour in the reformation of the state.

Some Tuscan ambassadors, to serve the cause of the Tarquins attached to their king, having excited their partizans to arms who remained in Rome, were enabled to gain over to their interests, a number of young men, who, pleased with the vices and brilliancy of a court, could not bend to the austerity of republican laws.

This conspiracy, skilfully planned, and in which persons of considerable influence enlisted, was on the eve of bursting forth, and overturning the new government, when a slave gave intelligence of it to the consuls. In the list of conspirators, Collatinus had the misfortune to see his nephew, and Brutus his two sons. The former endeavoured to preserve his relatives; but by an action which has been differently considered in different ages and countries, Brutus resolved to put in force, in their full rigour, the laws which, it may be said, he had him-

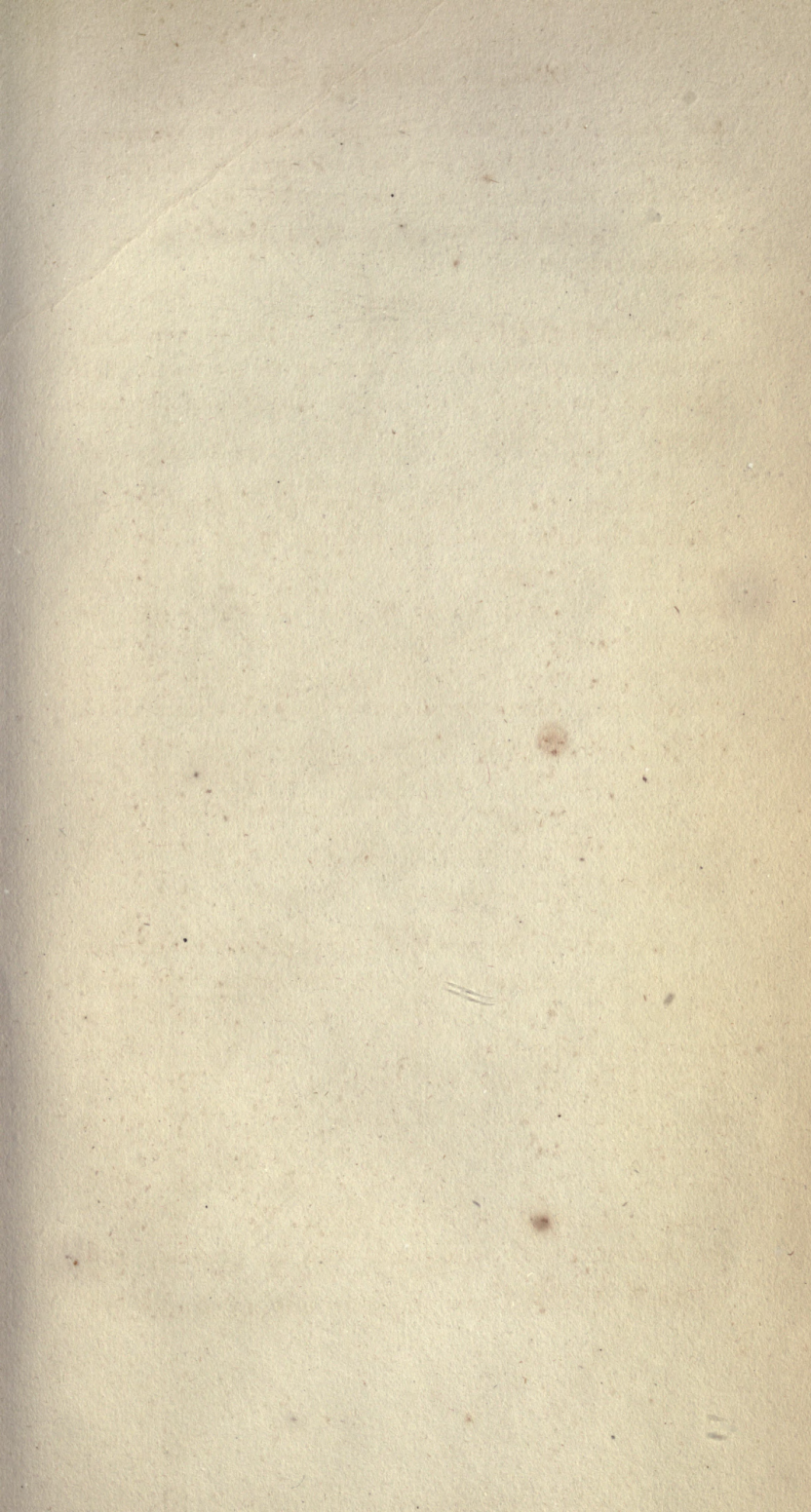
BRUTUS AND HIS SONS.

self dictated, and which he had sworn to maintain. Believing the death of his sons necessary to the liberty of Rome, he pronounced the sentence of their condemnation, and as consul, presided himself at their punishment.

M. David has delineated Brutus at the moment after the fatal execution, when, returning to his home, the rigour of the consul gives way to emotions of paternal regard; the idea is new and sublime.

Alone, seated at the foot of the statue of Rome, Brutus holds in his hand the written evidence of the guilt of his sons. He endeavours to stifle the sorrow which nature raises in his bosom, and to fix all his thoughts upon his country's good. The bodies of his sons are at this moment consigned to the family sepulchre, and the noise of the mournful ceremony disturbs his philosophic mind. At the sight of their bleeding remains, his wife rises from her seat, one of the daughters fixes her eyes upon the dreadful spectacle, and the other swoons away in her mother's arms. Behind this group, a servant covers her face with a veil.

It was only in the power of a great painter to unite the expression of diverse sentiments, that agitated the mind of Brutus, with the resemblance of his features, as preserved by ancient busts. His figure, insulated and placed in the shade, produces the grandest effect. The group of women offers beauties of another kind; the design is pure and elegant; the draperies are in a good style; and the disposal of the three figures, presents a whole, which young artists would do well to study. The execution of the celebrated work corresponds with the grandeur and energy of the subject.





Le Guide pique.

Gravé par

Published June 2. 1857. by Vernon Hood & Sharp Printers.

Mary Queen of Scots.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER.

GUIDO.

ALTHOUGH the sacred writings makes no mention of the last moments of St. Peter, a pious tradition, adopted by the church, asserts that this Saint suffered martyrdom about the year 68, during the reign of Nero. He was condemned to be crucified; but judging himself unworthy of suffering the same death as Jesus Christ, he obtained permission of his persecutors to be crucified with his head downward.

The picture of Guido is solely composed of four figures. One of the executioners raises the Saint on the Cross by means of a cord, fastened round the lower part of his legs. Another holds him by the waist, and a third is in the attitude of driving a nail through his feet. The back ground represents a mass of rocks.

This picture was painted at a time when Guido was anxious to adopt the manner of Caravaggio. In this composition he approaches more to his style than in any other of his works. Josepen, jealous of the success of Caravaggio, having heard that this artist was likely to paint the crucifixion of St. Peter for the Church at Rome, called *St. Paul aux trois fontaines*, prevailed on the Duke of Borghese to order that Guido should undertake the subject. He promised that the painter should adopt the style of Caravaggio; and the genius of Guido revealed all that he had promised.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER.

The style of this picture is strong and sombre, and the colouring highly ingenious. The attitudes are energetic; the design, after nature, correctly executed. The costume of the figures is entirely fantastic; but that of the executioner at the top of the cross is infinitely too modern. Notwithstanding this defect, the picture has an imposing appearance: it was considered one of the best altar-pieces in Rome.

This picture, after being placed, by order of Clement XIII. in the palace of Monte Cavallo, decorated the Museum of Paintings, established at the Vatican, by Pius VI. A fine copy of it, in Mosaic, may be seen in the church of St. Peter. It is painted on wood, about nine feet and an half high, and seven wide.

11

11



G. Kneller pinx.

W. Verelstede sculp.

Death of Hercules.

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

GUIDO.

HERCULES having penetrated the design of the Centaur Nessus, who made arrangements to carry off Dejanira, wounded his rival with a poisoned arrow ; who being on the point of death, gave a tunic, tinged with his blood, to Dejanira, assuring her that it possessed the virtue of recalling Hercules, should he be disposed to attach himself to any other mistress. But it contained a fatal poison ; and Hercules was no sooner invested with it, than he experienced the greatest agony, which he could only terminate by putting himself voluntarily to death. The hero, in consequence, expired upon a pile, which he had himself erected. Thus perished the son of Alcmena, and his death is the subject of the picture before us.

It appears that the poets could not imagine a more honorable end to his glorious life. The conqueror of so many monsters was not destined to perish by the hand of a victor, nor to die the peaceable death of an ordinary man. The last act of the life of Hercules was a trait of force and intrepidity.

This picture, the work of Guido, exhibits all the tasteful design, vigorous effect, and easy pencil, so conspicuous in the performances of that celebrated master.

“Guido,” says M. Fuseli, “delighted in the forms of Cesi ; he followed the muscular precision and marking of Passerotti. He attempted to imitate the energy and

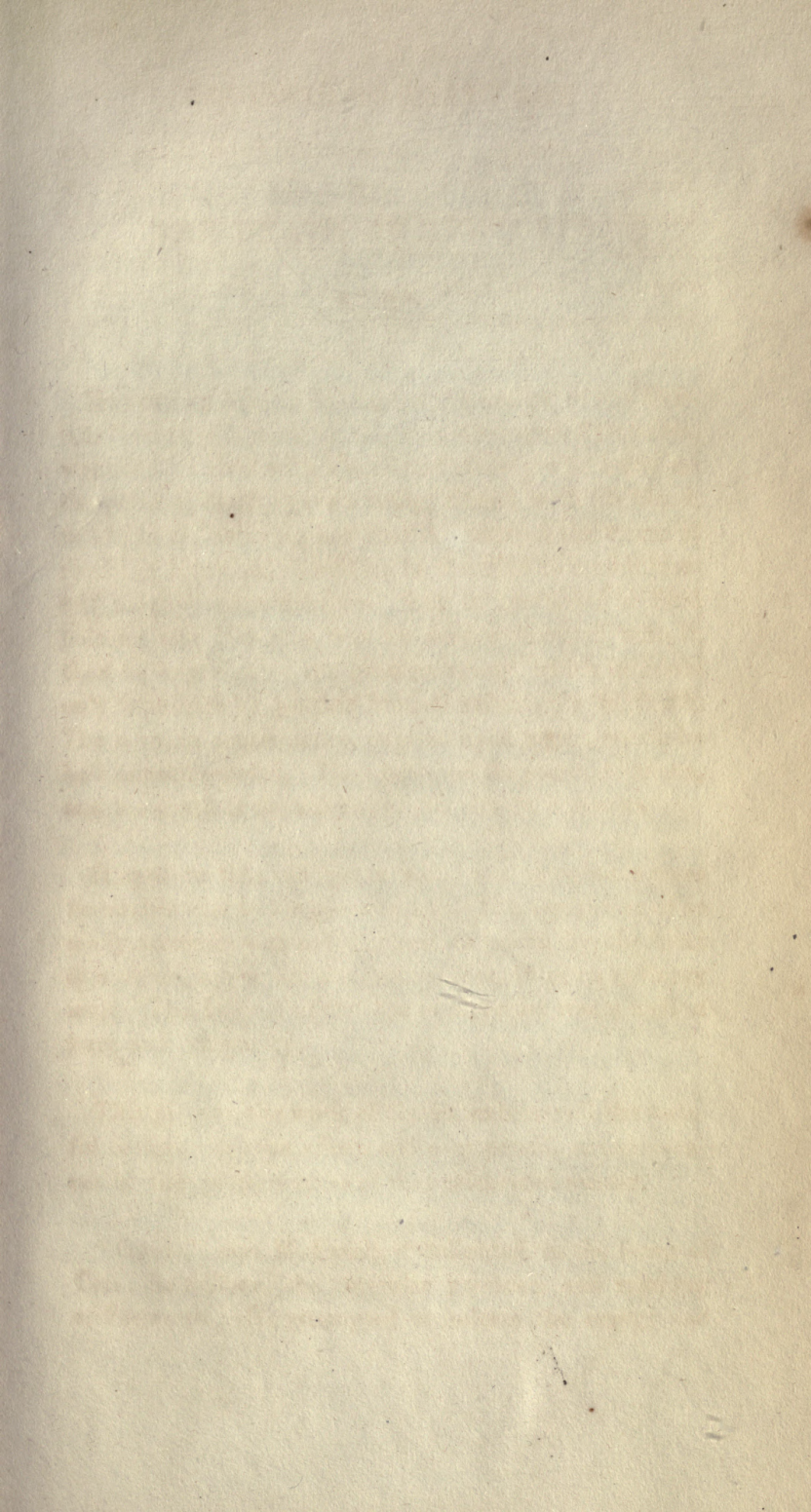
THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

depth of Caravaggio. The beautiful Sybil of the palace Bonfigliuoli has the nocturnal shade of that style ; but the style on which he fixed arose from a reflection of Annibal Caracci on that of Caravaggio : that master observed, that a contrary method might perhaps more than counterbalance its effects, by substituting for the contracted and deciduous flash an open ample light, by opposing delicacy to the fierceness, decision to the obscurity of the line, and ideal forms to the vulgarity of his models. These words sunk deeper than Annibal expected, in the mind of Guido ; soon prompted him to try the effect : suavity became his aim. He sought it in design, in touch, in colour ; to give durability to his tints, he began to make great use of white lead, a colour dreaded by Ludovico Caracci ; pure demi tints and skilful reflexes mitigated the vigour of his shades, and gave roundness and delicacy, without enfeebling its effects."

It appears that the poets could not imagine a more honorable end to his glorious life. The conqueror of so many monsters was not destined to perish by the hand of a victor, nor to die the peaceable death of an ordinary man. The last act of the life of Hercules was a trait of force and intrepidity.

This picture, the work of Guido, exhibits all the taste, full design, vigorous effect, and easy pencil, so conspicuous in the performances of that celebrated master.

"Guido," says M. Fuseli, "delighted in the forms of Cæsar; he followed the muscular precision and marking of Passarotti. He attempted to imitate the energy and





Quid non pro?

Will. H. Smith sculp.

St. Peter in Prison.

ST. ROCK IN PRISON.

GUIDO.

St. Rock having been long confined in a wretched prison, invoked the mercy of heaven to obtain his deliverance. Enjoying one day the consolation of sleep, a voice called to him and he awoke. He beheld an Angel, who announced that his prayers had been heard, and he was released from his fetters.

This is the moment chosen by Guido. Beside St. Rock, is his dog, the faithful companion of all his misfortunes, and by which he is generally known.

This picture is of the largest size. The design is bold and dignified; the execution skilful, firm and easy. As an object of study, the figure of St. Rock is very fine. The attitude of the Angel is not so happy; there is a stiffness in the gesture, adopted to convey the dispensation of Providence.

The effect of this picture is considerably injured by the sombre colouring. Guido might have availed himself of the apparition of the Angel, to reflect more light in the obscure corner where the scene is placed.

Du Fresnoy, in his account of the principal painters, observes, "that Guido chiefly imitated Ludovico Caracci, yet always retained somewhat of the manner which his master Denis Calvert, the Fleming, taught him. This Calvert lived at Bologna, and was competitor and

ST. ROCK IN PRISON.

rival to Ludovico Caracci. Guido made the same use of Albert Durer, as Virgil did of old Ennius, borrowed what pleased him, and made it afterwards his own ; that is, he accommodated what was good in Albert to his own manner, which he executed with so much gracefulness and beauty, that he got more money and reputation in his time than any of his masters, and than all the scholars of the Carracci, though they were of greater capacity than himself. His heads yields no manner of precedence to those of Raphael."

A circumstance, mentioned in the life of Guido, is well worth the attention of artists. He was asked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, which is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter ; he said he would shew all the models he used, and ordered a common porter to sit before him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance. This, adds Sir Joshua Reynolds, was undoubtedly an exaggeration of his conduct ; but his intention was to shew, that he thought it necessary for painters to have some model of nature before them, however they might deviate from it, and correct it from the idea of present beauty which they have formed in their minds.

In painting it is far better to have a model, even to depart from, than to have nothing fixed and certain to determine the idea. When there is a model, there is something to proceed on, something to be corrected ; to that, even supposing no part is adopted, the model has still been not without use.

Such habits of intercourse with nature will, at least, create that variety which will prevent any one from prognosticating, on being informed of the subject, what

ST. ROCK IN PRISON.

manner of work the painter is likely to produce ; which is the most disagreeable character an artist can have. —Hence Du Fresnoy.

Non ita naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus
Hanc præter nihil ut genio studioque relinquas :
Nec sine teste rei natura, artisque majestra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantumodo rerum.

DE ARTE GRAPHICA, line 177.

Nor yet to nature such strict homage pay
As not to quit when genius leads the way ;
Nor yet tho' genius all his succour sends,
Her mimic powers, tho' ready memory tends,
Presume from nature wholly to depart,
For nature is the arbitress of Art.

Guido was accustomed to paint upon silk, which arose from the following occurrence. The dominicans of Bologna, removing an old coffin in order to deposit it in another place, opened it, and found the body entire ; but on offering to touch it, the corse crumbled into dust, as well as the linen that covered it—a silken garment solely was preserved. Guido, who witnessed this event, inferred from thence that silk was less subject to corruption than linen, and resolved in future to paint his pictures on a species of taffety, which he prepared for that purpose. He is, perhaps, the only painter who would have thought of such an expedient.

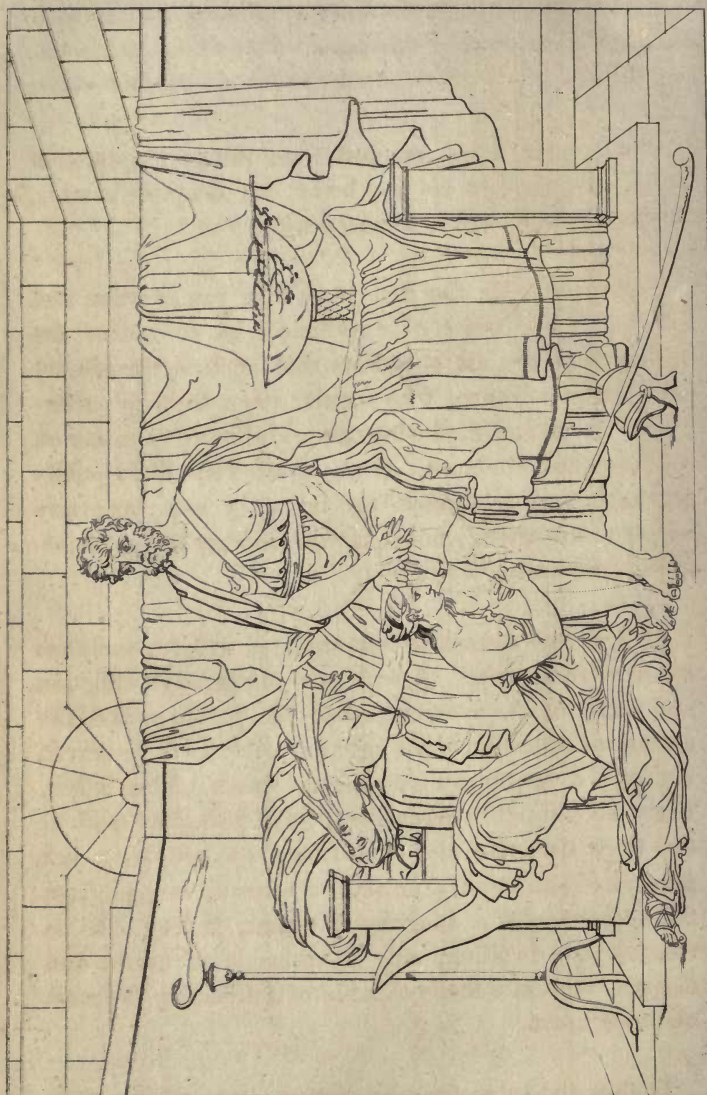
Guido was so little addicted to gallantry, that he would never remain alone with the women who served him as models. He delighted in occupying spacious apartments, but would only furnish them with things that were absolutely necessary. “People,” he said, “come to my house to see pictures, not tapestry and splendid mirrors.”

ST. ROCK IN PRISON.

It was a matter of much difficulty to get a picture from his hand; this was only accomplished by indulging him in his favorite pursuit; or in other words, by gambling with him, by which he unfortunately fell into circumstances of great distress.

Guido was accustomed to paint upon silk, which arose from the following occurrence. The dominicans of Bologna, removing an old coffin in order to deposit it in another place, opened it, and found the body entire; but on offering to touch it, the corpse crumbled into dust, as well as the linen that covered it—a silk garment solely was preserved. Guido, who witnessed this event, inferred from thence that silk was less subject to corruption than linen, and resolved in future to paint his pictures on a species of taffety, which he prepared for that purpose. He is, perhaps, the only painter who would have thought of such an expedient.

Guido was so little addicted to gallantry, that he would never remain alone with the women who served him as models. He delighted in occupying spacious apartments, but would only furnish them with things that were absolutely necessary. "People," he said, "come to my house to see pictures, not tapestry and splendid mirrors."



MARCUS SEXTUS.

GUERIN.

MARCUS SEXTUS, escaped from the proscriptions of Sylla, discovers, on his way home, his daughter in tears, beside the body of his deceased wife.

This picture is the first work of a young artist, and exhibits such traits of excellence, as to render the admirers of the art solicitous that such extraordinary talents may advance, with regular steps, towards perfection. It attracted, during its exhibition, uncommon attention and applause. It was praised in all the public journals, and celebrated by poets in complimentary verses to the artist, whose extreme modesty cast considerable lustre on his fame.

This picture cannot be contemplated without emotions of terror and of pity. A wife expiring through affliction and want, at the moment when the presence and the attentions of her husband might possibly have preserved her life; a young girl clasping the knees of her father, her mind divided between the grief of losing her mother, and the satisfaction she experiences on beholding her persecuted sire; and a proscribed warrior, escaped from the oppression of a sanguinary tyrant, finding, on his return to his dwelling, only a spectacle of horror and despair, present a scene capable of interesting the most obdurate heart.

Such is the subject of the picture, in treating which, Guerin has been particularly happy. In a style grand

MARCUS SEXTUS.

and simple, he has united great sensibility, expressions eminently correct; and to purity of design and vigour of colouring, added a peculiar charm, and all the graces and *naïveté* of the pencil. But it is impossible, by this feeble outline, to convey a just idea of the beauties of the original; which it is universally acknowledged, says a French critic, are of the first order.

For this picture, which does honor to the French school, M. Guerin was adjudged a prize of the first class; and to prevent its falling into foreign hands, a memorial was presented, by a body of artists, to the President of the Academy, that government might make the purchase, which, by some fatality, was neglected. It is now the property of M. Decretot de Louviers, and has been engraved by Blot.

This picture cannot be contemplated without emotions of terror and of pity. A wife expiring through affliction and want at the moment when the presence and the attention of her husband might possibly have preserved her life; a young girl clasping the knees of her father, her mind divided between the grief of losing her mother, and the satisfaction she experiences in beholding her persecuted and a persecuted widow, coupled with the expression of a extraordinary event, finding, on his return to the dwelling, only a spectacle of horror and despair, present a scene capable of interesting the most delicate heart.

Such is the subject of the picture, in treating which Guerin has been particularly happy. In a style grand



THE WILL OF EUDAMIDAS.

POUSSIN.

EUDAMIDAS, of the city of Corinth, being attacked by a fatal malady, and, at an advanced age, is on the point of terminating his career. The physician places one of his hands on the bosom of the dying man, consults the beatings of his heart, and fixing the other hand on his own breast, appears to be sensible, by comparison, that there is no longer any hope for the life of Eudamidas.

Eudamidas avails himself of the little energy that remains to dictate his last requests. "I bequeath," said he, "my mother to Arctea, in order that she may nourish and support her in her old age. I bequeath my daughter to Charixerus, that he may give her away in marriage, with a considerable portion, which he is competent to do; and if either the one or the other should happen to die, it is my desire that the legacy devolve to the survivor." This trait, which is preserved in Lucan, is one of the finest that it is possible to cite. Eudamidas was well convinced of the hearts of his friends, and this legacy, so honorable to his feelings, is the best eulogium of their virtue.

At the feet of the bed of Eudamidas, and in an attitude the most correct and affecting, his wife and daughter express all the exterior marks of profound grief. Nothing, in short, can equal the beauty of this pathetic scene, unless it be its rigid simplicity, which has excluded all

THE WILL OF EUDAMIDAS.

useless accessories. A lance and a buckler, suspended against the wall, solely announce that Eudamidas followed the profession of arms.

A very fine plate has been made from this composition, by J. Pense: it is engraved with all the sentiment, energy, and noble simplicity, that characterise the original picture.

Eudamidas avails himself of the little energy that remains to dictate his last requests. "I bequeath," said he, "my mother to Aretes, in order that she may nourish and support her in her old age. I bequeath my daughter to Charicles, that he may give her away in marriage, with a considerable portion, which he is competent to do; and if either the one or the other should happen to die, it is my desire that the legacy devolve to the survivor." This trait, which is preserved in Iliad, is one of the finest that it is possible to cite. Eudamidas was well convinced of the hearts of his friends, and this legacy, so honorable to his feelings, is the best eulogium of their virtue.

At the foot of the bed of Eudamidas, and in an attitude the most correct and affecting, his wife and daughter express all the exterior marks of profound grief. Nothing in short can equal the beauty of this pathetic scene, unless it be its rigid simplicity, which has excluded all



W. Cooke sculp.

The pine?

SCENE AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

HUE.

THE talent of Monsieur Hue, in sea-pieces, is well known. He succeeded the celebrated Vernet, in delineating the ports of France, by an order from government.

The picture now before us cannot be placed in the rank of sea-pieces, and ought rather to be considered an historical episode; no less happily imagined, than ably executed.

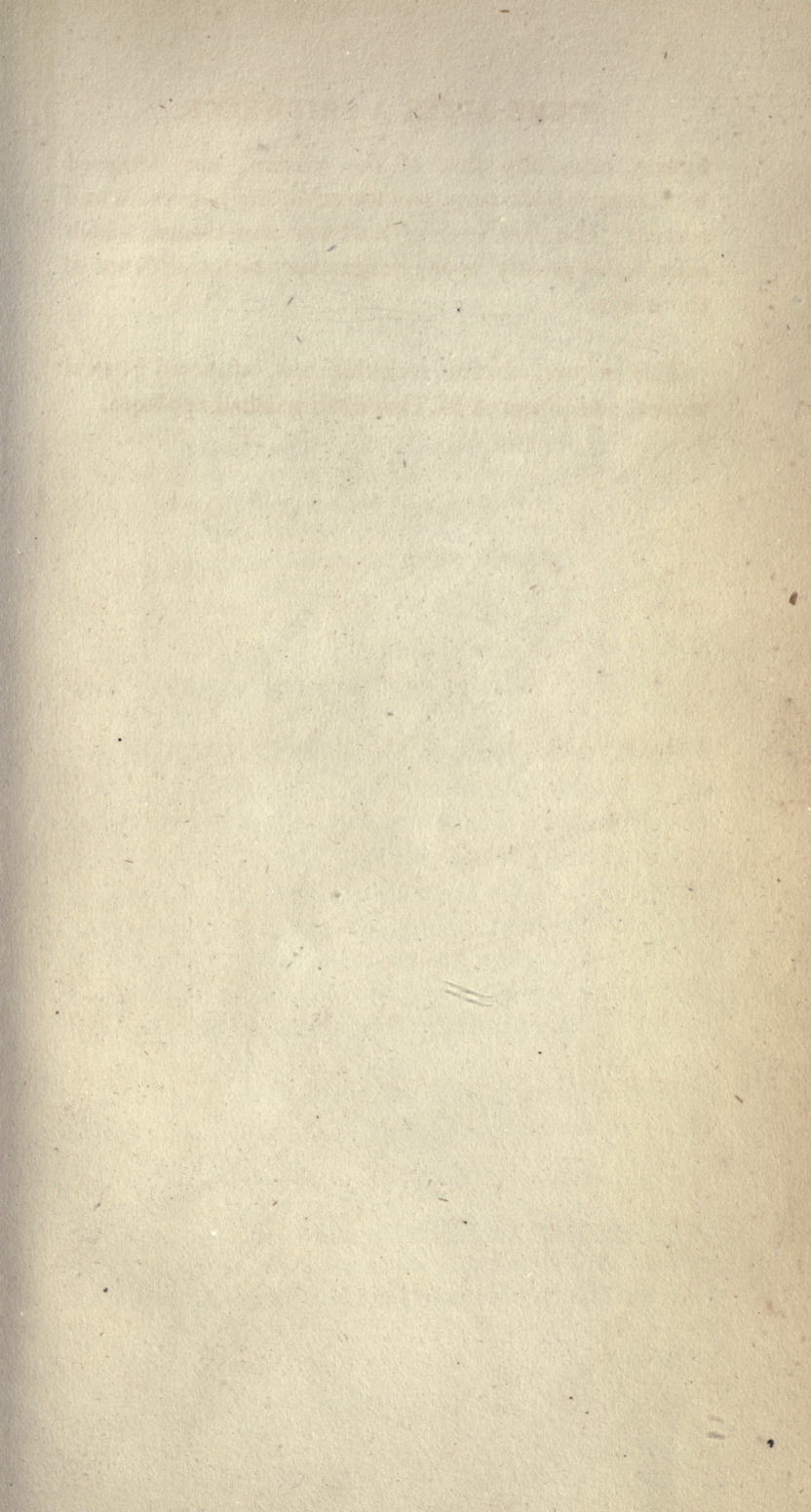
In the middle of night, during the calm which follows a storm, an unfortunate person, thrown by the waves on an insulated rock, with his wife and child, of which he has only saved the lifeless corse, appears to abandon himself to his fate. He is surrounded by a frightful abyss, which seems to interdict every hope of relief. The objects the most dear to his heart, having perished before his eyes, he awaits the moment, as a blessing from heaven, that will unite him with them in eternity.

This picture, of which the figures are of the natural size, and of which the execution may well surprise those to whom M. Hue is known solely by his marine compositions and landscapes, displays a character at once dignified and interesting. Composed of a single detached group, lost in an immense expanse of water, it produces an effect of the most terrific kind. There is no accessory to divert the spectator from the principal object. The

SCENE AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

figures, especially that of the woman, are designed with considerable taste, and the colouring is nervous and correct. The clouds are of a silvery appearance, which contributes greatly to the harmonious correspondence of the whole.

This picture, during its exhibition, attracted general notice, and procured M. Hue distinguished applause.





GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

HOGARTH.

" Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !
Have mercy, Jesus ! soft ; I did but dream,
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue ! Is it not dead midnight ?
Cold, fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh."

Act V. Scene 3.

THIS exclamation of Richard furnished the painter with the subject of the present picture.

In character and expression of countenance, Hogarth has been peculiarly happy ; but in resemblance he has failed. " The features," says Ireland, have no likeness to the features of Mr. Garrick, and the figure gives an idea of a larger and more muscular man." The accompaniments are no less appropriate than judicious : the lamp shedding a *religious light*, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, sword, and armour before him, exhibit the descriptive powers of this celebrated genius.

The figures and tents in the back ground are likewise introduced with great propriety, and contribute to the interest of the scene.

Hogarth in his *Analysis of Beauty* observes, " The robes of state are always made large and full, because they give a grandeur of appearance suitable to offices of

GARRICK IN RICHARD III.

the greatest distinction," a precept which the drapery is seen to illustrate. This composition is simple, and the figures accurately drawn.

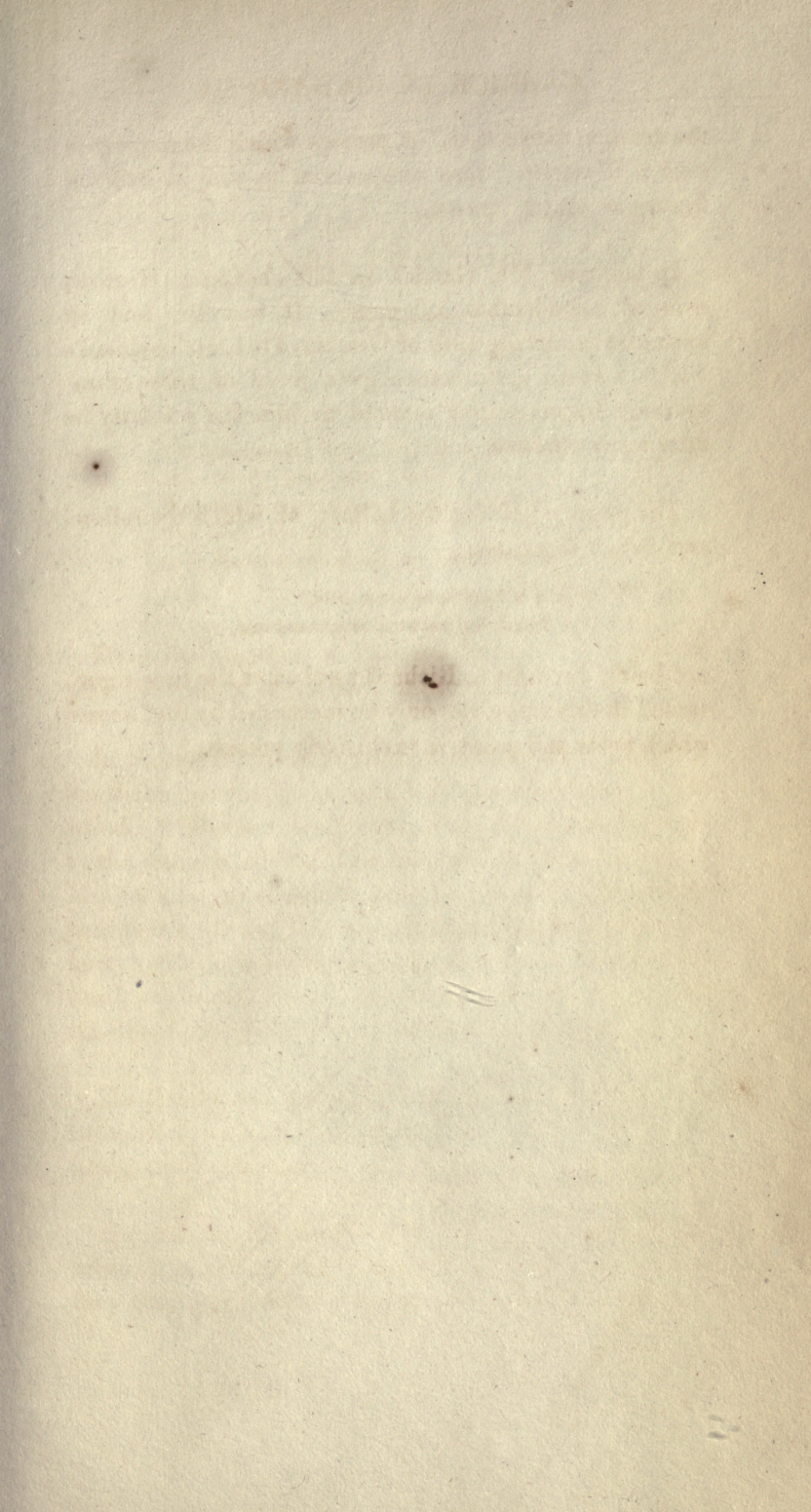
In painting Mr. Garrick in this character, Hogarth evinced considerable judgment. It was the first he appeared in, on the 19th of October, 1741, at Goodman's Fields, and his performance gave proof of those extraordinary talents which secured to him the celebrity he afterwards attained.

The paper adjoining the helmet, on which the following distich is written :—

Jockey of Norfolk be not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold,

not being brought to Richard until after the time represented in this scene, can only be reconciled by that *licence* which poets and painters exclusively possess.





ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

CARLO MARATTI.

IN this picture St. John is observed in profile, in an erect attitude, his body covered with the skin of a goat, over which is a garment. He raises his hands towards heaven, and is apparently in the act of pronouncing these words of the Evangelist, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The different groups of this composition are arrayed with considerable art. Near to the Saint, and upon a divided ground, one of the multitude, his head supported by his hands, listens to him with peculiar attention; behind this figure, a person advanced in life, and enveloped in a large cloak, appears absorbed in reflection on the words of the apostle. On the other side, and on the fore ground is a Jew seated, who explains the meaning of his discourse to those who are beside him. Three old men, of a grave and dignified aspect, appear convinced of the mission of the precursor of Jesus Christ. These figures form an admirable contrast to the two men who are upon an elevation, at some distance. By these personages, the painter, no doubt, was desirous of portraying the Scribes and Pharisees; on their countenances the expression of excessive hatred and of indignation is strongly depicted. To unite the two great and principal masses, Maratti has placed in the back ground a group of women and children. The landscape is simple and well chosen—at the bottom of the picture, several travellers are beheld.

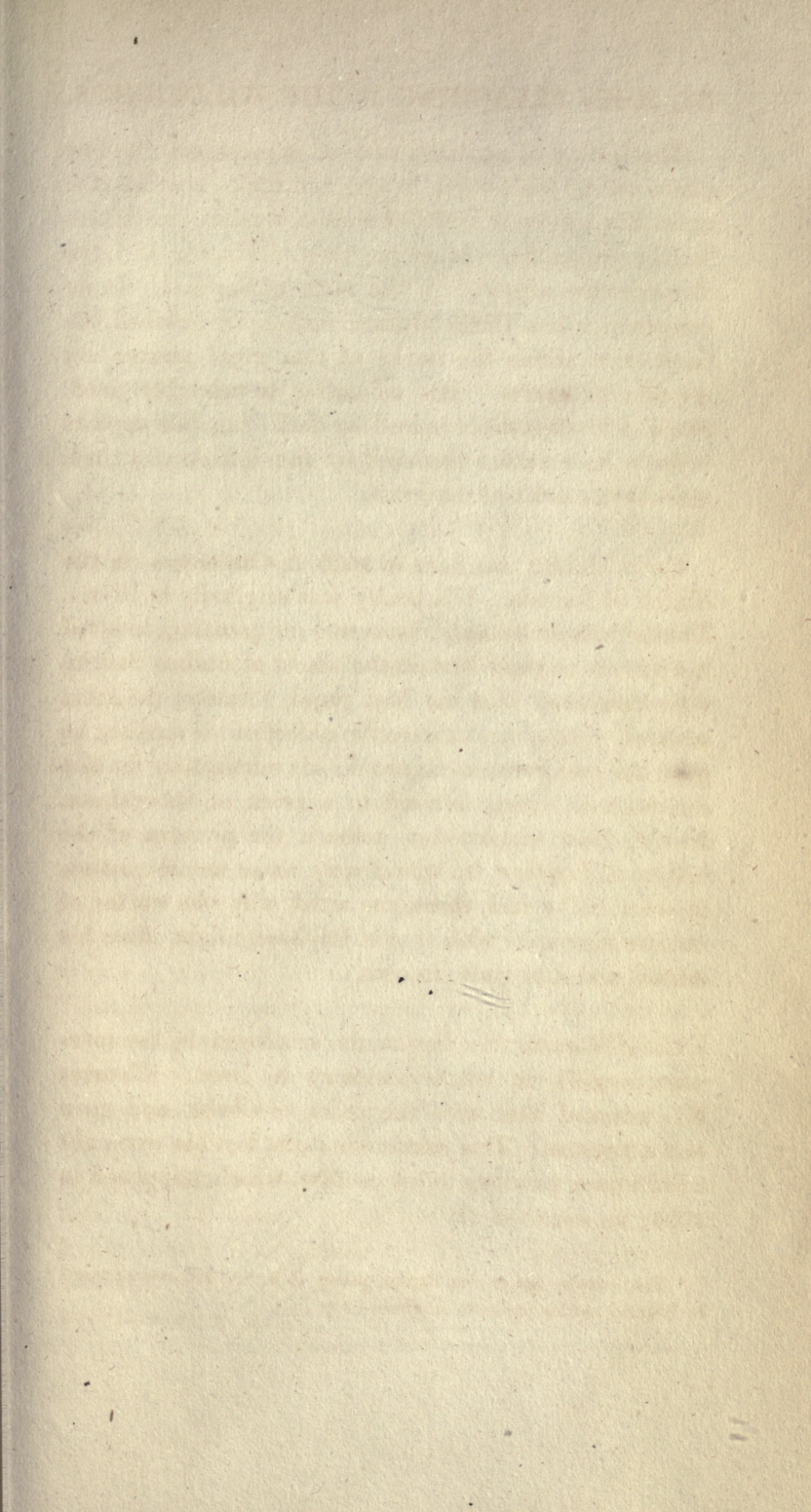
ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

The variety of attitudes and of expressions, the fine character of the several heads, and the care which the artist has bestowed in the execution, renders this picture highly estimable. It is correctly designed, and the draperies are adjusted in the taste of Raphael. In no composition has Carlo Maratti so happily imbibed the inspiration which the works of that great master are capable to excite. His colouring is tolerably good. Some of his shades are indeed too dark; but this appears to have been rather produced by the influence of time, than by the fault of the artist.

Carlo Maratti was born in 1625, at Camerano, in the March of Ancona. His family was originally of Illyria. The inclination he early discovered for painting, induced his parents to place him in the school of Andrea Sacchi, who considered him his best pupil. Among the great masters, whose works were the object of his studies, he gave the preference to Raphael: his admiration for this consummate artist, arrived to a pitch of enthusiasm. Having been employed to retouch the pictures of the history of Psyche,* he would only make use of crayons, in order, as he said, that some artist, who was worthy of uniting his pencil with that of Raphael, might efface his labour, and substitute his own.

Carlo Maratti was frequently employed by the sovereign pontiffs, in whose intimacy he lived. Clement XI. honored him with the order of Christ, and gave him a pension. This admirable artist lost his eye-sight a little time previous to his decease, which happened in 1713; he was then 89.

* These frescos are in the Farnese palace at Rome, and were executed by Raphael and his pupils for Augustin Chigi.






THE DEATH OF PHOCION.

ODEVAERE.

THE Haven of Piræus having been surprised by the enemy, Phocion, being the Archon or governor of Athens, was accused of having connived at its surrender, and condemned to death, in his eightieth year. Such is the subject of the present picture.

In the centre of the picture, Phocion is observed seated with the most placid demeanour. His friends have already swallowed poison. The cup being emptied, and the executioner refusing to get it filled for Phocion, unless he would give him twelve drachms, he requested an Athenian, who was present, to furnish him the money, since, as he said, "in Athens men are not even permitted to die without paying for it."

The picture is skilfully composed ; in design it is perfectly correct, in colouring vigorous, and exhibits the talents of the artist Odevaere, pupil of M. David, in a very favorable point of view.



THE DEATH OF PHOEBUS

ODEVARRA.

The Haven of Pines having been surprised by the enemy, Phoebus, being the Archon or governor of Athens, was accused of having connived at its surrender, and condemned to death, in his eightieth year. Such is the subject of the present picture.

In the centre of the picture, Phoebus is observed seated with the most placid demeanour. His friends have already swallowed poison. The cup being emptied, and the executioner refusing to get it filled for Phoebus, unless he would give him twelve drachmas, he requested an Athenian, who was present, to furnish him the money, since, as he said, "in Athens men are not even permitted to die without paying for it."

The picture is skillfully composed; in design it is perfectly correct, in colouring vigorous, and exhibits the talents of the artist Odevarre, pupil of M. David, in a very favorable point of view.



ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

VAN OOST, THE ELDER.

THE subject of this picture is purely historical. St. Charles Borromeo was named Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, at the age of twenty-three. In that dignified situation he was the pattern of every virtue. Anxious to assist one of his flock in his last moments, he learnt that the plague had broken out in the neighbourhood of Milan, and threatened desolation to the city. He returned thither immediately, and administered to those committed to his care all the aid of humanity and the consolation of religion, devoting himself incessantly to prayer, and the relief of the sick; soliciting the Almighty to spare the people, and to take him as the only victim. A little time after that epoch, he had the felicity to perceive the calamity cease.

This historical event has often been the subject of painting, and presents to artists abundant materials for the display of their genius. The picture of Van Oost is deserving of particular esteem. This painter, who acquired much celebrity in his own country, which he ornamented by various productions of his pencil, holds a very distinguished rank among the masters of the Flemish school.

The arrangement of the figures in this picture is at once dignified and simple. In the attitude, and in the expression of the sick, there is that mixture of physical suffering, and of piety, which the subject prescribes,

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

but which it is difficult properly to express. Nothing can be more interesting than the figure of St. Borromeo, who with one hand endeavours to protect himself against the pestilential vapour, and with the other restrains a young infant from rushing into the bosom of its mother, who has just expired. The view of this group recalls to the recollection that very celebrated picture of the Grecian painter, Aristides, of which Pliny has furnished us with the description. This artist has represented a female mortally wounded, in an attack upon a city, who endeavours to withdraw the child from creeping to her bosom, under an apprehension that the infant will imbibe her blood with her milk. This incident gave rise to a very beautiful Greek epigram, which has been thus elegantly translated:—

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives :
She dies ; her tenderness outlives her breath ;
And her fond love is provident in death.

The vigorous colouring of this picture we shall attempt to describe. It possesses no extraordinary brilliancy, which manifests the judgment of the author, and is befitting the austerity of history, and the tenderness of the subject. The stole of the revered archbishop is of a lively red ; but the tints of his capuchin, which are of violet, verging upon slate colour, and those of his white sleeves are softened by broad demi-tints. The habit of the sick person, who is on the point of receiving the viaticum, is brown, and a part of the apparel of the woman beside him is of the same colour. The woman has beside a green drapery. In the fore ground the colours are more full, without appearing over vivid. The artist has observed the same rule for the draperies, red and green, of the dead woman ; for the blue mantle of

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

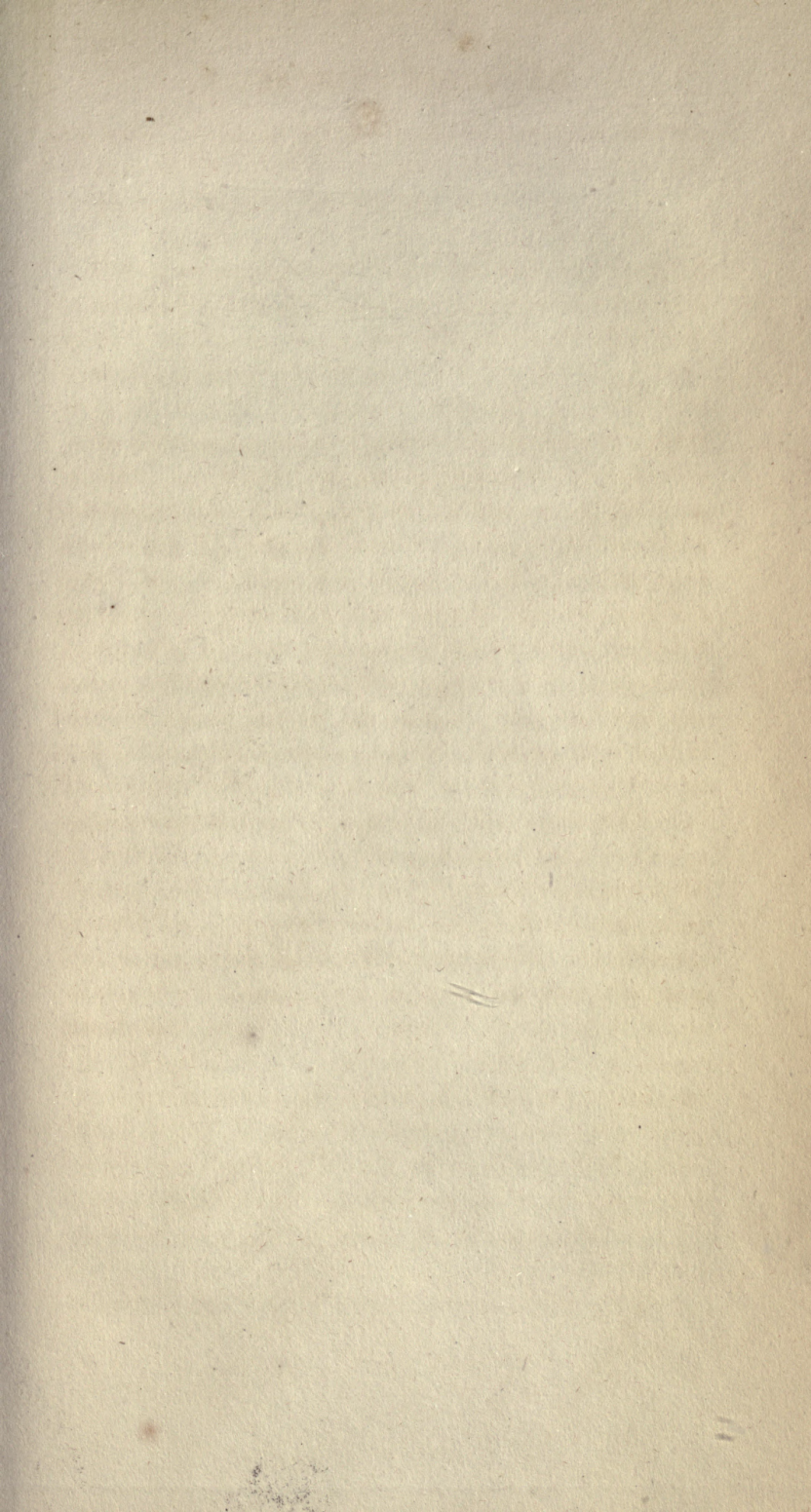
the man, of whom only the shoulders are seen, and the linen spread over the body of the infant, who has just fallen a victim to the contagion.

Van Oost was born at Bruges, in 1600, and attached himself to the style of Annibal Caracci, whom he imitated in such a manner, as to surprise the most able connoisseurs at Rome.

He possessed many of the accomplishments of a great painter. His touch and his colouring were good. He introduced but few figures in his designs, to avoid encumbering his subject; and he disposed them with a great deal of skill and elegance, giving them such draperies as were simple and natural. He designed in a good taste; his style resembling that of Annibal; yet it was less charged than the designs of that master usually are. In his carnations, his colouring was fresh and like nature: but he is not so commendable in the colour of his drapery, which is sometimes so broken, as to give the stuffs an appearance of hardness. He understood perspective and architecture extremely well; and as he was not fond of painting landscapes, (though occasionally he painted well,) he ornamented his back ground, most frequently, with buildings, columns, arches, and different pieces of architecture, which gave his composition a grand effect.

The most admired picture of Van Oost, is in the church of the Jesuits, at Bruges; the subject of it is, "a Descent from the Cross;" in which the design, the disposition, the expression, colour, and chiaro-scuro, are worthy of the highest praise. He died in 1671.

the man, of whom only the shoulders are seen, and the
 have spread over the body of the infant, who has just
 fallen a victim to the contagion.
 Van Goyt was born in 1800, and attended
 himself to the study of *Animal Anatomy*, which he cultivated
 in such a manner, as to surpass the most able con-
 noisseurs at *Paris*. He was in 1820, appointed professor
 of *Animal Anatomy* at the *University of Paris*.
 He possessed many of the accomplishments of a great
 painter: his touch and his colouring were good. He
 introduced but few figures in his designs, to avoid in-
 cumbering his subject; and he disposed them with a
 great deal of skill and elegance, giving them such
 draperies as were simple and natural. His designs in a
 good taste; his style resembling that of *André*; yet it
 was less charged than the designs of that master usually
 are. In his carnations, his colouring was fresh and like
 nature; but he is not so commendable in the colour of
 his drapery, which is sometimes so broken, as to give the
 still an appearance of hardness. His understanding, her-
 eptive and architectonic extremely well; and he has
 bottom of painting landscape, though occasionally he
 painted well; he ornamented his back ground, most
 frequently with buildings, columns, arches, and different
 pieces of architecture, which gave his composition a
 grand effect. He was one of the most distinguished
 The most admired picture of Van Goyt is in the
 church of the *Jesuits*, at *Brussels*; the subject of it is,
 "A Descent from the Cross;" in which the design, the
 disposition, the expression, colour, and refinement, and
 youth of the highest degree. He died in 1820, at the
 age of 20.





REBECCA AT THE WELL.

POUSSIN.

THE subject of this picture we have already described in our review of the merits of Rebecca and Eliezer, by Paul Veronese, to which the reader is referred.

This picture, of which the figures are about one half of the natural size, is one of the most valuable of Poussin, and holds a distinguished place in the museum of Paris.

It is almost impossible, in the limits of this publication, to give the particulars of the life of this artist, who was not only the most eminent of the French school of painting, but even one of the most celebrated of the Italian : should Italy claim the honor of his talents, and which might be done with great propriety, since he resided there almost the whole of his life, and his ashes repose within her precincts.

This eminent painter was born at Andel in Normandy, in 1594, and began his studies at Rome, in 1622, in the twenty-eight year of his age. He came, according to Bellori his biographer, as an artist already formed, and finding soon that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his former principles, renounced his national character, and not only with the utmost ardour adopted, but suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that he may be said to have often less imitated their spirit, than copied their relics and painted sculpture ; their costume, their mytho-

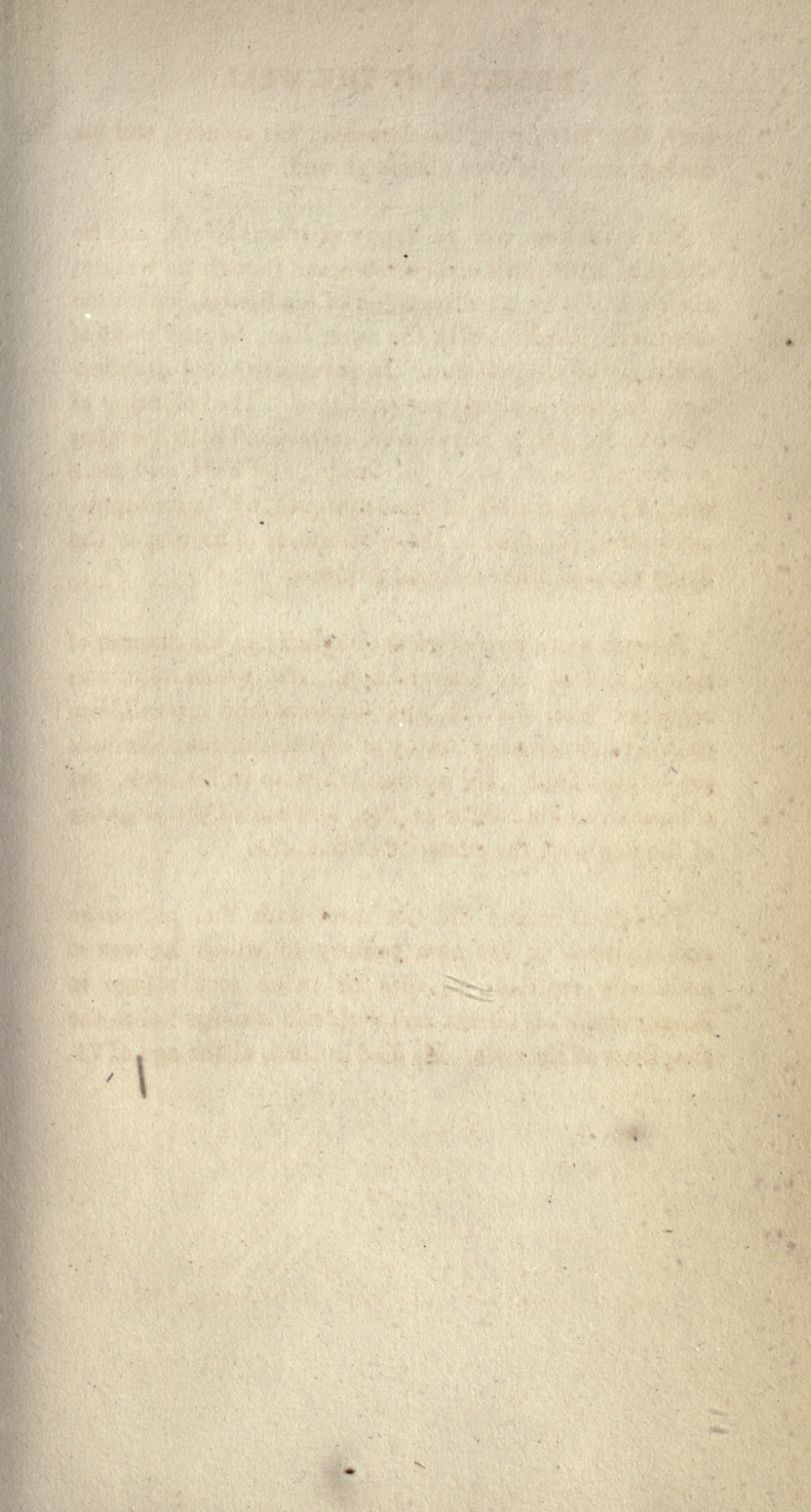
REBECCA AT THE WELL.

logy, their rites, were his elements ; his scenery, and his back-grounds are pure classic ground.

His invention was as happy as it was lively, and he designed with spirit and correctness ; though he was not always happy in the disposition of his figures, which too often were distributed in the same line, by the want of studying the chiaro-scuro. In perspective and architecture, he was perfectly accomplished. The colouring of Poussin did not, in any degree, correspond with his other powers of his art ; it is cold, feeble, and hard, and more similar to the marble of those antiques, which he rapturously admired, than to the connections of nature, or the fleshy tints of other eminent painters.

Poussin was a man of great simplicity in his manner of living, and in his conversation. His whole mind was occupied with his art, and rendered him insensible to those gratifications of luxury of which some refined minds are but too fond. He was an Athenian in his taste, yet a Spartan in his habits of life, and united the elegance of the one with the austerity of the other.

This great master did not meet with that patronage and applause in his own country to which he was so eminently entitled ; so that he twice took refuge in Rome, where his talents met with minds congenial to the simplicity of his style. He died in 1665, at the age of 71.





ASTYAGES ORDERING THE DEATH OF CYRUS.

PERRIN.

It is observed by critics, that few histories are so confused as those which relate to Cyrus. The life of this Prince has been written by Herodotus and by Xenophon, with circumstances absolutely different. In the picture before us the artist has taken for his subject a passage in Herodotus.

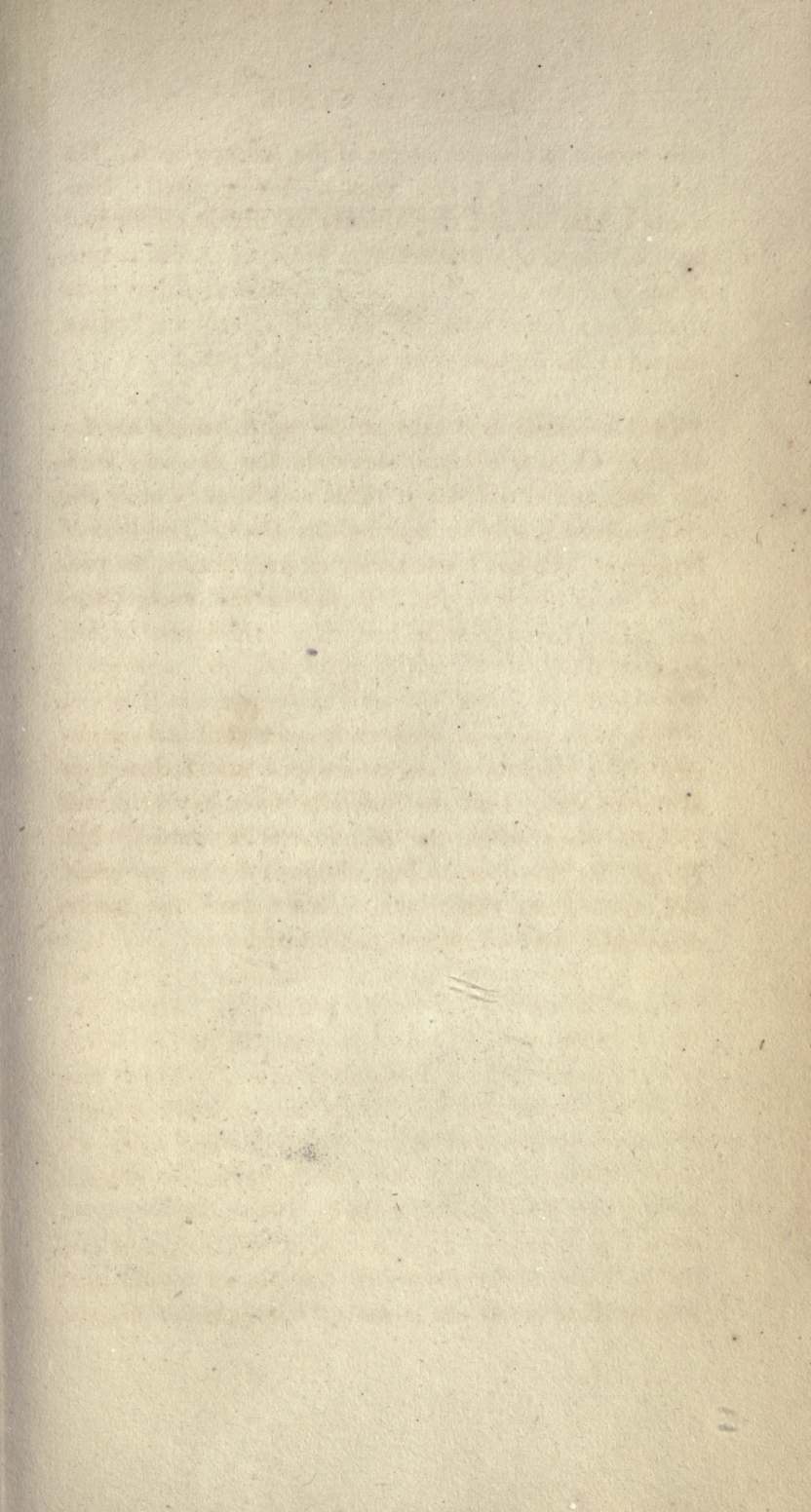
Astyages, the last king of the Medes, beheld, in a dream, a vine sprouting from his hand, the branches of which extended over the whole of Asia. The Magi, who explained to him his vision, assured the Monarch, that his grandson would deprive him of life, and seat himself upon the throne. Astyages ordered his daughter Mandane into his palace, and immediately upon her becoming the mother of Cyrus, commanded one of her courtiers, named Harpagus, to put the infant to death. This person, with much humanity, carried Cyrus to his own house. The horror which the barbarous mandate of his master inspired, and the absolute necessity for him to obey it, greatly agitate his mind. He refuses to listen to the entreaties of his wife to preserve the life of the child, although he cannot summon resolution to execute himself the fatal decree. Thus circumstanced, he sent for the cowherd belonging to the King, desired him to expose Cyrus upon an high mountain, and to inform him of his death. The cowherd proceeds on his mission, accompanied by one of the slaves of Harpagus,

DEATH OF CYRUS.

who reveals to him the secret of the infant's birth. He informed his wife of the order he had received. This woman, who during the absence of her husband had been delivered of a dead child, prevails upon him to substitute it in the place of the young Prince, and thus saves the life of a hero, who, in the end, raised the Persian empire to the highest pitch of glory and power.

In this complicated subject, the artist has chosen the moment when Harpagus acquaints the cowherd with the command of the King. This man already holds the child, whose cradle is here by the slave. The wife of Harpagus, who has ineffectually exerted herself to preserve the innocent victim, departs with the greatest horror, taking her son with her, who participates in her emotion.

This picture is composed with much skill and simplicity. The costume of the personages, and architecture of the building, lead the spectator back to the period and the place when the scene actually passed. Mr. Perrin, by this composition, obtained the artists' prize, and, during its exhibition, received from the public those eulogiums which it so justly merits.





ALCIBIADES SURPRISED BY SOCRATES IN THE HOUSE OF A COURTEZAN.

PERRIN:

ALCIBIADES, the son of Clinias, the Athenian, and a descendant of Ajax, by the father's side, received from nature all the graces of body and mind. A philosopher—a voluptuary—a warrior—discreet at Sparta—gallant at Athens—profuse at the court of Tyssaphernes—studious in the school of Socrates, who was his tutor and friend—brave at the head of armies:—he had the talent of conforming himself to all circumstances, and omitted no opportunity to distinguish himself in society.

He carried away many prizes in the Olympic games; and benefited his country by numerous exploits; but his services met with an unsuitable return. While commanding the land forces, Antiochus, his lieutenant having lost a battle by sea, the misfortune was attributed to Alcibiades, and he was deprived of his commission.

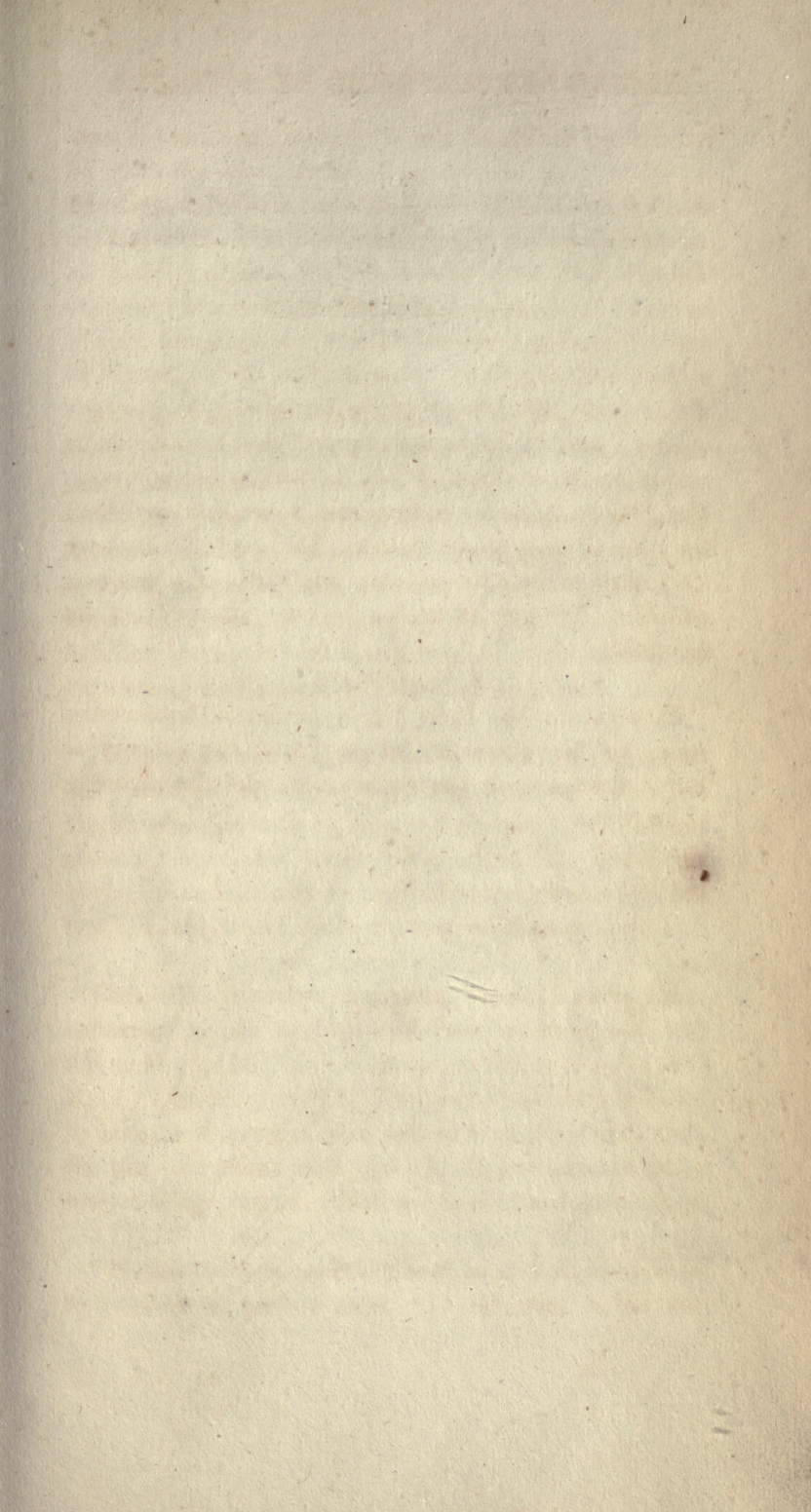
Compelled to accept an asylum, offered him by Pharnabazus, he was betrayed by a Persian satrap, who had the cruelty to kill him with an arrow, in the 404 year B.C. This hero, who had rendered himself celebrated by many brilliant qualities, was then in his fiftieth year. Of this illustrious character, M. Turpin has drawn a very striking portrait, which we do not hesitate to adopt.

“Nature, in forming Alcibiades, united all her powers to produce a perfect man. To features, noble and

ALCIBIADES SURPRISED BY SOCRATES.

interesting, she joined a most graceful form, which supported by great mental endowments, and affability of manners, enabled him to assume an absolute ascendancy over the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Though born with passions of the strongest kind, he rendered them subservient to his ambition, and was alternately haughty and complaisant; profuse and frugal; modest and licentious; according to the exigencies of the moment. His beauty was not impaired by the ravages of time; and, by an exclusive privilege, he continued to please in the autumn of life, as well as in the spring. But his extraordinary endowments were often applied to the corruption of public morals. He lent to debauchery the graces of voluptuousness; and vice, in a manner, ennobled by his example, became stripped of its deformity."

This picture has been highly applauded by connoisseurs for the agreement of its parts, the delicacy of pencil observable in the composition, and the harmony of its tints.





THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS, AND SEVERAL SAINTS.

RAPHAEL.

THERE exists a great number of religious pictures that delineate no particular event in sacred history. When the rules of propriety are strictly observed, as in the picture before us, such performances may truly be regarded as poetical compositions.

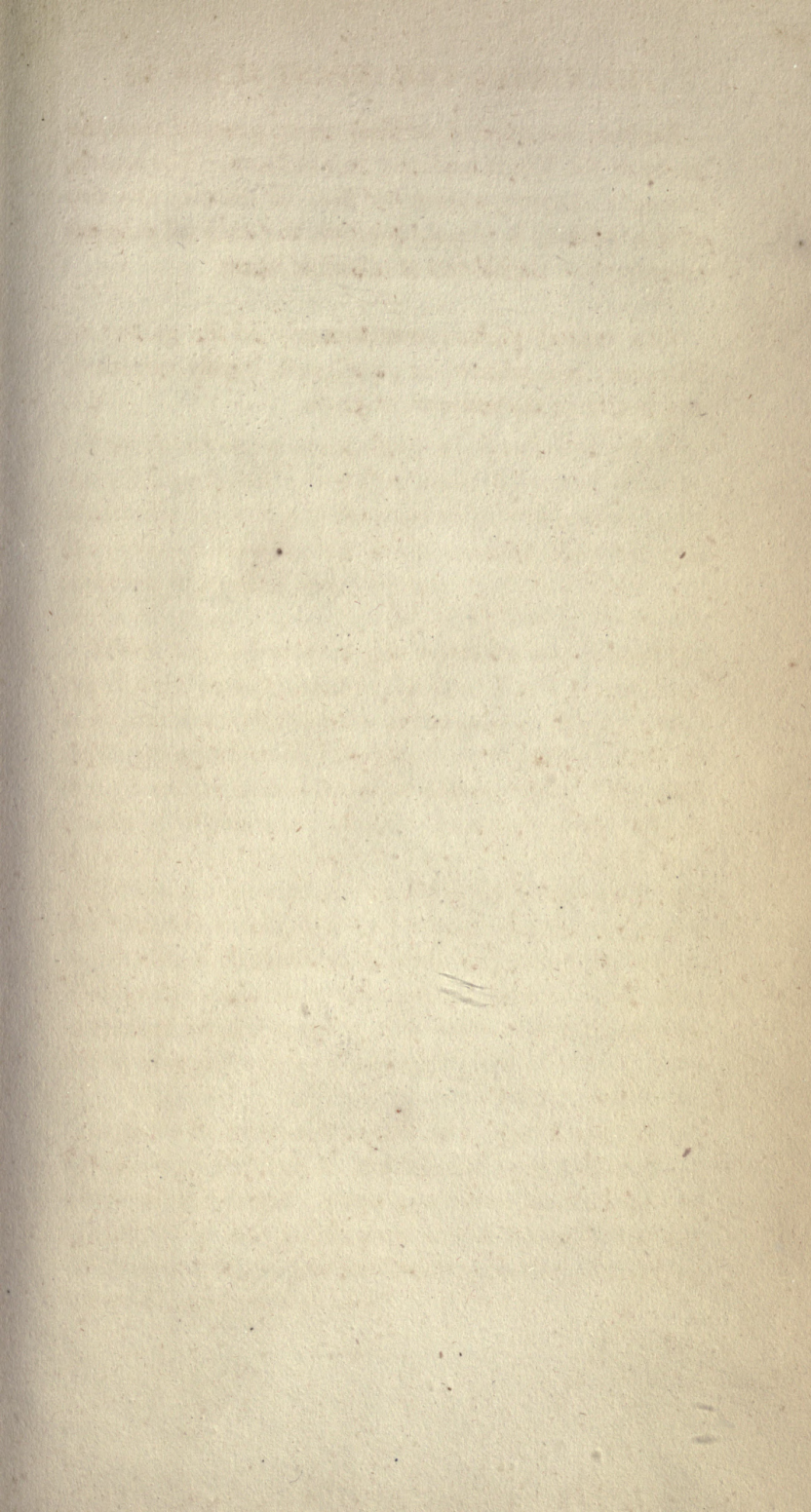
When Raphael painted this work, he had formed his taste by the productions of Perugino, Fra. Bartholomeo, and Garofalo. Under these masters he acquired a manner at once simple and dignified, to which he added all that grace for which he was distinguished. In what then was he deficient? In that grandeur of style which the study of Michael Angelo opened to his view. But while he appropriated to himself all that the style of his rival offered as majestic and sublime, he had the talent to combine with firmness, that pleasing simplicity, which distinguishes his first productions, and to avoid that excess for which, at times, the chief of the Florentine school may perhaps be censured.

Authors by no means accord as to the names of the Saints, which Raphael has placed by the side of the throne of the Virgin. From a received opinion we are led to believe they are Fathers of the Church, but the different attributes, and the costume of the personages, appear to suppress that idea.

THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS, &c.

Raphael has painted nothing more graceful than the group of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus. The angels, raising a drapery, appear to float in the air; the two others, holding a scroll, combine the idea of celestial essence, with the *naïveté* of infantine being.

This capital picture was formerly in the gallery at Florence; it is painted on pasteboard, highly varnished. and is now in the museum at Paris.





James and John

TOBIT AND HIS FAMILY

PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

REMBRANDT.

TOBIT, a pious man, of the tribe of Naphtali, becoming accidentally blind, sent his son to Ragès, in order to recover some money he had lent to Gabelus. The angel Gabriel, under a human form, accompanied the youth during his journey, and caused him to marry his cousin Sarah, the widow of seven husbands, whom the devil had destroyed. Tobit afterwards returned to his father's house, whose sight he restored by the scale of a fish, that had been indicated to him by the angel. At the moment when the two Israelites were desirous of loading him with presents, in testimony of their gratitude, he resumed his natural figure, and disappeared.

This is the moment, chosen by Rembrandt, for the subject of his picture. It presents the most striking beauties, and the greatest defects. The expression of the personages is correct; their attitudes skilfully denote surprise and admiration; the chiaro-scuro is perfectly displayed; and the colouring possesses all that vigour and truth, which placed Rembrandt in the rank of the first painters. The drawing of the figures is, however, extremely incorrect. In regard to the drapery, one can scarcely imagine any thing more capricious; and it is almost superfluous to observe in this part of his art, to what degree the painter has erred against all rule and propriety.

TOBIT AND HIS FAMILY.

The genuine works of this master are rarely to be met with ; and, whenever they are to be purchased, they produce incredible prices. Many of them, however, are preserved in the rich collections of the English nobility. The etchings of Rembrandt are likewise exceedingly admired, and collected with great care and expence, for the cabinets of the curious, in most parts of Europe ; and it is remarked, that none of his prints are dated earlier than 1628, nor later than 1659, though there are several of his paintings, dated in 1660, particularly the portrait of the Franciscan Friar.



Painted by Raphael.

Engraved by George Del.

Chiron & Achilles

London, Printed by Francis and Charles Smith, 1807.

THE CENTAUR CHIRON INSTRUCTING ACHILLES.

REGNAULT.

IMMEDIATELY after the birth of Achilles, the son of Thetis and Peleus, his mother plunged him in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable, and committed him to the Centaur Chiron, so famed for his knowledge and skill in physic, in music, and in the art of war. This demi-god, the son of Saturn and Philyra, being established at the court of Peleus, attached himself particularly to the education of Achilles, feeding him with the marrow of lions, bears, and tigers, and formed him for single combats.

Chiron, who had likewise for his disciples Esculapius, Castor and Pollux, Hercules and Jason, may be regarded as one of the most ancient personages of Greece, having preceded the conquest of the Golden Fleece and the Trojan war. The ancients gave him the name of Centaur, attributing his particular form to the inhabitants of the marshes of Nephele and Thessaly, who were first acquainted with the art of breaking horses; and Chiron has, without doubt, been only represented under this monstrous shape because he was one of the first who excelled in that art.

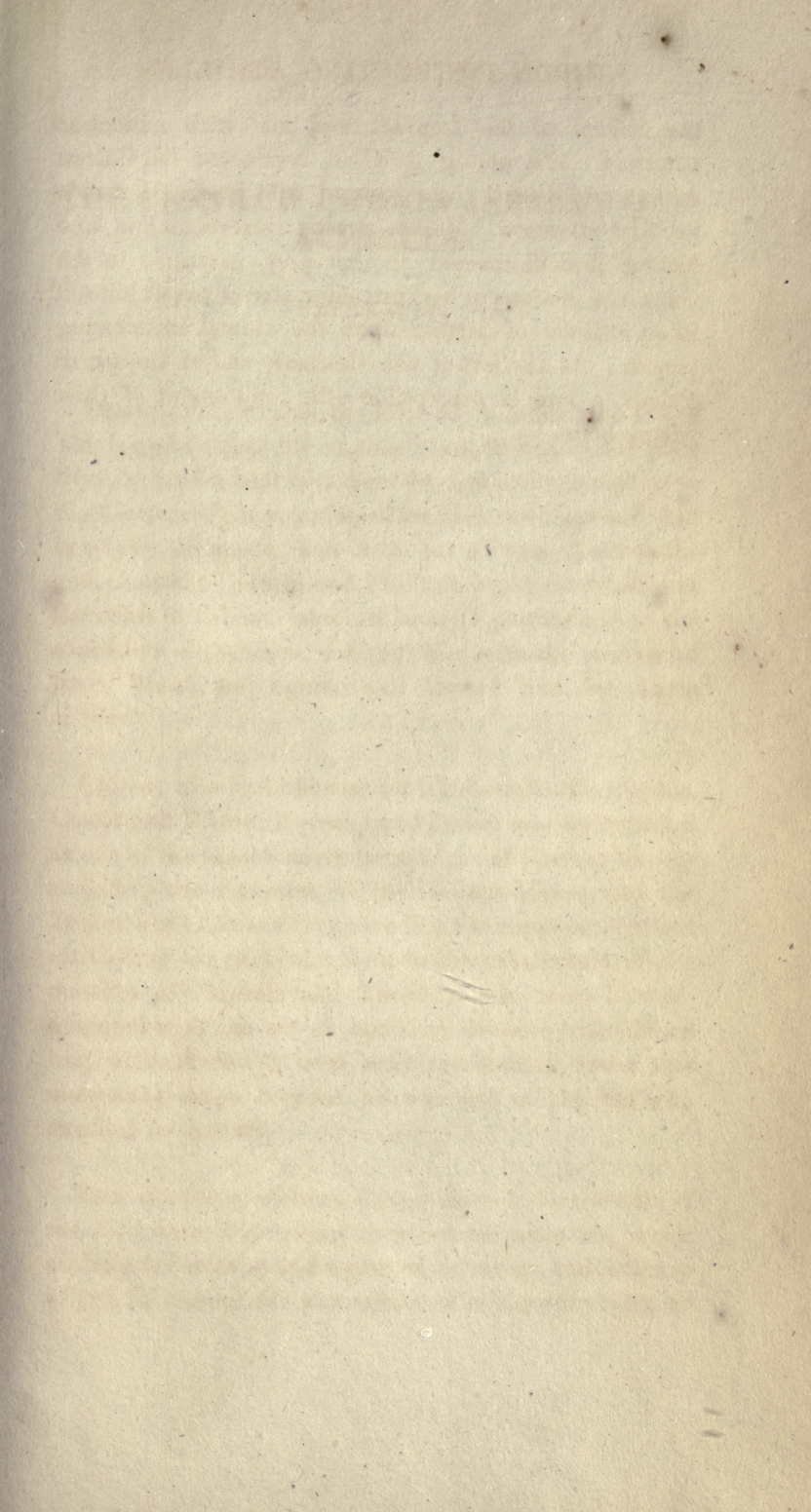
This charming picture, (better known by the title of the *Education of Achilles*,) in which elegance and purity of design, freshness and vigour of colouring, and delicacy of pencil, are united, was exhibited in the year 1783, at

CHIRON INSTRUCTING ACHILLES.

the Saloon of the Louvre; and met with numerous admirers. The young Achilles, conducted by Chiron into an arid desert, the asylum of wild beasts, demands peculiar attention. He has already overcome a lion, and having just discovered another prey, attentive to the voice and motions of his instructor, strives to put himself in an attitude of darting upon the animal an unerring javelin. At the feet of the Centaur, and of the son of Peleus, a lyre is perceptible—the amusement of their leisure hours.

Chiron, who had likewise for his disciples Esculapius, Castor and Pollux, Hercules and Jason, may be regarded as one of the most ancient personages of Greece, having preceded the conquest of the Golden Fleece and the Trojan war. The ancients gave him the name of Centaur, attributing his particular form to the inhabitants of the marshes of Ipephle and Therapsy, who were first acquainted with the art of breaking horses; and Chiron has without doubt been only represented under this monstrous shape because he was one of the first who excelled in that art.

This charming picture, (better known by the title of the Education of Achilles), in which elegance and purity of design, freshness and vigour of colouring, and delicacy of pencil, are united, was exhibited in the year 1788, at





Painted by Rubens.

Engraved by G. G.

at the entrance
of the Place

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

RUBENS.

IN the picture before us, one of the finest productions of the pencil of Rubens, the miraculous effects of the intercession of St. Roch, in favor of those who were afflicted with the plague, are admirably delineated. The Saint, clothed in the habit of a pilgrim, prostrates himself before Jesus Christ, who skews him these words written upon a tablet held by an Angel, *Eris in peste patronus*. St. Roch places his hand upon his bosom, and testifies his gratitude to God for the blessing afforded him. In an inferior part of the picture, a group of persons, ready to expire, manifest the most lively hopes of escaping from death, on perceiving their protector. An aged woman, clothed in a long white drapery, contemplates with admiration the celestial group. Another woman feels herself revived; while several men, who are equally overwhelmed with this dreadful calamity, express, in the midst of their sufferings, the confidence which governs their minds.

The execution of this chef d'œuvre is worthy of the genius of Rubens. This immortal artist has, perhaps, produced nothing finer than the diseased group: their heads, their attitudes, are perfect models of sentiment and energy. But admirable as these figures are, taken individually, that of the young woman, which immediately strikes the eye, fixes, in a particular manner, our attention. It is impossible to pourtray, with greater truth, the affecting and sublime idea of great physical suffering, contrasted

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

with emotions of the warmest sympathy, or to express with more precision the fervour of hope, surrounded by the horrors of death. To this head, that of Mary de Medici, at the moment of the birth of Louis XIII. is solely to be compared; and Rubens was perhaps the only artist capable of executing the one or the other. This picture is designed with that energy, and executed with all that fire of pencil, which characterize the works of Rubens. The colouring is perfectly correct, and admirably varied. In the midst, however, of beauties of the first order, it is perceptible that the figures of our Saviour and the Angel are somewhat too heavy. In other respects they, like the rest, are full of life and motion.

The draperies are, in general, of a vivid tint, but harmoniously united. The cloak of Christ is red; the tunic of the Angel of a bright yellow; St. Roch is habited in brown and violet; the robe of the young woman is a pale red; the dress of the man who supports her in his arms is of dark blue, verging upon green. The other afflicted persons are enveloped in white linen, or in woollen covering, whose tones accord with their livid and discoloured carnations; but of which the demi-tints and the shadows have considerable force and vigour. The back ground represents a species of hospital. The figures are of the natural size.

Although in our various strictures on the works of Rubens that have enriched this publication, we have endeavoured to give the student an idea of the peculiar beauties and defects of this great artist; we are induced to insert the following critique on his merits and imperfections, from the pen of that distinguished ornament of his art, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

Rubens appears to have had that confidence in himself, which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies, and may venture, in some measure, to throw aside the fetters of authority ; to consider the rules as subject to his controul, and not himself subject to the rules ; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations, and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed, that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of his art. After Rubens had made up his manner, he never looked out of himself for assistance ; there is consequently very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing, he has had the address to change and adopt it so well to the rest of his work, that the theft is not discoverable.

“ Beside the excellency of Rubens in these general powers, he possessed the true art of imitating. He saw the object of nature with a painter’s eye ; he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished, and as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility astonishing ; and let me add, this faculty is, to a painter, a source of rich pleasure. How far this excellence may be perceived, or felt by those who are not painters, I know not : to them certainly it is not enough that objects be truly represented ; they must likewise be represented with grace, which means here, that the work is done with facility and without effort. Rubens was, perhaps, the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art, the best workman with his tools, that ever exercised a pencil.

“ This part of the art, though it does not hold a rank with the powers of invention, of giving character and

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

expression, has yet in it what may be called genius. It is certainly something that may be learned by frequent examination of those pictures which possess this excellence. It is felt by very few painters; and it is as rare at this time among the living painters, as any of the higher excellencies of the art.

“ This power, which Rubens possessed in the highest degree, enabled him to represent whatever he undertook better than any other painter. His animals, particularly lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly represented but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of the painters who have made that branch of the art the sole business of their lives, and of those he has left a great variety of specimens. The same may be said of his landscapes: and though Claude Lorrain finished more minutely, as becomes a professor in any particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

“ The pictures of Rubens have this effect on the spectator, that he feels himself in no wise disposed to peck out and dwell on his deserts. The criticisms which are made on him, are indeed often unreasonable. His style ought no more to be blamed for not having the sublimity of Michael Angelo, than Ovid should be censured because he is not like Virgil.

“ It must, however, be acknowledged that he wanted many excellencies which would have perfectly united with his style. Among those we may reckon beauty in his female characters: sometimes, indeed, they make approaches to it: they are healthy and comely women,

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

but seldom possess any degree of elegance. The same may be said of his young men and children : his old men have that sort of dignity which a bushy beard will confer : but he never possessed a poetical conception of character. In his representations of the highest characters in the christian and the fabulous world, instead of something above humanity, which might fill the idea which is conceived of such beings, the spectator finds little more than mere mortals, such as he meets with every day.

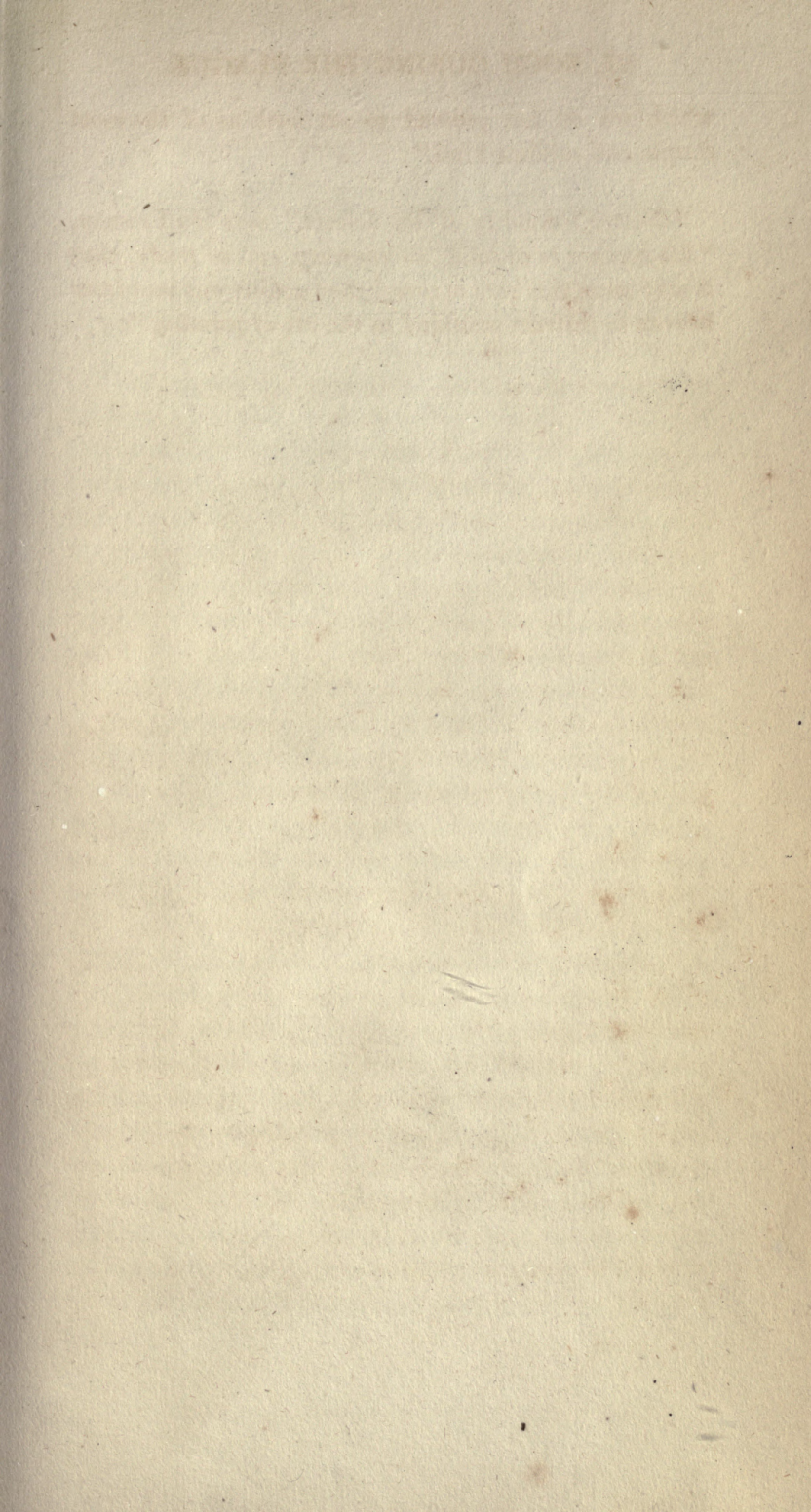
“The incorrectness of Rubens, in regard to his outline, oftener proceeds from haste and carelessness, than from inability ; there are in his great works, to which he seems to have paid more attention, naked figures, as eminent for their drawing as for their colouring. He appears to have entertained a great abhorrence of the meagre dry manner of his predecessors, the old German and Flemish painters, to avoid which he kept his outline large and flowing ; this carried to an extreme, produced that heaviness which is so frequently found in his figures.

“Another defect of this great painter is, his inattention to the foldings of his drapery, especially that of his women ; it is scarcely ever cast with any choice or skill. Carlo Maratti and Rubens are, in this respect, in opposite extremes ; one discovers too much art in the disposition of drapery, and the other too little. Rubens’ drapery, besides, is not properly historical ; the quality of the stuff of which it is composed, is too accurately distinguished, resembling the manner of Paul Veronese. Their drapery is less offensive in Rubens, than it would be in many other painters, as it partly contributes to that richness which is the peculiar character of his style,

ST. ROCH CURING THE PLAGUE.

which we do not pretend to set forth as of the most simple and sublime kind."

"Notwithstanding all his defects," says Du Fresnoy, "his manner is so solid, so knowing, and so ready, that it may seem this rare accomplished genius was sent from heaven to instruct mankind in the art of painting."





Julio Romano pinx.

Wm. Cook sculp.

Venus, Vulcan & Cupido.

London: Published by James Hood & Charles Doolittle, 1817.

VENUS, VULCAN, AND THE LOVES.

JULIO ROMANO.

THIS agreeable subject has been treated by a great number of artists with peculiar effect. It offers a thousand opportunities for a painter to display the resources of his art, either by the nature of the composition, the gracefulness of the costumes, the opposition of the characters, or the freshness or vigour of the carnations. The dusky colouring of Vulcan, his austere look, and his ferocious air, contrast with the elegant forms, the tender smile of Venus, and the *naïveté* of the beautiful children by whom she is accompanied. One of them presents a basket of flowers to the goddess; another shews her a butterfly; a third appears to repose himself on his bow; while the most prominent of this infantine group, approaching his mother, puts into his quiver the arrows she has taken from the recepticle brought to her by Vulcan.

This valuable picture, executed with all the care which Julio Romano was able to employ on a work so little extensive, owes its principal merit to the simplicity of the composition, the dignity of the characters, and the purity of design; qualities which secure to this artist the first rank among the disciples of Raphael; but he is not remarkable either for delicacy of pencil, or truth of colouring. It is well known that Julio Romano has often ill-assorted the glowing tints, that his shades are dark, and that his touch is not always happy. It is only in his grand compositions, and particularly in his per-

VENUS, VULCAN, AND THE LOVES.

sons, that we can justly appreciate the talent of this distinguished artist.

Vulcan, the son of Juno, was born with a disgusting figure. His mother, ashamed of having given him being, precipitated him (says Homer) to the bottom of the ocean, that he might remain eternally concealed in the abyss. Thetis and Eurynome had compassion on him, and preserved his existence. He remained for some years in a profound cave, occupied in making bracelets for their arms, and ornaments for their hair. At last he was summoned to heaven, and became the husband of Venus. He built himself, in Olympus, a temple of brass, decorated with brilliant stars. It was there that this god, whose size was prodigious, covered with filth and perspiration, by ashes and smoke, blowing incessantly the bellows of his forge, carried into effect those ingenious ideas with which he was inspired.

These pictures are altogether allegorical. Vulcan, who perhaps was really lame, is the original author of works in iron, tin, silver, and gold. He discovered and taught the art of rendering these substances fusible for general use. This prince, it is said, having been disgraced, returned to the island of Lemnos, where he erected his forge. This particular explains the fable of Vulcan being cast from heaven upon earth. Poets have placed the usual dwelling of this god in Vulcania, one of the Eolian Islands, surrounded with rocks, whose summits vomit clouds of fire and smoke. It is to this day called *volcano*, a name that is applicable to all mountains by which fire is emitted.



E. de Sacer puer?

Will. Corier. occip.

Count Roger before S. Bernard

COUNT ROGER KNEELING BEFORE SAINT BRUNO.

LE SUEUR.

ROGER, Count of Sicily and Calabria, taking the diversion of hunting, separated himself by accident from his suite, and wandered near the cell of St. Bruno, in which he and his companions were performing their religious duties. Influenced by the fervour they displayed, he was desirous of learning their condition, and in what manner they employed their time. The answers he received, exciting in his mind sentiments of respect for these pious and solitary zealots, he presented them with two churches, to which he attached a revenue for their subsistence. After this, Count Roger was accustomed to visit St. Bruno, to solicit his advice, and unite with him in prayer.

In treating this subject, Le Sueur has seized the moment when the Count, for the first time, beheld St. Bruno. He has just quitted his horse, and renders homage to the piety of the Saint by falling on his knees before him. In the back ground some horsemen are perceived in the suite of the Prince.

This composition, the dignified simplicity of which is much admired, is one of a series of twenty-two pictures, representing the principal events in the life of St. Bruno, that formerly adorned the cloister of the Chartreux at Paris. This work employed the artist three years, and furnished ample proof of the abilities of Le Sueur.

COUNT ROGER KNEELING, &c.

“But the pictures of the Chartreux,” observes Mr. Fuseli, “lately consigned to the profane clutch of restoration in the attic of the Luxembourg, are now little more than the faint traces of what they were when issuing from the hand of their master. They have suffered martyrdom more than once. It is well that the nature of the subject permitted little more than fresco in the colouring at first, and that the great merit of their execution consisted in the breadth of vehicle which monastic drapery demands, else we should have lost even the fragments that remain. The old man in the foreground; the head of St. Bruno, and some of the disputants in the background of the *Prediction*; the Bishops and the condemned defunct in the *Funeral*; the apparition of St. Bruno himself in the *Camp*; the female figure in the *Eleemosynary Scene*; and what has suffered least of all, the *Death of St. Bruno*, contain the least disputable marks of the master’s primitive touch.

The subject of the whole, abstractedly considered, is the personification of sanctity, and has been represented in the series with a purity which seems to place the artist’s heart on a level with that of his hero. The simplicity, which tells the tale of resignation and innocence, despises all contrast of more varied composition, though not always with equal success. St. Bruno, on his bed, visited by angels; building or viewing the plan for building his rocky retreat; the hunting scene; and the apotheosis, might probably have admitted happier combinations. As, in the different retouchings, the faces have suffered much, the expression must be estimated by those that escaped; for what still remains, we may conclude that it was not inferior to the composition.”

This excellent painter was a pupil of Simon Vouet.

COUNT ROGER KNEELING, &c.

He soon surpassed his master, and though he had quitted France, became, in some points of the art, one of the first painters of his time. His reputation rose to so high a degree, that he was called the French Raphael. He studied those antiques to which he had access in his own country, with all possible assiduity, and seemed to be always ambitious of imitating the style of Raphael, as well as other distinguished masters of the Roman school, but aiming to be delicate, his proportions are sometimes too slender, and his figures frequently appear to have too great a length.

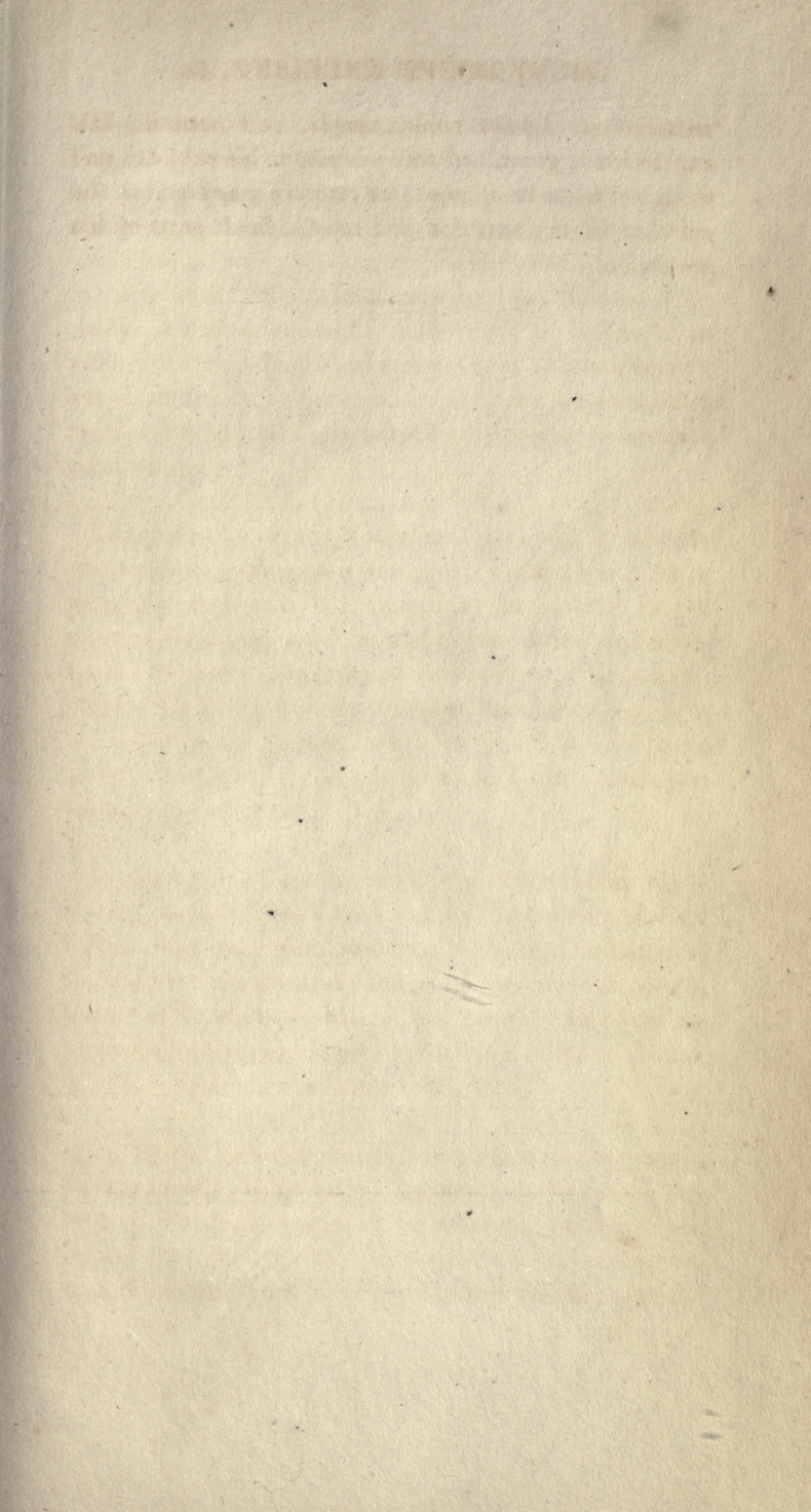
The invention of Le Sueur was easy and fertile; his compositions grand and judicious; his draperies shew simplicity and grandeur, united in conformity to the taste of Raphael, and in manner of his fields, he endeavoured to observe the order of the antique. His cotemporary, Le Brun, appears to have been very jealous of his superior talents; for, on hearing of his death, he malignantly said, "I feel now as if I had a thorn just taken out of my foot."

Le Sueur died young, and left behind him many works; such as "The Cloister of the Chartreux at Paris," "Alexander and his Physician," &c. that might rival the works of the greatest painters for eloquence of design, beauty of form, and truth of expression. In colouring he was defective, and knew but little of the Chiar-Oscuro, or of those colours which are called local.

Le Sueur had undoubtedly very extraordinary merit, but that merit is blended with great imperfections. His taste of design is justly to be admired, but his naked figures are usually faulty in disposition. The distribution of his lights and shadows is not judicious; but the

COUNT ROGER KNEELING, &c.

attitudes are always noble, simple, and natural. His expression is great, and well adapted to his subject; and though it must be allowed, he erred in many points, he excelled in the superior and most difficult parts of his profession.





E. Le Sueur pinx.

Angus sculp.

*Presented by the
author to the public.*

London: Published April 1. 1807. by Verner, Hood, & Sharpe, Printers.

ST. BRUNO DISTRIBUTING HIS WEALTH AMONG THE POOR.

LE SUEUR.

SAINT BRUNO and his companions, having resolved to seclude themselves from the world, are seen distributing their effects among the indigent.

There exists a Fresco of Dominichino, representing a similar subject: St. Cecilia dividing among the poor, her money, furniture, and costly attire. In the composition of Dominichino, there is more variety, and a greater number of Episodes; but in the picture of Le Sueur, there reigns more uniformity. The attention of the spectator is less divided; and although the figures of the indigent, have almost all the same object, still by the difference of age, sex, and attitudes, Le Sueur has sufficiently contrasted them with each other.

This picture is the lightest in the collection. Its style is pure; its design correct; and is executed with the greatest facility. In the Museum at Versailles, there is a sketch from the first conception of the subject, which is highly prized for its energy and grace.

Le Sueur died young. He left behind him many works; such as the Cloister of the Chartreux, at Paris; Alexander, and his Physician, &c. that might rival the works of the greatest painters for elegance of design, beauty of form, and truth of expression. He was defective in colouring,—in that meretricious and ambitious

BRUNO DISTRIBUTING HIS WEALTH.

appendage of the art, which is exercised upon great subjects, and embraces extensive compositions, the appropriated effects of which can be well produced only in *chiaro-scuro*.

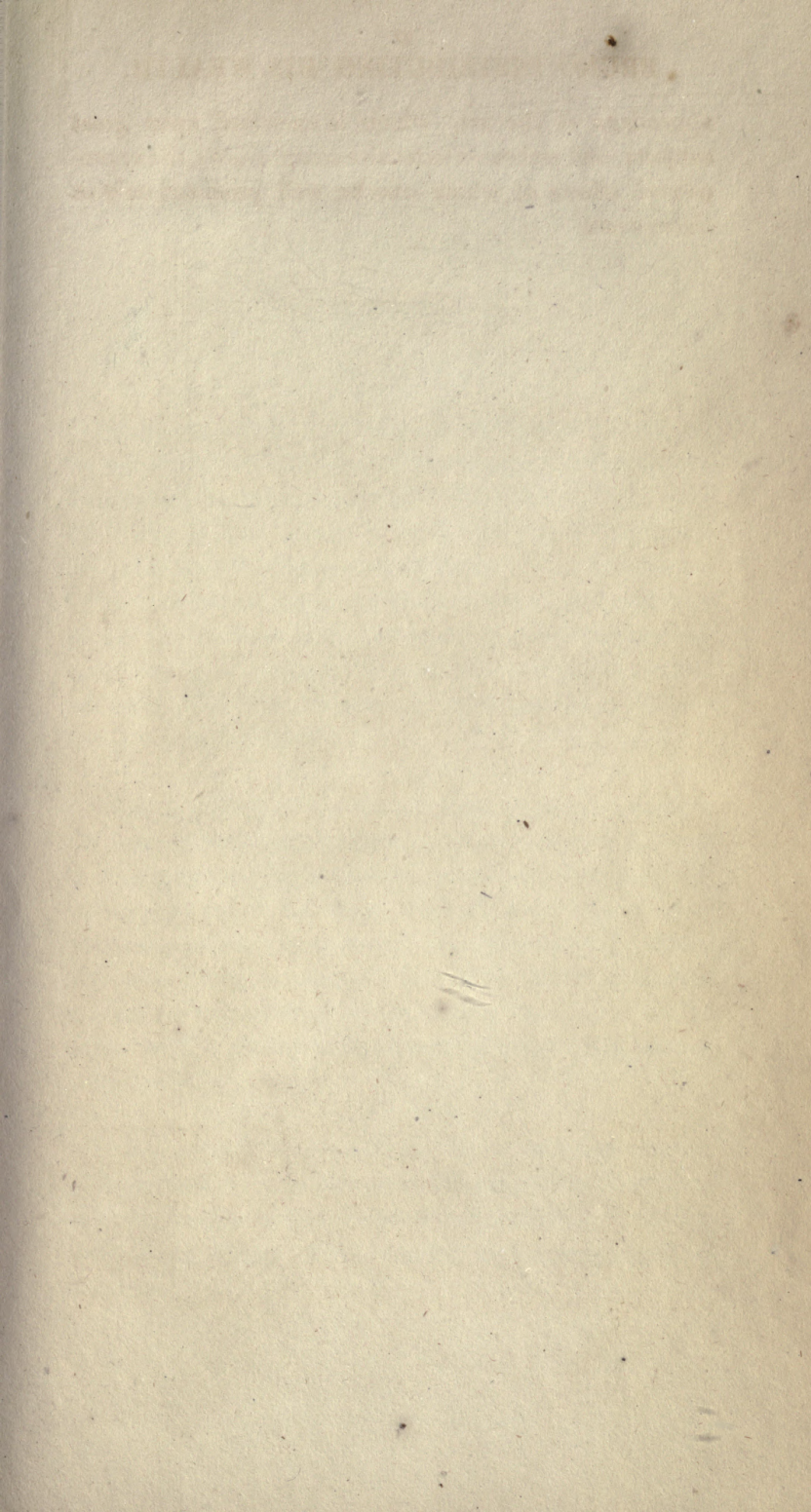
LE SUEUR.

SAINT BRUNO and his companions, having resolved to exclude themselves from the world, are seen distributing their effects among the indigent.

There exists a fresco of Dominichino, representing a similar subject: St Cecilia dividing among the poor her money, furniture, and costly attire. In the composition of Dominichino, there is more variety, and a greater number of episodes; but in the picture of Le Sueur, there reigns more uniformity. The attention of the spectator is less divided; and although the figures of the indigent have almost all the same object, still by the difference of age, sex, and attitudes, Le Sueur has sufficiently contrasted them with each other.

This picture is the highest in the collection. Its style is pure; its design correct; and is executed with the greatest facility. In the Museum at Versailles, there is a sketch from the first conception of the subject, which is highly prized for its energy and grace.

Le Sueur died young. He left behind him many works; such as the Cloister of the Chartreux, at Paris; Alexander, and his Physician, &c. that might rival the works of the greatest painters for elegance of design, beauty of form, and truth of expression. He was distinguished in colouring—in that meticulous and ambitious





EL: Sueno pine?

Will: Sueno pine?

Will: Sueno pine?

ST. BRUNO ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE CRUCIFIX.

LE SUEUR.

IN the year 1648, Le Sueur, at the age of 31, began, by the desire of the Queen, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth, to paint the history of St. Bruno, founder of the Order of the Chartreux, for the purpose of decorating the cloister of the Monastery at Paris. This he executed in 22 pictures, in the space of three years; and although he has the modesty to call his pictures mere sketches, the series has been reckoned among the best collections of paintings. It passed in the year 1776 into the cabinet of the late King of France.

After the death of Le Sueur, some persons, jealous of the fame of this great painter, having had the meanness to damage these chef d'œuvres, much care was bestowed to restore them to their former state. They were originally painted upon wood, then placed upon canvas, and afterwards retouched; but this latter task was committed to unskilful hands. They have since, by an order of the Senate, been restored with the utmost precision.

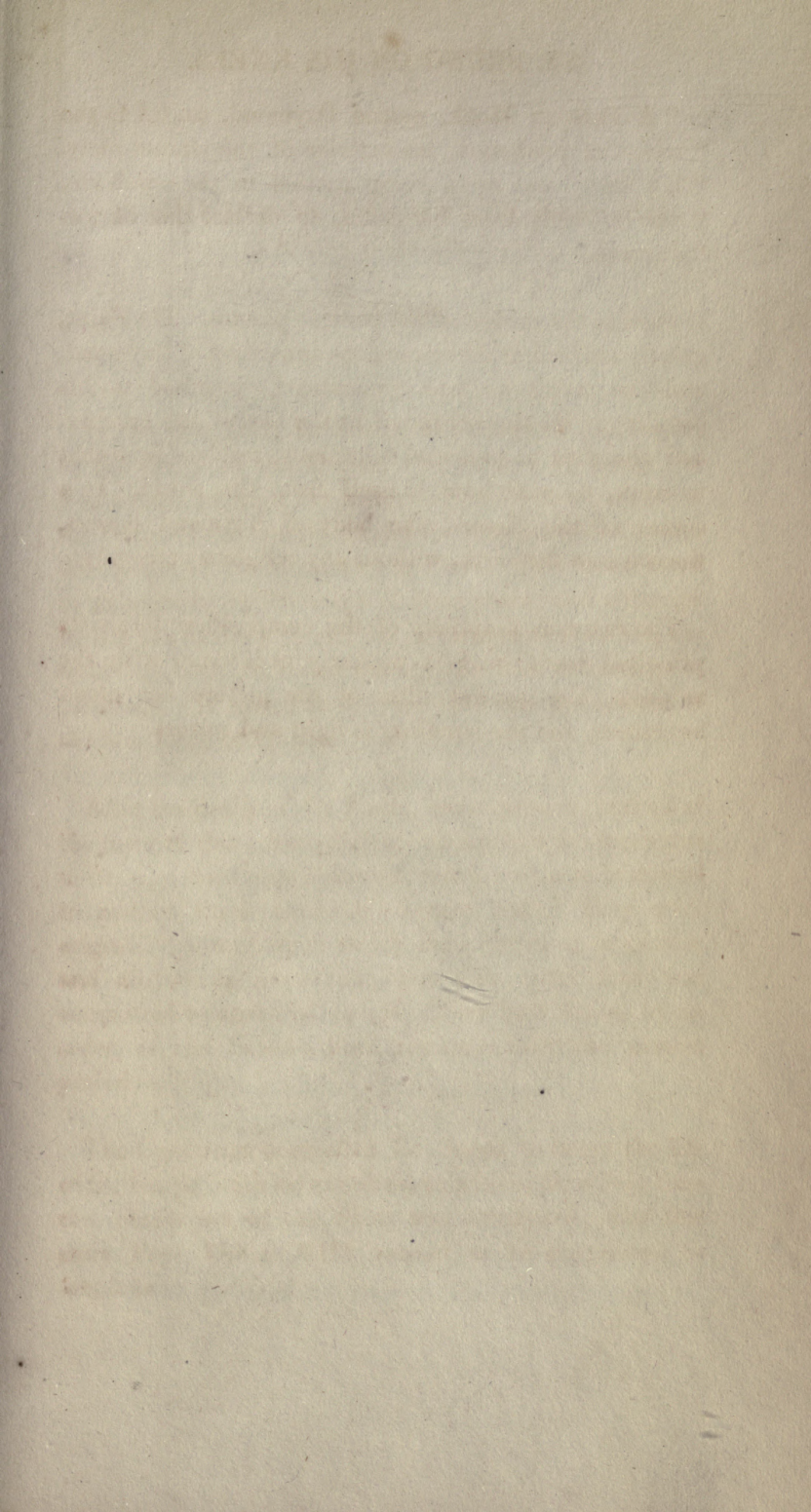
The Chartreux compelled Le Sueur to begin the life of St. Bruno, with an anecdote, to which, for a long time the conversion of the Saint was attributed; but this story Pope Urban VIII. caused to be suppressed as fabulous.

ST. BRUNO ON HIS KNEES.

"A Parisian Monk, named Raymond, united to the talent of prediction, an exterior of the sincere piety. He died; and upon being carried to the sepulchre, rose suddenly from his coffin, to declare that he was damned."

Such is the subject of the present picture. The Saint, greatly terrified at the miraculous apparition of Raymond, and the words he had pronounced, returned to his dwelling. He threw himself at the feet of the crucifix, and absorbed in profound reflections, resolved from that moment, to withdraw himself from the world. In a corner of the picture, the body of Raymond is seen, thrown into the earth, without any religious ceremony.

The extreme simplicity of the composition forms its principal merit; and is perfectly consonant with the subject. The general effect of the picture has much sweetness, and the handling is light and correct.





A RIVER GOD AND A NAIAD.

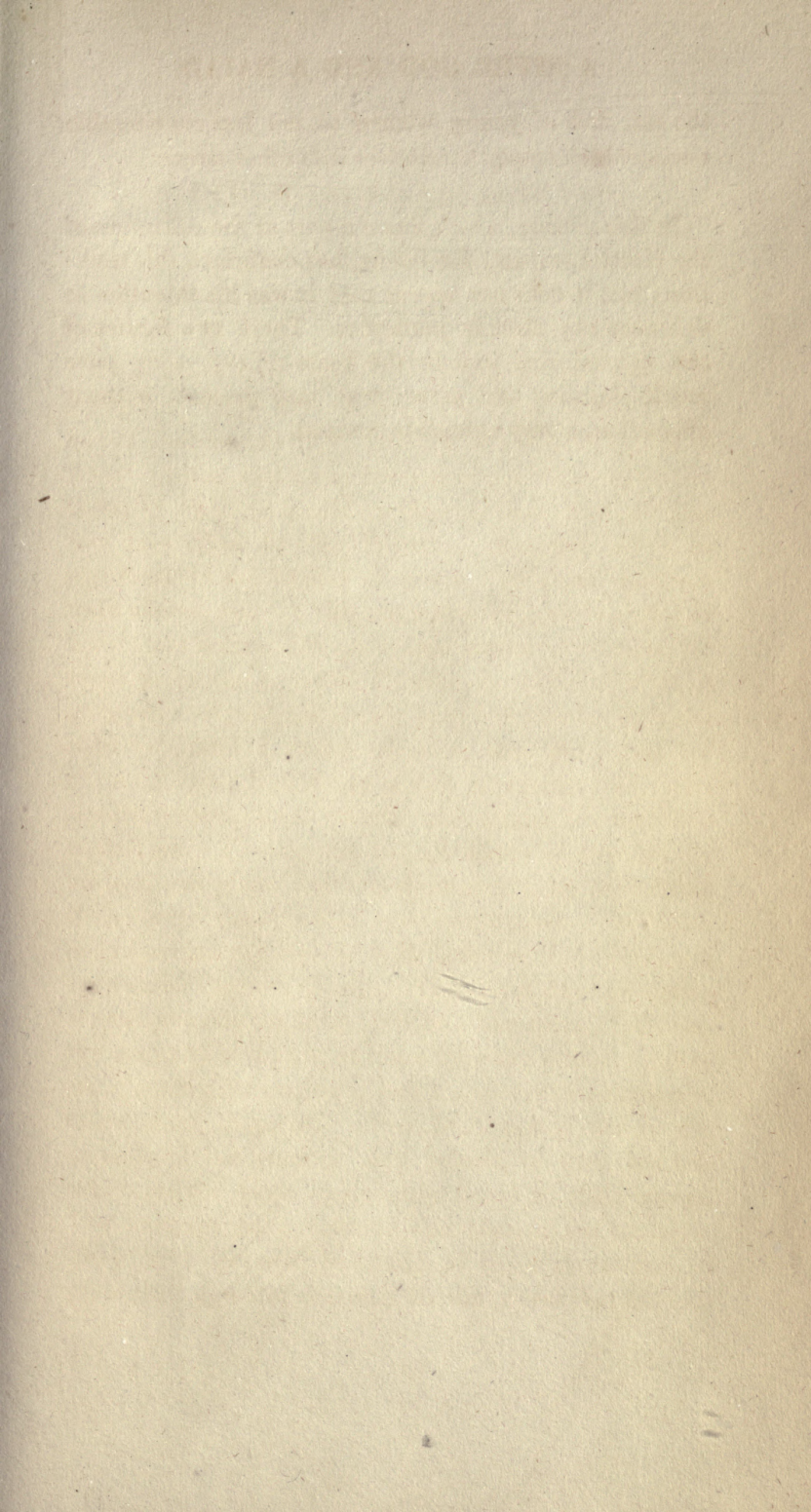
EUSTACHE LE SUEUR.

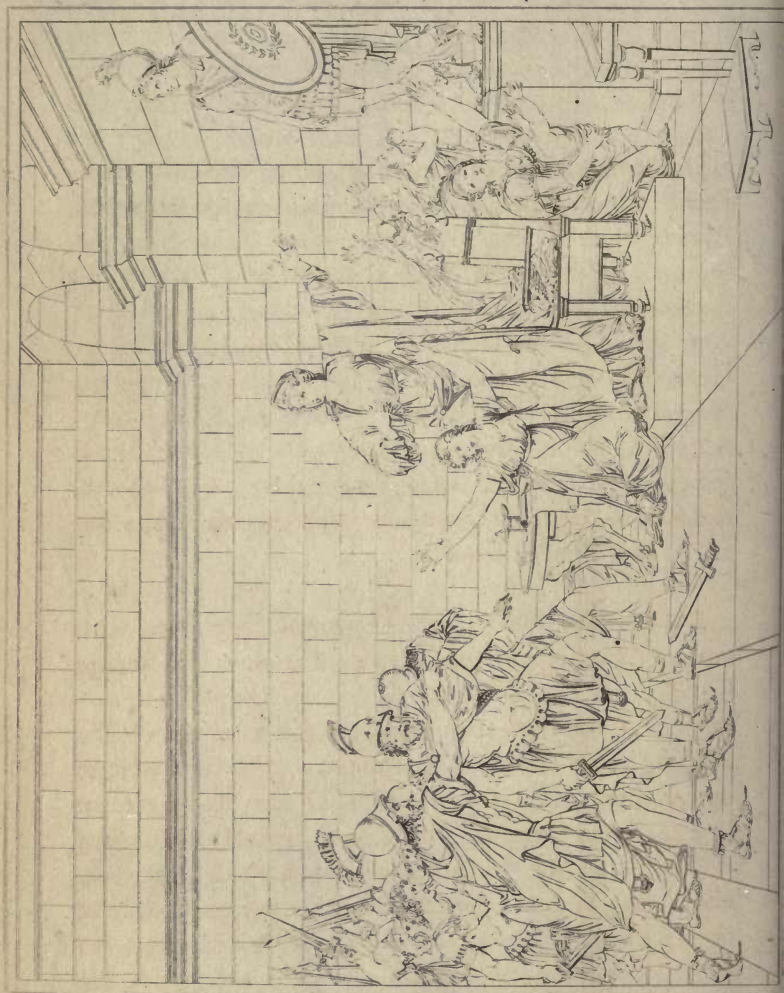
THE rivers have been personified by the people of antiquity. They were deemed the Sons of the Ocean and of Thetis—and their number has been extended to 3000. It was customary among the Greeks to invoke them, by washing hands in their waters. This practice was proscribed by the Persians, who regarded it as repugnant to the divinity of rivers. To them sacrifices were offered, and for this ceremony they made choice of horses and bulls. The poets and artists represented the rivers under the figure of old men, as a symbol of their antiquity. By a thick beard, long hair flowing over the shoulders, and a crown of osier, they are to this day characterized. Seated on a bed of rushes, they lean against an urn, from whence the waters flow and take their rise. The figures of the rivers observable on medals, are placed on the right or left, as they direct their course towards the east or the west. They have been likewise represented with horns on their head, and even under the form of bulls. The first of these allegories is analogous to the arms of rivers—the second indicates the murmurs that issue at times from the waters. Every river, among the ancients, had its appropriate attribute, taken most frequently either from the plants or the animals of the country they refresh, or from the fish which are the more abundantly found in their bosom. The moderns have imitated this idea of the ancients. They have likewise borrowed of them the custom of giving the figure of old men to the rivers that fall into

A RIVER GOD AND A NAIAD.

the sea, and of young women to the less considerable rivers, which empty themselves into other rivers.

In this picture, which forms a part of the collection of the Hotel Lambert, Le Sueur, has confirmed this tradition: but it does not appear that it was his intention to delineate any river in particular. These two figures of the natural size imitate the basso-relievo—they have much elegance and correctness, and present, without affectation, a very agreeable contrast.





THE DEATH OF OLYMPIAS.

TAILLASSON.

OLYMPIAS, sister of Alexander, King of Epirus, married Philip, King of Macedonia, and was the mother of Alexander the Great. After the death of her son, she formed the design to possess herself of a part of his dominions; and caused Philip Aridæus and his wife Eurydice to be put to death, with Nicanor, brother of Cassander, and a hundred of the principle people in Macedonia, who were attached to the party of that prince. A general insurrection soon after obliged Olympias to secrete herself in the fortress of Pydna, with Roxana, the wife of Alexander, her son, and Thessalonica, sister of the Macedonian hero.

Besieged by Cassander, Olympias supported, with extraordinary bravery, the horrors of famine; but having lost all hopes of assistance, she was compelled to surrender. Cassander then induced the relatives of the officers, whom the queen had ordered to be destroyed, to accuse her before the assembly of the Macedonians. She entreated permission to defend herself, which was refused; and was privately condemned to lose her life. Cassander, who was apprehensive that the recollection of the exploits of Philip and Alexander would excite the Macedonians to revoke the sentence, sent, with the utmost expedition, fifty soldiers to carry it into effect. But the noble and imposing aspect of Olympias dissuading them from their purpose, Cassander was compelled to

THE DEATH OF OLYMPIAS.

have recourse to the relations of those who had been sacrificed to the ambition of that princess. These, with much eagerness, rushed forward to gratify at once their particular revenge, and the wishes of their employer.

The author of this picture, Mons. Taillasson, (whose compositions have long been justly esteemed) has very happily conceived and treated his subject. All the personages contribute to the principal action. With one hand the Queen exposes her bosom, with the other points to the statue of Alexander. This idea is truly happy, and adds much to the pathos of the scene. The young Thessalonica deprecates the mercy of the assassins: Roxana flies for shelter to the statue of her husband; towards which, her son, though a child, elevates his little arms. The warrior, who is excited by Cassander to kill Olympias, displays by his attitude, considerable irresolution. Another soldier, struck with the majestic firmness of the queen, turns away his head, and drops his sword. But Olympias has still much to fear. The relatives of those whom she destroyed, enter sword in hand, and the fury depicted in their countenances, announce they are alike deaf to pity and respect.

Such are the principle traits of this celebrated picture, in which the expressions are just and pathetic, and which, on its exhibition, received the most unqualified praise.



Tiberius Caesar

Tiberius Caesar

Christ crucified with Thomas

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

TITIAN.

“**THEN** the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common-hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head.”—St. Matthew, chap. 27.

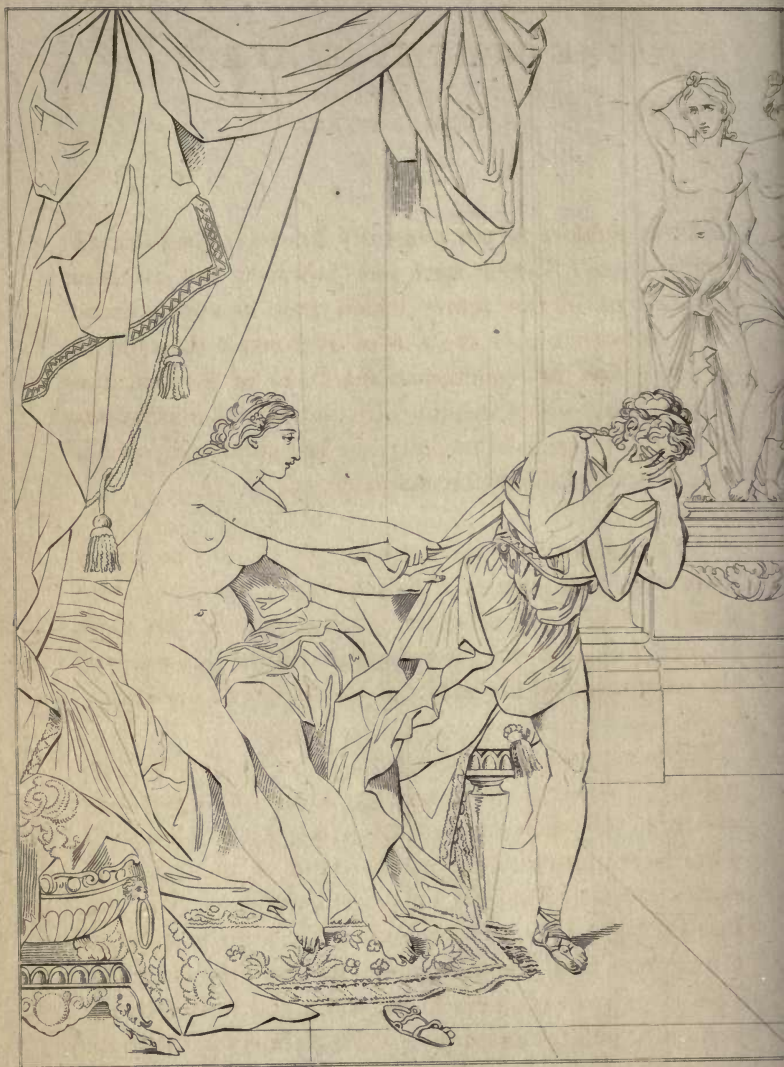
The picture on which this subject has been represented by Titian, is one of the finest of this master, although it is not exempt from those defects for which he has been often reproached. The head of Christ has much dignity; and its agonizing and majestic expression is the more worthy of remark, as Titian, as well as the most skilful painters of the Venetian school, has often neglected the character of these personages. The taste of design in this figure is of the grand style, although it presents some inaccuracies. The feeling of hatred is tolerably well expressed on the countenances of some of the personages; but this passion ought, perhaps, to display itself with greater energy. It has been regretted, that this great artist has not represented the inhuman irony which is indicated in the text. The Jews appear resolved to torment our Saviour; but there is no one, not even the person who is kneeling on the front of the picture,

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

that appears to address him in these words—"Hail, King of the Jews!"

Considered with respect to colouring, the picture is deserving of the highest praise. In no picture has Titian painted his characters with more animation and correctness. The draperies and the accessories are treated in the same superior manner. The ground is vigorous without being dark; and, composed of the richest tints, corresponds with the imposing aspect of this capital production.

Titian was accustomed to compare the manner in which the lights and shades should be disposed on a picture, to *a bunch of grapes*, or many bodies combined, presenting only a general mass, although they preserve their particular forms. This precept has been adopted by artists; and it is only in their conformity to this principle, that they have succeeded in the *chiaro-scuro*. This has been employed by Titian in this picture with the happiest effect. The principal light falls on the figure of Christ, and spreads with much harmony over the other figures. The drapery, of a bright red, has the advantage of being conformable to the text of scripture, and attracts the eye to the chief personage, of which it lengthens the character.



Vanderwerf pinx.

Wm. Dole sculp.

The Chastity of Jupiter

THE CHASTITY OF JOSEPH.

VANDER-WERF.

THIS subject is too generally known to require an explanation. Vander-werf has, however, not given to his figures all the action which they should possess. The countenance of the wife of Potiphar is deficient in energy; and by concealing the head of Joseph, the painter has avoided the difficulty that existed in delineating the expression of modesty and indignation, by which this personage should be characterised.

Although the subject be not completed, this picture is admirable with respect to execution. The figures are drawn with a degree of correctness, and all the parts studied with that care, in which, in the eyes of amateurs, the chief merit of the works of Vander-werf consists.

“The pictures of Vander-werf,” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “whether great or small, certainly afford but little pleasure. Of their want of effect it is worth a painter’s while to enquire into the cause. One of the principal causes appears to me, his having entertained an opinion, that the light of a picture ought to be thrown solely on the figures, and little or none on the ground or sky. This gives great coldness to the effect, and is so contrary to nature, and the practice of those painters with whose works he was surrounded, that we cannot help wondering how he fell into this mistake.

“His naked figures appear to be of a much harder

THE CHASTITY OF JOSEPH.

substance than flesh, though his outline is far from cutting on the light, not united with the shade, which are the most common causes of hardness ; but it appears to me, that in the present instance the hardness of manner proceeds from the softness hereon being too general ; the light being every where equally lost in the ground or its shadow, for this is not expressing the true effect of flesh, the light of which is sometimes losing itself in the ground, and sometimes distinctly seen, according to the rising and sinking of the muscles ; an attention to these variations is what gives the effect of suppleness, which is one of the characteristics of a good manner of colouring."



Leonata de Vinci pñac.

W. Cooke sculp.

Printed by James B. Whittier.

London, Published by Thomas Hood & Son, 25, Strand, 1807.

THE VIRGIN, SAINT ANNE, AND THE INFANT JESUS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THE Virgin is seen seated in the lap of St. Anne, and bends forward to take the infant Jesus in her arms, who is playing with a lamb.

It is somewhat singular that Leonardo should have placed a female of the age apparently of eighteen, upon the lap of her mother. This composition the artist has copied, and there is still existing a similar picture at Milan.

This picture formed a part of the old collection of paintings at the Louvre;—it is painted on wood, about five feet two inches high, and three feet ten inches broad.

This master was descended from a noble family, and born at the castle of Vinci, near Florence, in 1445. From the excellence of his genius, his proficiency was so rapid that he surpassed his instructor, Andrea Verocchio, in such an eminent degree, that it provoked him to quit the profession entirely. His talents were of the most comprehensive kind, and the virtues of his mind were only excelled by his understanding.

In the year 1494 he went to Milan, where he was most affectionately received by the Duke Ludovico Sforza, and the fondness which that prince afterwards expressed for Leonardo, on account of his accomplishments in

THE VIRGIN, SAINT ANNE, &c.

music, poetry, and architecture, increased to a height that seemed scarcely credible. He was remarkably slow in finishing his pictures, but when he did finish them, they were exquisite. He spent four years on his celebrated portrait of Mona Lisa, wife of Francesco di Giocondo.

Leonardo possessed a very enlarged genius, a lively imagination, a beautiful invention, and a solid judgment. His design was extremely correct, his disposition judicious, and his expression natural. But his colouring is not agreeable, as the violet tint predominates to an extreme degree; it is, however, not improbable, that when his colours were first laid on, they had a very different appearance.

This extraordinary artist, in conjunction with Michael Angelo, was employed to paint the great hall of the Senate of Florence, and they made those Cartoons for their designs, which are still the admiration of mankind. From being competitors, they became rivals. Leonardo soon desisted from his work, and went to the court of Francis the first, king of France, in 1515, by whom he was treated with the greatest respect, and in whose arms he died, in the year 1519.

Da Vinci had perhaps one of the greatest minds that the art of painting ever possessed. He was a mathematician, an engineer, a poet, and a philosopher; and wrote on his art with as much spirit and talent as he exercised it.

The following are the observations of M. Fuseli, on the powers of this great man:

THE VIRGIN, SAINT ANNE, &c.

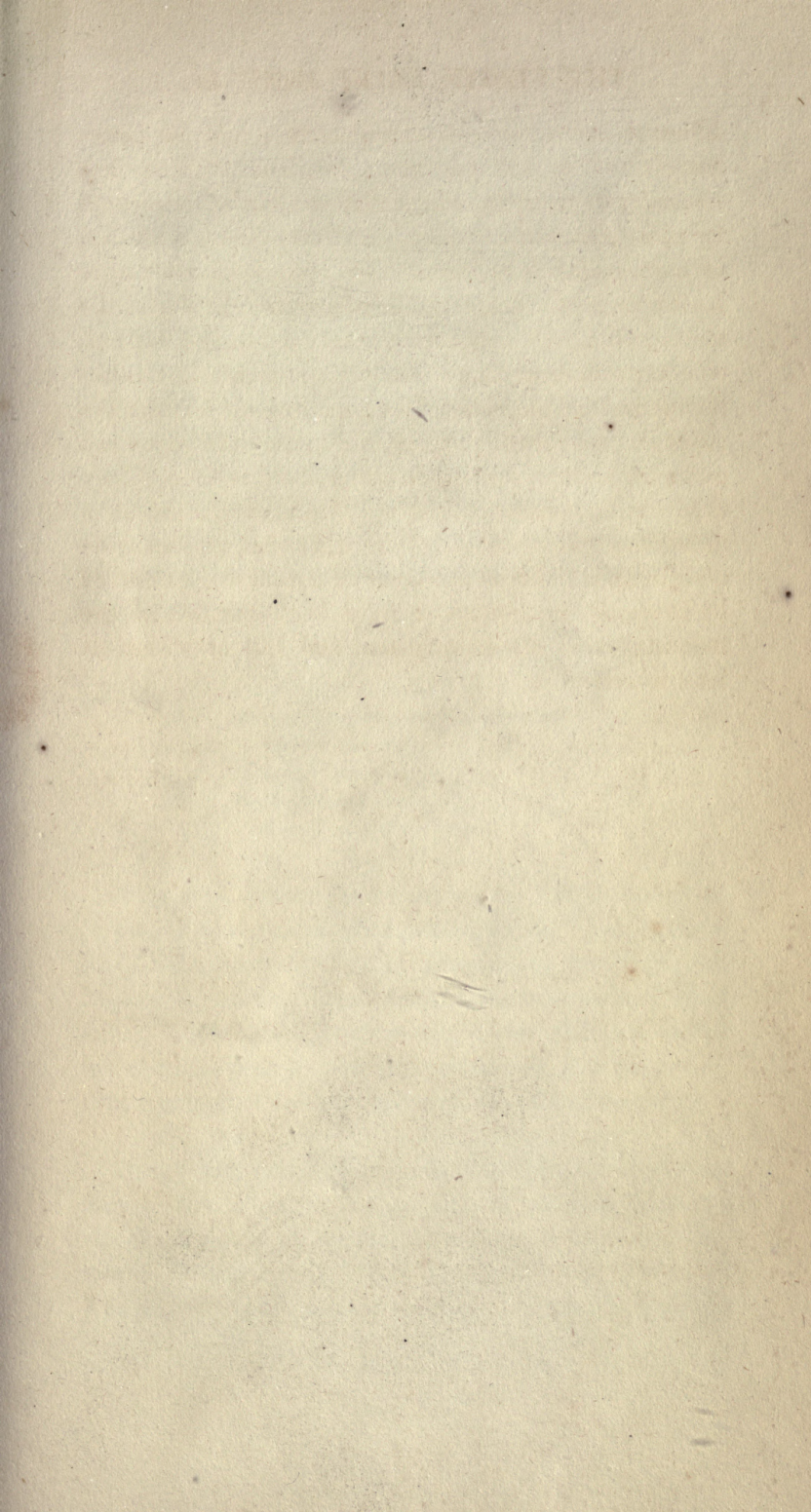
“Leonardo da Vinci, made up of all the elements, without the preponderance of any one, gave universal hints, and wasted life insatiate in experiment; now on the wing after beauty, then grovelling on the ground after deformity; now looking full in the face of terror, then decking it with shards,* and shells, and marks, equally attracted by character and caricature, by style and common nature. He has drawn rudiments of all, but like a steam lost in ramification, vanished without a trace.

“Want of perseverance alone could make him abandon his Cartoon of the celebrated group of horsemen, destined for the great council-chamber at Florence, without painting the picture. For to him, who could organize the limbs of that composition, Michael Angelo himself could be no object of fear. And that he was able to organize it, we may be certain, from the sketch that remains of it, however pitiful, in the ‘*Etruria Pittrice*’, lately published, but still more from the admirable print of Edelinck, after a drawing of Rubens, who was his great admirer, and has said much to impress us with the beauties of his last supper at Milan, which he abandoned likewise, without finishing the head of Christ, exhausted by a wild chase after models of the heads and hands of the apostles. Had he been alive to conceive the centre, the radii must have followed of course. Whether he considered that magic of light and shade which he possessed in an unparalleled degree in his smaller pictures, as an inferior principle in a work of such dignity, or as unable to

* Shells of Beetles. This requires some explanation: Leonardo was employed to paint a head of Medusa. A beautiful woman sat to him for the same. The adjuncts of horror he sought for in the fields, bringing home for them occasionally in his walks, nettles, thorns, beetles, spiders, toads, adders, &c.

THE VIRGIN, SAINT ANNE, &c.

diffuse it over numerous groups, cannot now be determined; but he left his piece flat, and without that solemnity of twilight, which is more than an equivalent for those contracts of chiaro-scuro, that Giorgione is said to have learnt from him. The legend which makes Leonardo go to Rome with Giuliano de Medici, at the election of Leo X. to accept employment in the Vatican, whether sufficiently authentic or not, furnishes a characteristic trait of the man. The pope passing through the room allotted for the pictures, and instead of designs and cartoons, finding nothing but an apparatus of distillery of oils and varnishes, exclaimed, "Ah me! he means to do nothing, for he thinks of the end before he has made a beginning." From a Sonnet of Leonardo, preserved by Lomazzo, he appears to have been sensible of the inconstancy of his countrymen, and full of wishes at least to correct it.





George Copley, fecit.

THE LAOCOON.

GROUP IN MARBLE.

THE group of the Laocoön was discovered at Rome, in the year 1508, in a recess of the ruins of the baths of Titus, where it most probably stood, in the time of Pliny, who has described it to be there in the reign of that emperor. This important discovery is due to Felice de Fredis, a Roman, to whom Pope Julius II. granted a very considerable pension, by way of recompence, and this inscription on his tomb perpetuates his claim to our obligation:—

Felice de Fredis
Qui ob proprias virtutes,
Et repertum Laocoontis divinum quod
In Vaticano cernes ferè
Respirans simulacrum,
Immortalitatem meruit.
Anno Domini M D XXVIII.

Pliny, who denominates this statue, “Opus omnibus, pictureæ, et statuariæ artis præferendum,” Lib. xxxvi. cap. 5. has transmitted to us the names of the sculptors of Rhodes, Agesandre, Polydore, and Athenodore, who worked jointly upon this chef-d’œuvre. From different Greek inscriptions, placed upon antique statues, it is presumed, that Agesandre was the father of the other two artists.

This statue, (which was made at Rhodes, of one stone, during the reign of Vespasian), is finished with the chisel, shewing an incredible command of execution; “and I once heard,” says Duppa, in his life of M. Angelo, “a very eminent sculptor, remark, he believed

THE LAOCOON.

the statue had been previously finished with the rasp and file; and that the marks of the chisel were made afterwards, to give the appearance of facility to the execution; and at the same time a roughness to the surface, which was more favorable to the general effect of the figure, than if it had been left quite smooth."

Many modern sculptors have endeavoured to restore the arm of the principal figure, but without success. Michael Angelo attempted it, but not feeling himself competent to the undertaking, left it unfinished. Bernini also undertook the task, but did not dare to work in marble. The restoration in plaster, as now visible in the Museum, at Paris, was done after a model by Girardon.

Of this celebrated group, Baccio Bandinelli made a copy, in marble, of the same size, and flattered himself he had surpassed the original; but he was alone in that opinion. Titian caricatured it, by drawing three monkies in the same action; and when Michael Angelo was asked what he thought of it, he replied, "he who follows must be behind; and he who himself does not know how to do well, cannot avail himself with any effect of the ability of others."

"The Laocoön," says Winckelman, "offers to us the spectacle of nature, plunged into the deepest affliction, under the image of a man, who exerts, against its attack, all the powers of his soul. While his sufferings enlarge his muscles, and contract his nerves, you behold his mind strongly pictured on his wrinkled forehead; his bosom oppressed by an impeded respiration, and the most distressing restraint, rise with vehemence to enclose and concentrate the agony by which it is agitated. The groans that he stifles, and the breath he confines, distend

THE LAOCOON.

his very frame. Notwithstanding which, he appears to be less affected by his own affliction than that of his children; who raise their eyes towards him, and implore his assistance in vain. The paternal tenderness of the Laocoön is manifest in his piteous looks; his countenance expresses moans, not cries; his eyes, directed towards Heaven, supplicate celestial aid. His mouth expresses the pangs and indignation occasioned by an unjust chastisement. This double sensation swells the nose, and discloses itself in his enlarged nostrils. Beneath his forehead is rendered, with the utmost fidelity, the struggle between grief and resistance; the one makes him elevate his eyebrows; the other, the lids of his eyes. The artist being incapable of embellishing nature, has contented himself by giving her more extension, variety, and force. Where the greatest suffering exists, the greatest beauties are observable. The left-side, into which the serpent darts its venom by its bite, is the part that apparently suffers most, from its approximation to the heart; and this part of the statue, may be reckoned a prodigy of art."

The profound study of this chef-d'œuvre, one of the most precious remains of antiquity; and which Dr. Gillies observes, may be regarded as the triumph of Grecian sculpture, is sufficient to form a great artist. Michael Angelo always contemplated it with renewed admiration. Raphael was never weary of studying it; and Annibal Caracci was so struck with the perfection he remarked in the group, that he one day made a drawing of it, from memory, with the greatest exactness.

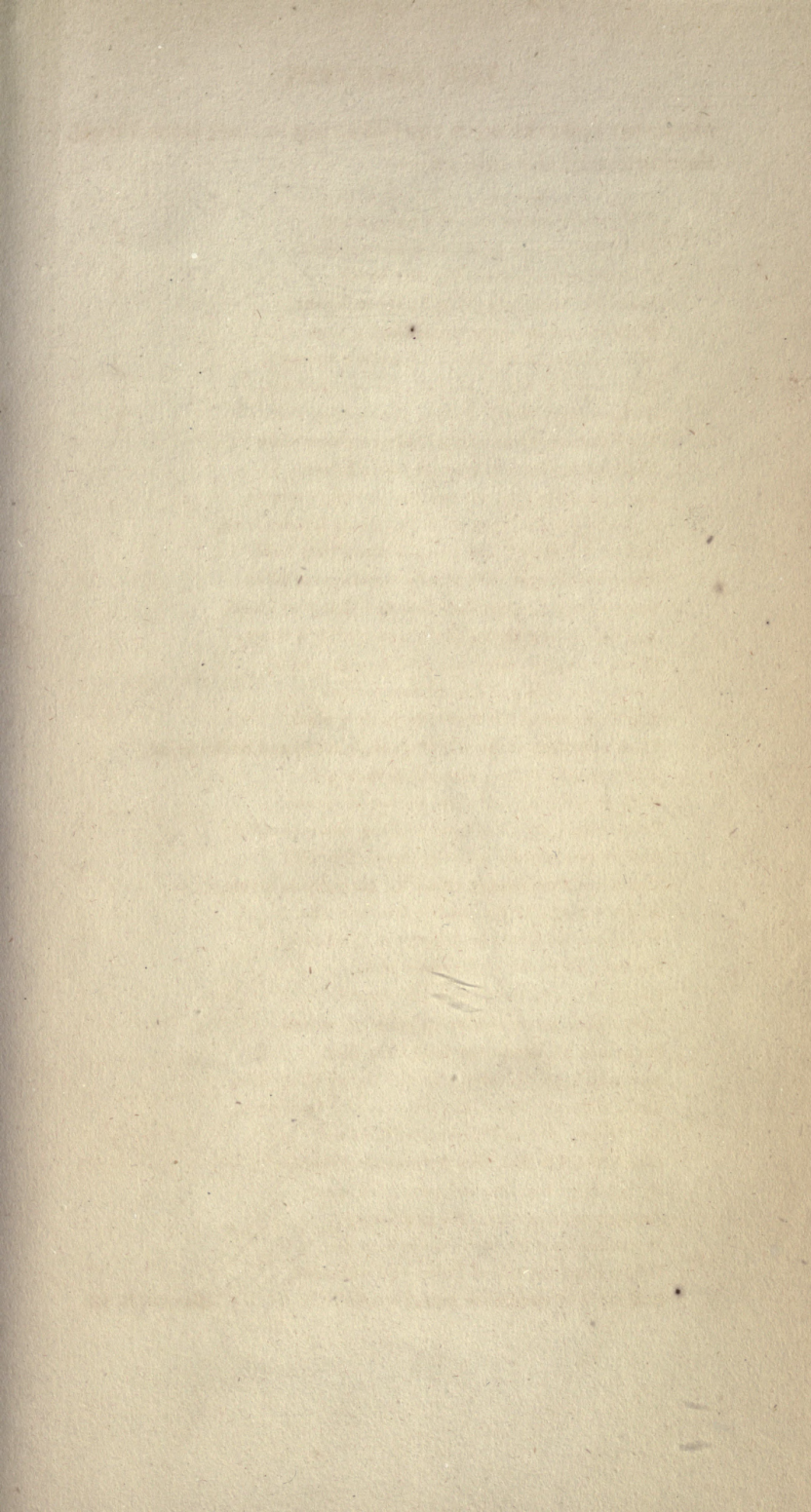
Our observations on this matchless performance might be extended to a considerable length, would the limits of this publication permit it. We shall, therefore, con-

THE LAOCOON.

clude our remarks with the following extract from Virgil,
descriptive of the subject :—

“ A greater omen, and of worse portent
Did our unwearied minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoön, Neptune’s priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer;
When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spy’d
Two serpents, rank’d abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep’d along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show :
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below :
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And now the sounding shore the flying billows force,
And on the strand, and now the plain, they held.
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled :
Their nimble tongues they brandish’d as they came,
And lick’d their hissing jaws, that sputter’d flame,
We fled amaz’d ; their destin’d way they take,
And to Laocoön and his children make :
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen’d fangs their limbs and bodies grind,
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade :
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll’d ;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choak’d—their crests divide,
And tow’ring o’er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots ;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots :
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform’d, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow’r of Pallas make their way :
Couch’d at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear,
Amazement seizes all : the gen’ral cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doom’d to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar’d to violate the sacred wood.

ÆNEID, B. II.






A HUNTSMAN.

A STATUE BY N. COUSTON.

THE Huntsman is seated upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a javelin reversed. His horse is attached to his body by a girdle; and his dog observed lying at his feet. Upon the base the name of the artist is written, and the date 1710.

This statue is particularly selected from the works of N. Couston. The simplicity of its attitude, and the beauty of the head, have been greatly admired. Its height is about six feet.

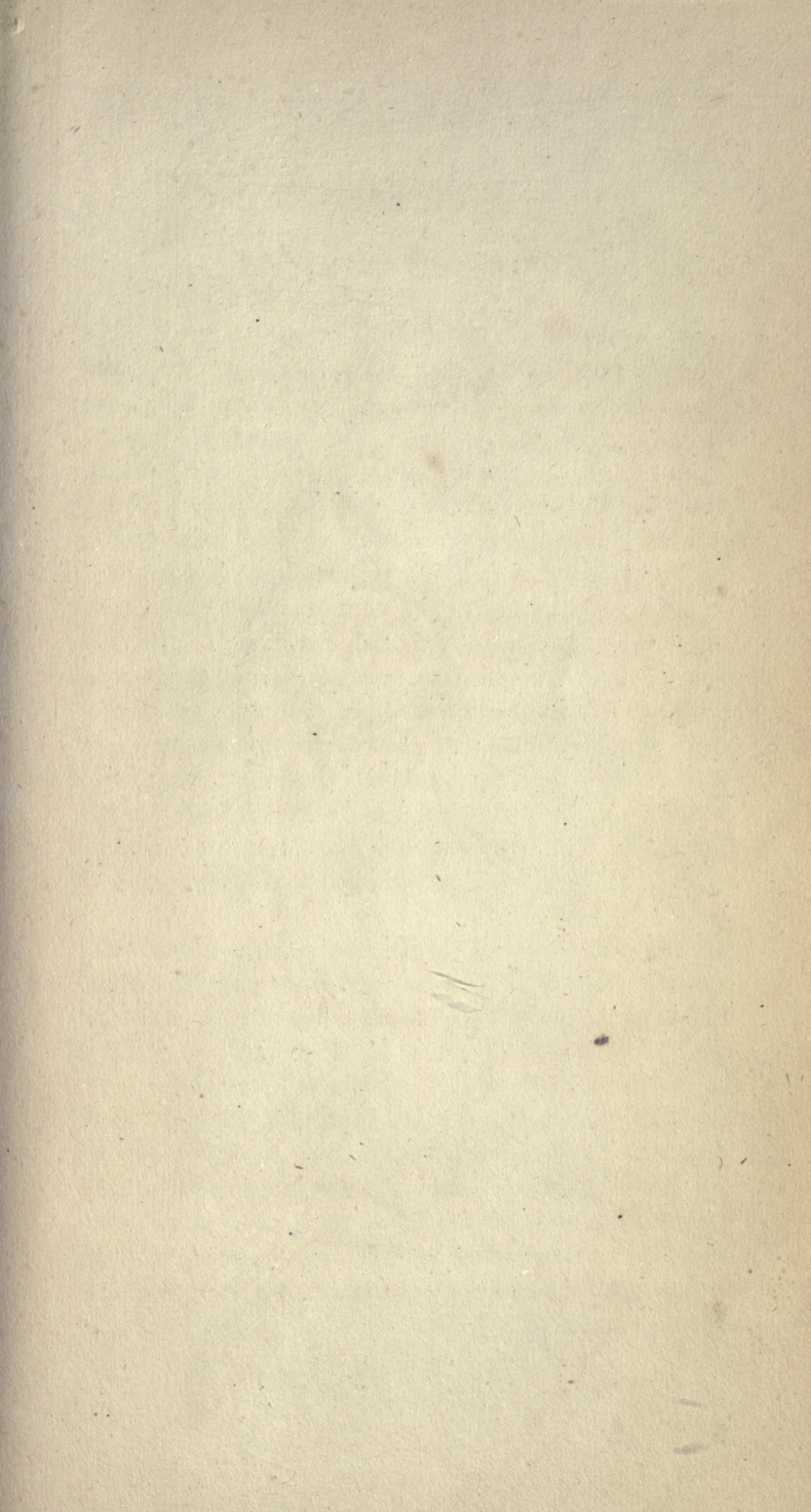


A HUNSMAN.

A STATUE BY N. CONSTON.

The Huntsman is seated upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a javelin reversed. His horse is attached to his body by a girth; and his dog observed lying at his feet. Upon the base the name of the artist is written, and the date 1710.

This statue is particularly selected from the works of N. Conston. The simplicity of its attitude, and the beauty of the head, have been greatly admired. Its height is about six feet.





JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN OF ARC.

MODEL IN PLASTER, BY GOIS THE YOUNGER.

JOAN OF ARC, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, was born in 1412, at Dom-remi, near Vancouleurs in Lorraine; her father was a common peasant, called James *d' Arc*. At the age of 17, while servant at an inn, she believed that the angel St. Michael, the protector of France, had ordered her to succour the city of Orleans, then closely pressed by the English, under the great Duke of Bedford, and predicted that, one day or other, she should procure the coronation of the king, Charles VII. at Rheims. This vision, while it elevated her mind, naturally strong and courageous, determined her to present herself to the king, who was then at Chinon. The valour and extraordinary enthusiasm that seemed to inspire this young girl, astonished the king, and surprised the whole court. He resolved to avail himself of this unexpected and almost supernatural aid, for the relief of Orleans, the last place capable of opposing the invasion of the English.

Joan of Arc communicated to the army the confidence and heroic valour with which she was animated. Clothed in the habit of a man, armed as a soldier, led by skilful officers, she undertook to relieve the place. She then approached the town, threw in provisions, and entered it in triumph. In the attack of one of the forts, she was wounded by an arrow; but it did not prevent her advancing. "It will cost me," she said, "a little blood, but these wretches shall not escape the vengeance of Heaven," and immediately mounted upon the enemies trenches, and with her own hand planted there the standard of France. The siege of Orleans was soon after raised.

JOAN OF ARC.

The first object of her mission being fulfilled, she was desirous of accomplishing the second. She marched towards Rheims, and caused the king to be crowned on the 17th of July, 1429, assisting at the ceremony with the standard in her hand. Charles, sensible of the eminent services of this heroine, ennobled her family, gave it the name of *du Lys*, and added to it a considerable domain to support the distinction. But the good fortune of Joan of Arc soon forsook her. She was wounded at the attack on Paris, and taken in a sortie at the siege of Compeigne. This reverse immediately removed the astonishment and veneration with which her countrymen and her enemies even were penetrated. Excited to jealousy by the terror she had inspired, they sought a pretext to destroy her; and following the superstitious ideas generally prevalent in the fifteenth century, and in direct violation of the rights of war, condemned her to death, in 1431, as a *sorceress, impostor, and idolater, desirous of the effusion of human blood*. This extraordinary female appeared at the stake with the same intrepidity she displayed on the walls of Orleans, and was burnt at Rouen, on the 30th of May, in the same year.

From a medal that was struck in honour of this heroine, after the coronation of the king at Rheims, we learn that she took for her device a hand bearing a sword, with the words, *Consilio firmata Dei*. Her exploits have given birth to two poems, one by Chapelain, the other by Voltaire.

The model in plaister of the statue of Joan of Arc, by M. Gois the younger, met with considerable applause during its exhibition. The attitude is admirable, and the costume is well preserved: the plinth is ornamented with three basso relievos, representing the heroine armed by Charles VII. the coronation of the prince, and her memorable but unmerited death.



THE BATH OF APOLLO.

GIRARDON AND REGNAULDIN.

THE God of Day having terminated his course, reposes himself in the entrance of a grotto, leading to the palace of Thetis. Six nymphs hasten to attend him. One of them unbinds the tresses of Apollo, two others perfume his hands, a fourth bathes his feet, while the remaining companions, holding each a vase, with much readiness, assist in the pleasing occupation.

Four of the figures of this charming group, were executed by Girardon. To his chisel we are indebted for Apollo, the two nymphs kneeling on the fore-ground, and the one who, placed on the right-hand, is pouring perfume into the vase. These statues are remarkable for their graceful attitudes, elegance of design, and beauty of execution. The three others, the work of Regnauldin, are inferior; but in no shape destroy the effect of this composition, replete with poetry and taste.

Regnauldin was born at Moulins, in Bourbonnois, in the year 1627. He was the pupil of Francois Anguier, and made such rapid progress in his art, that Louis XIV. sent him to Italy, with a pension of 3000 livres. After a long residence in Rome, Regnauldin returned to France, where he embellished the royal palaces with a considerable number of works. His most esteemed performances are the "Rape of Cybele," by Saturn, now in the gar-

THE BATH OF APOLLO.

den of the Tuilleries; the Autumn, and Faustinus placed in those of Versailles, &c.

Regnauldin died at Paris, in 1706, at the age of 79. He was then keeper of the academy, into which he had been admitted a little time after his return from Italy.



MILO.

MILO OF CROTONA.

A STATUE, BY P. PUGET.

MILO of Crotona, when in the prime of manhood, was accustomed to carry an enormous bull upon his shoulders, which he killed by a blow of the fist, and consumed, it is said, in a single day. All that the ancient writers report of the athletic powers of mortals, appear confirmed in what is related of this person. What excites our astonishment is, that this man, who devoted himself to such violent exercises, was not insensible to the peaceful charms of philosophy. He followed the lessons of Pythagoras, whose system in no manner accords with his voracious habits.

Being one day in the hall where the philosopher instructed his numerous disciples, the building gave way, and all his auditors would inevitably have perished, if Milo, who solely supported the principal column, had not given them time to effect their escape.

Milo, being advanced in years, was desirous of splitting the trunk of a large tree with his hands. This he had nearly achieved, when the two parts of the trunk knitting together, confined his fingers, and being unable to extricate them through excessive fatigue, he was surprised in this situation by some wild beasts, who put him to death, in the year 500, before J. C.

Puget has been reproached for not following correctly

MILO OF CROTONA.

this tradition, by leaving Milo the assistance of one of his hands. As it was impossible to represent him in the decrepitude of age, the idea that is formed of his powers, is in contradiction with the fruitless resistance he opposes to the lion. Besides which, the least motion that his agony might occasion, is sufficient to enable him to disengage his left hand, which is only retained by the first splinters. The group, however, is perfect, in point of execution. The head of Milo is expressive of rage and despair—the lion appears of terrific vigour, and the drapery is adjusted with uncommon propriety.

Being one day in the hall where the philosopher instructed his numerous disciples the falling gave way, and all his scholars would inevitably have perished, if Milo, who solely supported the principal column, had not given them time to effect their escape.

Milo, being advanced in years, was desirous of splitting the trunk of a large tree with his hands. This he did nearly exhausted; when the two parts of the trunk falling together, crushed his fingers, and being unable to extricate them through excessive fatigue, he was smothered in this situation by some wild beasts, who put him to death in the year 506, before J. C.

Pliny has been reproached for not following correctly

